Collier's

October 13, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

GROUCHO
Is My Pop
By ARTHUR MARX

ETRICH'S DAUGHTER (SEE PAGE 20)

OUR FIRST WAR
With the Russians

Last of the
'Dedicated Old Maids'

HE
Run

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
PA X17JA53
C 2Y
8/25

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See the difference the right floor makes

THE amazing contrast between these two photographs is a valuable lesson in modernizing a store. Merely by changing to a new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile, the drab appearance of this grocery was completely corrected. It's hard to realize that such a transformation took place overnight and at so little cost.

Despite the modern fixtures, the old floor made the store look dingy. It spoiled the atmosphere of the entire place. The new floor improved the appearance of everything. The whole place looks cleaner, neater, and the merchandise is more appealing. The store is brighter, too, because the new floor reflects so much more light. Now it's the kind of shop that's inviting to customers.

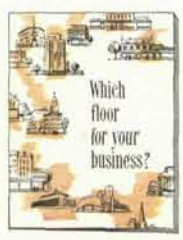
Armstrong's Asphalt Tile was the right flooring choice for this store for a number of reasons. It's an economical floor with unusual durability and color. It can take hard wear and still keep its beauty. The smooth surface makes cleaning easy, keeps maintenance costs at a minimum.

Since Armstrong's Asphalt Tile goes down block by block, it offers almost unlimited design possibilities. It was easy to design a floor to make this store look wider, give it the appearance of more pleasing proportions. Where grease conditions exist in the meat department, Armstrong's Greaseproof Asphalt Tile was used. It matches the rest of the floor in Armstrong's Standard Asphalt Tile and is made especially to withstand grease conditions.

Perhaps a new floor is all that's needed to improve the appearance of your place of business. Such "remodeling" is inexpensive with Armstrong's Asphalt Tile—the low-cost floor with the luxury look. It can be used on any type of subfloor, even in basements and on concrete slabs in direct contact with the ground. Ask your Armstrong contractor to show you samples and give you an estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you wish to spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5110 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.



ARMSTRONG'S ASPHALT TILE

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Temperature normal...confidence high

THIS little girl is being helped in her recovery by an *unwritten* prescription.

This invisible but powerful "medicine" is the feeling of trust her doctor inspires in her . . . the knowledge that she is in good hands.

No profession is worth the name unless it generates this faith. No profession could long exist without measuring up to the responsibility it assumes. Hands that hold treasured things must be careful and conscientious . . . trained, talented and trustworthy.

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The Agent of the North America Companies is not merely a *salesman* of insurance. He is trained to analyze your insurance, to provide you with protection that is carefully planned to meet your individual requirements. The North America Companies conduct a school in which Agents are trained to fit insurance to the *need* . . . to make your insurance dollar work more efficiently . . . to bring you greater security and peace of mind.

Why not see your North America Agent soon? You'll get straightforward advice — dependable counsel — on all your property insurance problems. He has back of him all the facilities and stability of one of America's strongest and most progressive insurance groups. If you don't know an Agent of one of the North America Companies, write us, and we will be glad to introduce you.

Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792 in Independence Hall, is the oldest American stock fire and marine insurance company. It heads the "North America" Companies which meet the public demand for practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, Accident, Aviation and Liability insurance; Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Sold only through Agents or Brokers.

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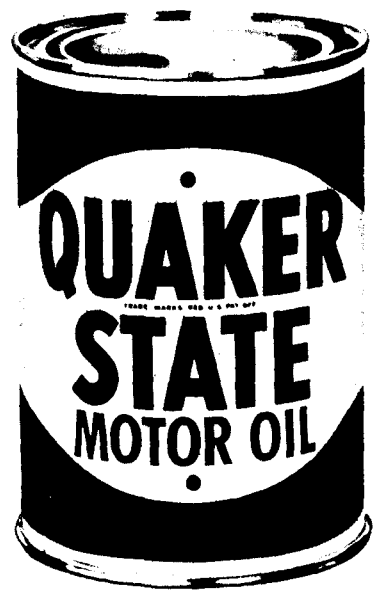
On the highways of New Mexico as . . .

In every state it's **Quaker State** *for quality!*



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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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SIGHT SAVERS ARE A DOW CORNING SILICONE PRODUCT

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Because one company dared to be different

Harriet Danley—like 2,000 other motorists every working day—joins State Farm Mutual to get automobile insurance at low cost

ONE REASON for low payments is the convenient semi-annual policy originated by State Farm Mutual.

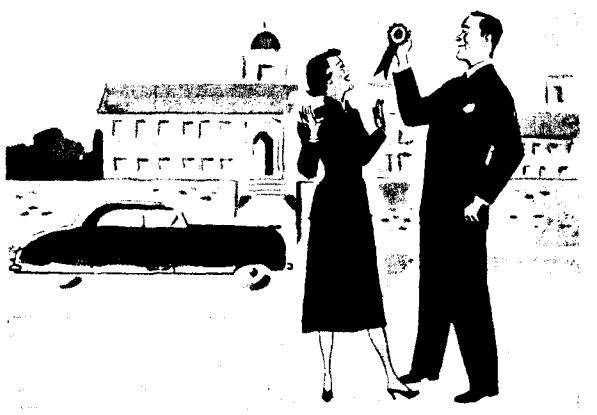
Miss Danley*, career woman car owner, hears from her agent how this unique six-month automobile insurance policy makes low payments possible. You see, ordinary auto insurance is written on a 12-month basis. But State Farm Mutual's six-month policy brings State Farm's already low rates down to two easy-to-budget small payments—instead of one larger one.

Here's another advantage you enjoy because State Farm Mutual originated a six-month policy. Rates can be geared more quickly to the driving record of State Farm Mutual's selected careful drivers. Members' driving records have been so good that in the past 4 years alone State Farm Mutual rates have been reduced up to 4 times in some areas! Lowered costs, passed on to members, have meant cuts in rates amounting to more than $18,000,000!

Read about three other important reasons why State Farm Mutual can offer broad coverage auto insurance at such remarkably low cost. Then call your friendly State Farm agent. Simply look up State Farm Insurance in your classified telephone book.

Other money-saving benefits pioneered by State Farm Mutual that have attracted over 1,900,000 policyholders.

Single selling cost. In State Farm Mutual, you pay a local agent's sales commission for the insurance purchased, only *once*. You never pay it again, unlike ordinary insurance where you pay a local agent's selling commission every time you renew.



Selected careful drivers are the only ones State Farm Mutual aims to insure. These hand-picked motorists help keep losses low because careful drivers have fewer accidents, and help keep costs down for all members of the State Farm family.

Savings shared mutually. Because State Farm is a mutual company, savings are shared by members in the form of low premium rates. These are only a few of the many advantages you enjoy as a member of State Farm Mutual.

Modern life and fire protection, too. The same sound management that founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company also provides excellent life and fire protection through the State Farm Life Insurance and State Farm Fire and Casualty Companies. Your friendly State Farm agent will be glad to discuss the amounts and types you need for adequate protection. Call on him soon.

State Farm Insurance Companies

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company

Home office—Bloomington, Illinois • Western office—Berkeley, California
North Central office—St. Paul, Minnesota • Canadian office—Toronto, Ontario
West Central office—Lincoln, Nebraska • Michigan office—Marshall, Michigan.

**Harriet Danley's name is fictitious, but she represents the 2,000 members who join State Farm Mutual every working day!*

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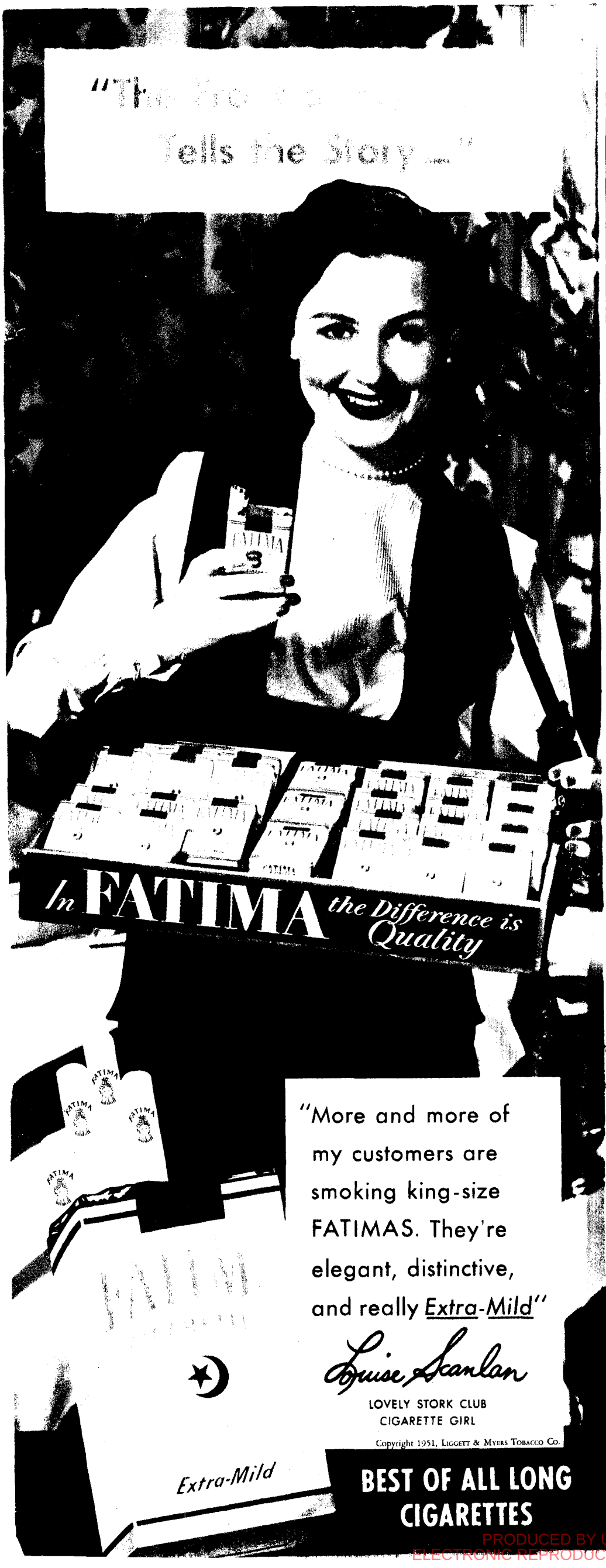
"The Fact
Tells the Story—"
In FATIMA the Difference is Quality
"More and more of my customers are smoking king-size FATIMAS. They're elegant, distinctive, and really Extra-Mild"
Louise Scanlan
LOVELY STORK CLUB CIGARETTE GIRL
Copyright 1951, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Extra-Mild
BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

The Cover

Having picked five top hat designers and given each of them the same basic materials with which to create chic chapeaux, Collier's next move was to select a glamor gal to model the very different results, which you can see for yourself on page 20. The editorial nod went to lovely Maria Riva, twenty-seven-year-old daughter of that historic beauty, Marlene Dietrich. Herself a talented actress, director and teacher of dramatics, Maria is married to scenic designer William Riva and has two sons, Michael, three and a half, and John Peter, one, whom Grandma dotes upon.

Week's Mail

Concerning Mr. Hoover

EDITOR: Your editorial How *Then* Applies to *Now* (Sept. 1st) is a fine tribute to a distinguished American, Herbert Hoover, distinguished not only in the field of service to his fellow Americans but to humanity in general.

CHARLES H. BROOKSBANK, Verona, N. J.

. . . It is with rare satisfaction that I am following Mr. Hoover's account of his food relief activities. As administrator and humanitarian, it seems to me he stood far above the crowd. His story is warm, human and inspiring—definitely a coup for Collier's. Collier's gains in stature in publishing it.

MISS KATHLEEN G. BROWNING, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . What a wonderful service you are doing with the timely articles about, first, Herbert Hoover's personal life and now his public life.

I remember how my grandfather, who was a great booster for Mr. Hoover, used to tell of all the great things Mr. Hoover had done for the good of our country and what a shame it was that so much unjust, uncalled-for mudslinging had been hurled at this true patriot.

Too many people today have either forgotten or never knew and Collier's is reminding us. Thank you!

MRS. RICHARD NIENSTEDT, Houston, Texas

. . . The very finest things ever published by Collier's are the articles by Herbert Hoover. They show the man as he is—a man of great ability, integrity and goodness. And they show a sense of humor that probably has helped him through many difficulties. What a pity, in this day of great confusion and corruption in government, that Mr. Hoover's clear thinking cannot be utilized!

B. M. WHITFORD, Farina, Ill.

. . . This is no partisan letter and if you will not publish it, stop now—I, a Canadian, cannot understand your motives, actions or politics.

Mr. Hoover has almost all the virtues. He has professional knowledge. He is a good citizen. He is personally honest. According to your magazine he administered the relief of Belgium with great perspicuity.

Some time ago he was requested by the Truman government to draw up a logical plan for reduction of expenditures in federal government.

Now here is the question: Why was Mr. Hoover not asked to administrate his plan which, I hear, has not been carried out?

DR. GEORGE W. FLETCHER, Victoria, B. C.

Two Bouquets

EDITOR: May I congratulate you on the fine article in the August 11th issue of Collier's, . . . Our Daily Bread. This is a very good article on a very important subject. The enrichment program of white flour in bread has been a great step forward in the health and well-being of the American people.

I thank you and congratulate you for publishing such a timely article.

M. L. WILSON, Director of Extension Work, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.

. . . I have just been reading . . . Our Daily Bread, and I say, "Congratulations to Collier's!" It is a fine article, fair and factual, and written in a style to appeal to the average reader.

After the many prejudiced and misleading articles that have appeared in the public press regarding the staff of life during the last few years, it is a joy to read an article such as this.

HARRY A. BULLIS, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ranger Pin-Ups

EDITOR: We, the Senior Class of Student Nurses of Fresno General Hospital, would like to vote one of the Rangers to be our pin-up. As prerequisites, this Ranger must be, first, unmarried and unattached; second, eligible and willing.

Where can we find out this priceless information regarding those men whose picture appeared on the cover of the August 25th issue and other Rangers? Volunteer, Rangers?

MIGGE PETERS, S.N., Fresno, Cal.

We leave it up to the Rangers.

From Korea

EDITOR: Recently we received the June 30th issue of your fine magazine and imagine my surprise when, upon turning to your article entitled Year of No Decision, I found many familiar faces staring at me from the accompanying picture. For that picture showed a group of infantrymen who belonged to my former company here in Korea. In fact, the majority of the men formed my platoon, the Second, of "Charlie" Company of the 5th Regimental Combat Team.

The boys in that picture look young, don't they? Well they *were*—almost every last one of them in his late teens or very early twenties. They were young in appearance but quite mature in their personalities. They lived and fought in about the dirtiest conflict in the history of men, and believe me each and every one of them gave his all as long as he was called upon or could give it. There was never a complaint though there was plenty of reason to gripe, and though suffering terrific physical and mental strain they carried out their assigned tasks to the very utmost of their ability.

Few if any of those in that picture are still with Charlie Company. Many have returned to the States through rotation or wounds and a few will never return to their

(Continued on page 45)

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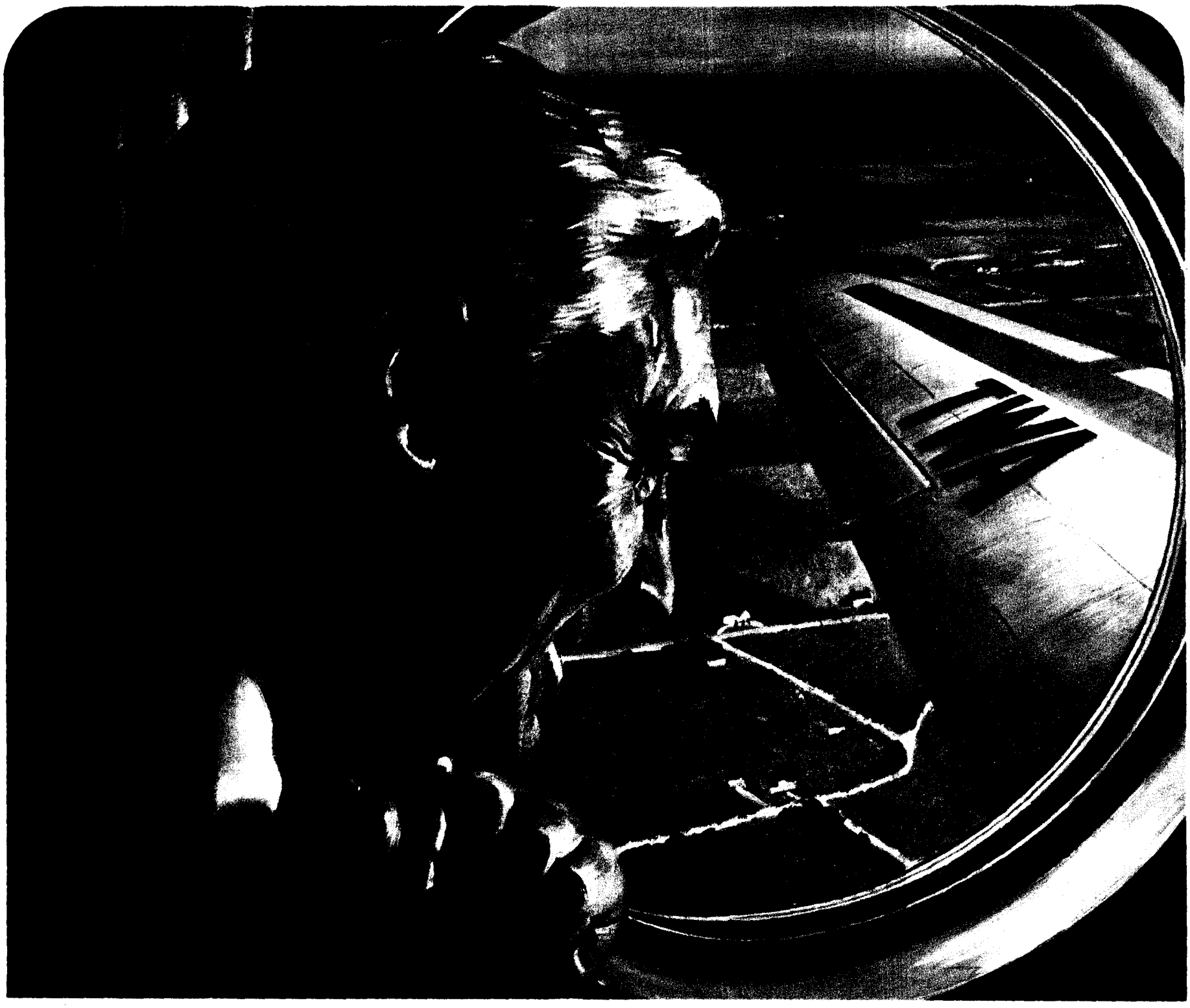
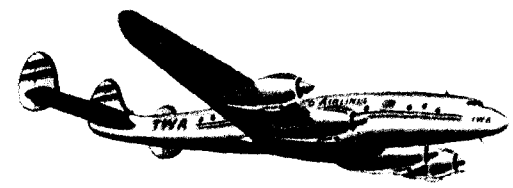


This VIEW POINT has changed an old point-of-view

If *you* still think of travel in earthbound terms, why not see what a TWA Skyliner can do to those old ideas? Then you'll discover the joy of completing a "long" trip in *hours* . . . of getting there fresh instead of frustrated . . . of finding those faraway cities are now "next-door" neighbors. Yes, the broad world has a brand-new look from a TWA Skyliner window . . . one that will change your whole outlook on travel.



Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.

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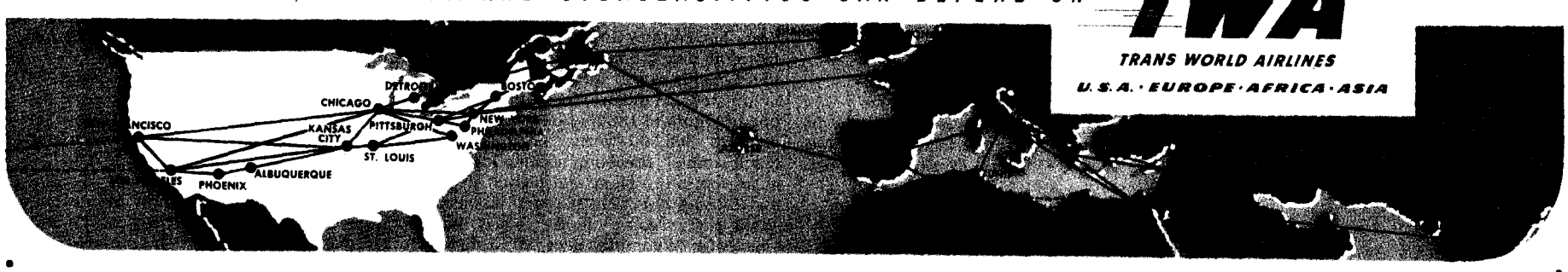

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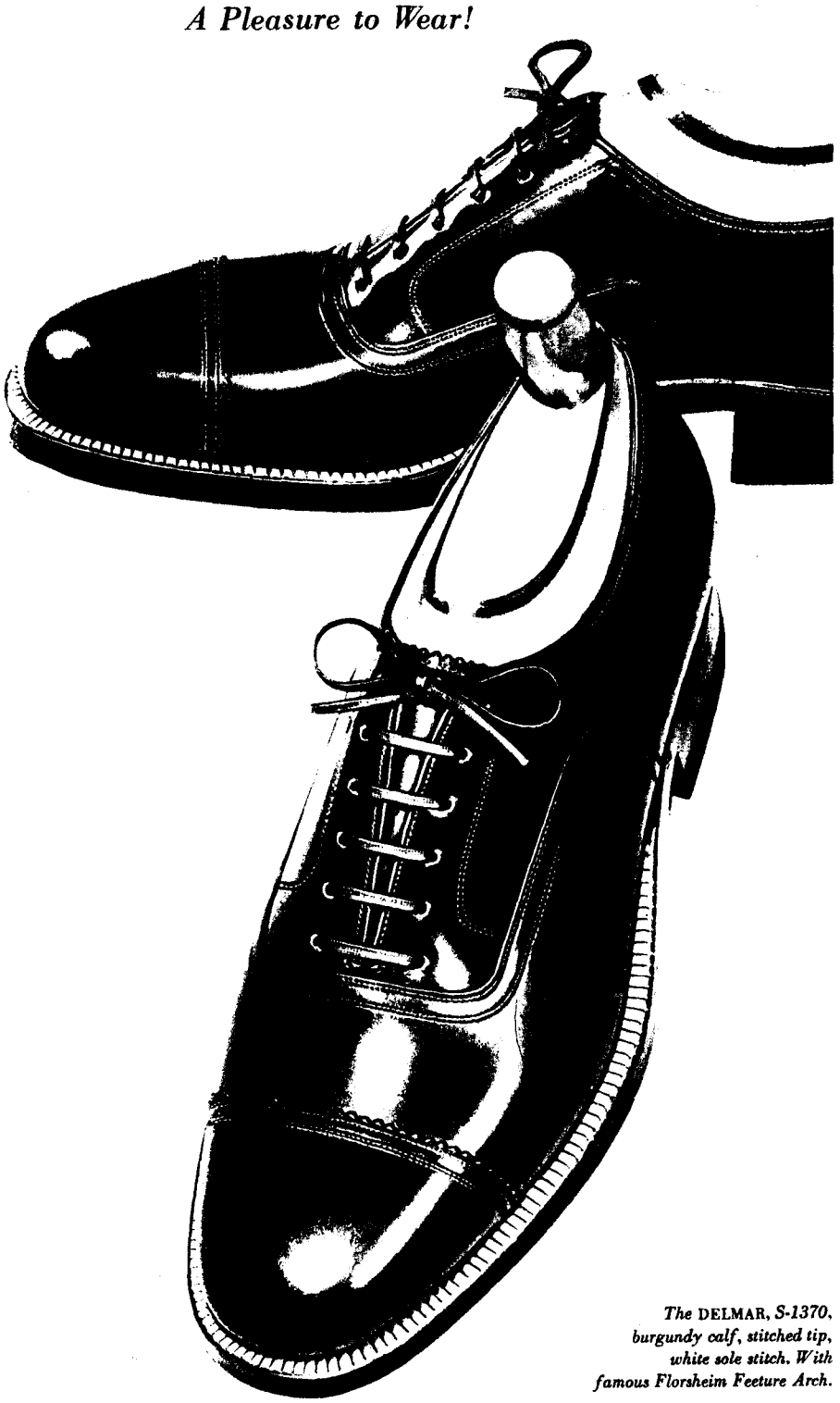
When you wear Florsheim Shoes, most everyone knows it . . . and knows you're wearing the finest. Finer materials, finer skill, finer style put their mark on Florsheim Shoes and that's why they stand out. Why not try a pair; their longer wear means they actually cost less than ordinary shoes in the long run.

Florsheim Shoes *A Pride to Own*

A Pleasure to Wear!



The DELMAR, *S-1370, burgundy calf, stitched tip, white sole stitch. With famous Florsheim Feeture Arch.*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

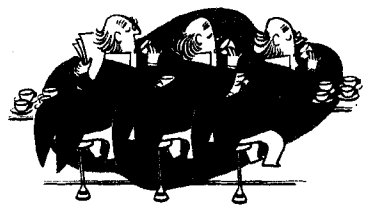
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Well, we all make mistakes. Anyway, that's what Dr. G. H. Buffum, of Sheridan, Wyoming, tells us. But, insists the doctor, we ought to make something else once in a while.

★ ★ ★

It may not be true that Congress is going to investigate coffee drinking in Washington. However, federal employees drink more than 225,000 cups a day, all of it dispensed by private concessionaires in the various government agencies. One of these concessionaires reported an income of $15,-



000 last year. The Pentagon leads the list with 25,000 cups daily. In the Capitol, our lawmakers get by with 16,000. Peps the congressmen up and makes them think more clearly. (All right, have it your own way. That's what they tell us.)

★ ★ ★

We've been wondering what would happen in our country if a cow dropped dead on a football field before the bright eyes of seventy or eighty thousand steak-hungry spectators. Over in Grijo de Parada, Portugal, at the opening of the 1951 football season, a cow fell off an overhanging cliff onto the field and was killed. The game stopped. The spectators left the stands. Players and spectators tackled the defunct beast, carved it to ribbons and galloped off home with the meat. The score—0 to 0. Game called on account of hamburger.

★ ★ ★

And that gives us a dandy opening to tell you that in Los Angeles there's a restaurant that boasts: "Our steaks are so tender we wonder how the cow ever walked."

★ ★ ★

Can't tell you how many times lately we've been looking for somebody to come along with a new money system aimed at curing what you'll have to admit is already a nasty pain in the wallet. We haven't had any money doctors around with new ideas for a long time. Of course, there was William Jennings Bryan and his Free Silverites, Doctor Townsend and his revolving fund, and the script and wooden-nickel boys of the depression days of the early thirties. But they weren't money revolutionists: they merely nursed expediency. We're thinking of upsetters like William Hope Harvey of West Virginia, known as Coin Harvey, who published a book—Coin's Financial School—in 1894 out of which Mr. Bryan got his Free Silver ideas. Incidentally, the book sold almost half a million copies the first year. The country finally and properly confessed it didn't understand it. There were the Greenbackers, too, who three times nominated candidates for the Presidency, one of whom in 1880—James B. Weaver—received 308,000 votes. Their idea was much simpler, involving nothing more than a large printing plant and plenty of paper and turning out "shin plasters" as needed. What got us going on like this is that in Cheyenne, Wyoming, lives Mr. John Van Benthuysen, who is now at work on a new monetary system involving gold coins. It begins with a dollar coin, which would have a hole in the middle, and builds up to a hundred-dollar gold piece with 10 sides. When we hear more about it, we'll let you know.

★ ★ ★

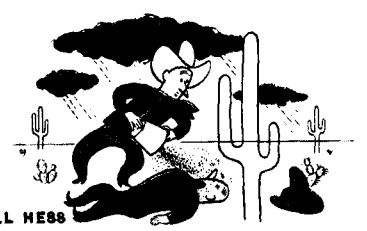
Vaguely do we remember the days when we had money in the bank. To deposit our dough, we had to walk all the way in, hand a buck or two to a bored fellow at a grilled window, and, having stood a spell, retrieved our bankbook and hiked back out. But the Georgia Railroad Bank & Trust Company in Augusta has plans to mechanize this routine. According to their blueprint, a depositor merely drives to the curb in front of the GRBTC and sidles up to a steel arm which rises from the sidewalk to the level of the car window. A door in the shaft opens and he slips his money in. Machinery whirs. Down and in goes the dough. A teller, crouched like a T-formation quarterback, grabs it somewhere underground and slips it to a halfback who laterals it off to a scatback who flips it to the fullback who is standing in the door of the vault. And there you are—or there it is. There's only one drawback so far as we're concerned. A mirror contrivance in the steel arm puts you face to face with a teller. Also, there's a microphone, too, which permits you to speak to him. Worse, he can speak back to you. Always something.

★ ★ ★

In Colorado, you'll find a noticeable lack of warmth for the plan to send several thousand farm tractors to Iran and other parts where agricultural devices are still primitive. It's not that Colorado doesn't want to see backward lands get a break. She's merely wondering when the government will spend a few dollars—oh, about 200,-000,000 of 'em—to build a coal hydrogenation plant to mine and process her coal reserves, said to be the greatest in the United States—about 250 billion tons, enough to supply the country with coal for 500 years. The processing would also produce 30,000 barrels of oil a day, to say nothing of benzine, phenol, toluene and xylene in vast quantities for the defense job. If you'd like to stockpile more facts of this sort, you had better write to State Senator Sam T. Taylor in Walsenburg, Colorado. The senator believes the United States has a pretty big future, if we ever get around to developing what we have.

★ ★ ★

A few drops of rain fell just before the Texas drought was broken, according to Bill



Potter, of San Angelo, Texas. Several of them hit a friend of Mr. Potter's in the face and he fainted. Shock. Had to throw several buckets of sand on him to bring him to.

★ ★ ★

Every morning, a certain businessman stopped his car in front of Kentucky's State Hospital. And without fail, one of the

(Continued on page 69)

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This 4-Bedroom Beauty

is well within your Budget!

Feast your eyes on this smart answer to your family's housing problem. A big, rambling, ranch-type National Home, at a price many thousands of dollars under what you'd expect—and many months sooner. The National Homes way can give you a handsome long-lived home, in your choice of many designs, economically and quickly. Look—admire—act!

ASK YOUR LOCAL NATIONAL HOMES DEALER for complete details about our new 1952 models, or send for free catalog circular to National Homes Corporation, Dept. C5, Lafayette, Indiana.

• *National Homes interiors lend themselves readily to any décor, as illustrated by this colorful masculine den.*

National Homes

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If your car feels like this... it's time for MARFAK chassis lubrication

That cushiony feeling lasts longer with—

MARFAK Lubrication

Smooth your fall driving with *Marfak* lubrication today! *Marfak* lasts longer—for 1,000 miles or more! And all that while you get "cushiony" driving, because *Marfak* is tough and stretchy, fights wear and friction longer—clings to vital points. Drive in for *Marfak* lubrication today! See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

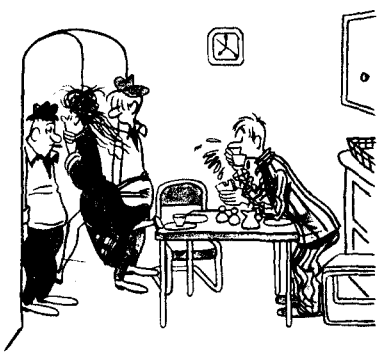
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

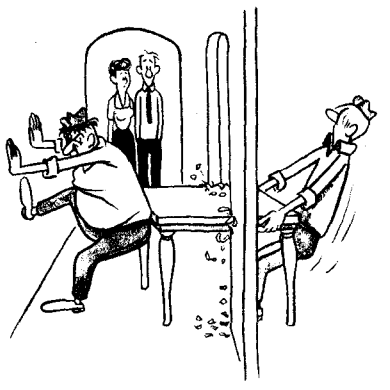
TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

MOVING DAY

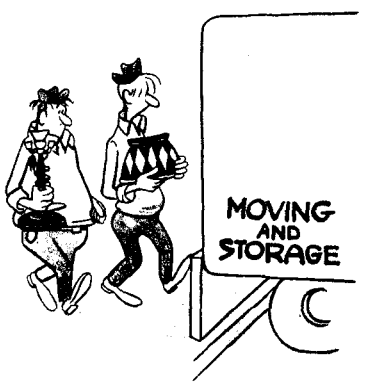
By JACK TYRRELL



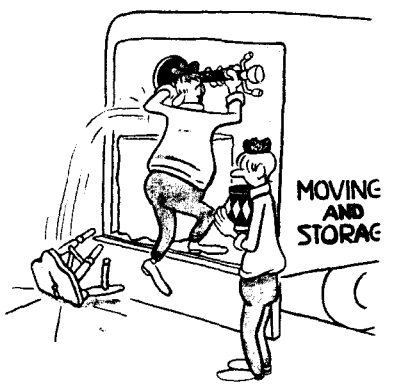
The movers, by arriving promptly at 8:00 A.M. . . .



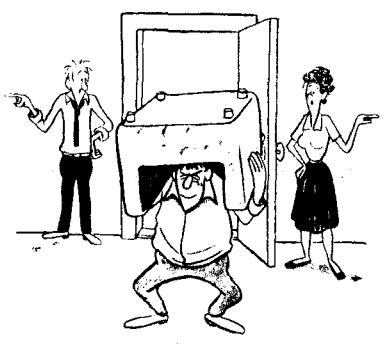
. . . and working carefully . . .



. . . at a comfortable pace . . .



. . . kept scratching down to a minimum.



Weeks before, we had figured to the square inch where everything would fit . . .

. . . best . . .

. . . and after a meal . . .

. . . we finally got straightened out by midnight.

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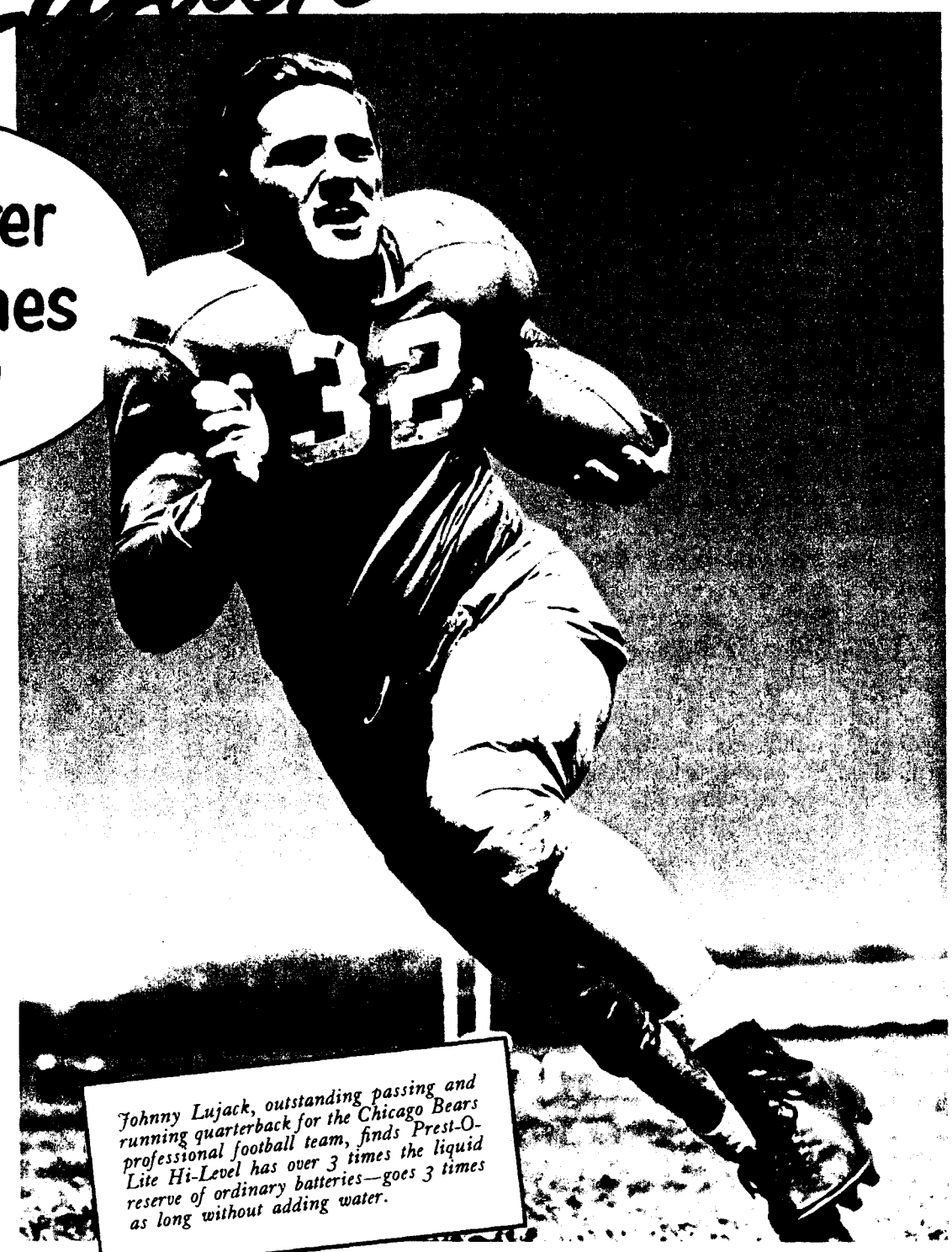
Johnny Lujack SAYS

"I add water only 3 times a year"

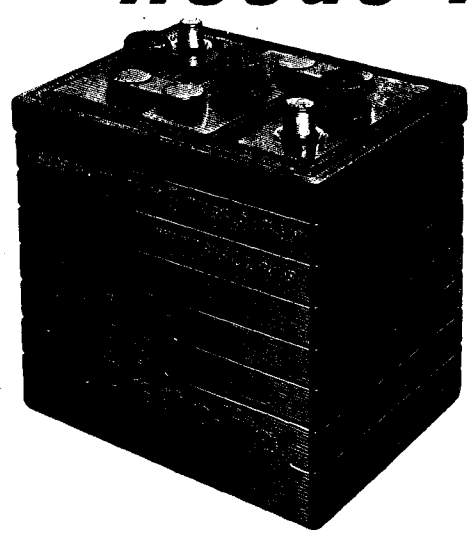


PREST-O-LITE HI-LEVEL BATTERY...

Johnny Lujack, outstanding passing and running quarterback for the Chicago Bears professional football team, finds Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level has over 3 times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries—goes 3 times as long without adding water.

needs water only 3 times a year

IN NORMAL CAR USE



INSTALL a Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level Battery in your car and enjoy the comfort and convenience of this new principle of battery design. The Hi-Level Battery needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use and because of its advanced engineering design, it lasts longer, in tests conducted according to accepted life cycle standards. For quick starts and dependable service, see your Prest-O-Lite Dealer.

PREST-O-LITE BATTERY COMPANY, INC.
Toledo 1 Ohio

SEE YOUR PREST-O-LITE DEALER TODAY

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The Only Stop-Start Button in Electric Shaving— Working to make shaving easier, Schick's engineers developed this "mechanical thumb." It goes into action when you snap the button—turns the motor on or off instantly, surely. And it's been tested and retested for easy, positive action.

Here's shaving as easy as pushing a button

For styling the Schick "20," Carl Otto won the 1951 *Industrial Designers' Institute Award.*

RIGHT from the start, you know this shaver is unlike any other.

When we designed the Schick "20" as the finest shaving instrument of all time, we even made it the only shaver with a handy Stop-Start Button.

Just *snap* it on at will—the motor leaps into action—and you're ready to sail away.

Hear that powerful purr? Thank Schick's real rotary motor—a powerhouse that produces 17,000 shaving strokes a minute—with selectively hand-fitted, triple-ground shafts—the mightiest motor of its size in the world.

See those whiskers go down at skinline? Thank Schick's Hi-Velocity Heads—with inner cutters carefully swaged and curved, specially weighted where needed—heads that are individually microscoped for precision fit.

All through? Just snap the Stop-Start Button again—and that's it. Feel your face—*try* to find a trace of scrape or cut—or even the downiest whisker.

Now—take a good look at the Schick "20" at your nearest dealer's. Hold this handsome new shape—try its lightness in your fingers. And don't overlook that luxurious Caddie Case, the finishing touch for the finest shaving instrument of all time. You can also see the Schick Super and Colonel, wherever Schicks are sold. Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

Schick "20" $24.50 • Schick Super $22.50 • Schick Colonel $17.50

See Rudolph Halley in "Crime Syndicated," Schick's Big New Weekly TV Show

Even the Caddie Case Makes Shaving Easier—Here's the holder that sits on your shelf—with the "20" always ready for action. When you finish shaving, just park your "20" back in the case. No muss, no fuss, no cleaning up, no washing down. Handy for traveling, too.

Schick "20"

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

—better-built for better shaves

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GROUCHO Is My POP

Ever wonder what it would be like to have a great and wildly unpredictable comedian as a member of the family? Here's your answer: a talented son reports, it's great—and wildly unpredictable

By ARTHUR MARX

At Beverly Hills home, Groucho challenges his novelist son, Arthur, to a favored pastime. Below: the gadget-loving comic takes daughter Melinda, grandson Steve for ride on his stairway elevator

ONE of the things I've noticed, after surviving 30 years of being Groucho Marx's son, is that most people seem to think my father is a wisecracking, prank-playing lunatic 24 hours a day.

Well, the truth of the matter is, he's only a lunatic occasionally. Most of the time he's just baffling. One moment he's the hilariously amusing fellow who has entertained millions of movie, radio and TV fans, and the next moment he's so morose it's hard to believe he has any sense of humor. By the same token, there are times when he's a wise and understanding parent, and other times when he's bullheaded and exasperatingly unreasonable.

But despite his strange ways, I've grown very fond of the man over the years, and I don't believe I would have been happy with any other father. Perhaps the main reason is that when I was growing up he managed to spend so much time with me. Even when he was playing five shows a day in vaudeville—and Marx Brothers shows can be pretty arduous—he'd be up at seven each morning to take me to breakfast. Between performances he'd play baseball with me in the nearest park.

Every evening when I was little he'd read me a story. I was convinced that he was the best storyteller on the Orpheum Circuit. When I learned to read, however, I discovered that his versions of the classic bedtime stories were slightly unorthodox. In Red Ridinghood, for instance, I was rather startled when I finally found out that it was a hunter who saved the little girl and her grandmother from the wolf. According to my father, they had been rescued by a golfer who, while playing the adjoining course, happened to hook a ball into the grandmother's living room and went in after it just as the wolf was about to devour Red Ridinghood.

Already four strokes down to his opponent, the golfer was so intent on the recovery shot he would have to make off the Oriental rug that he didn't notice Red Ridinghood's predicament until the wolf said sneeringly, "Who ever told you you could play golf?" Raging mad, the golfer promptly drew a mashie from his bag and slew the wolf on the spot. Incidentally, my father always added, the golfer double-bogeyed the hole when he got around to finishing it.

On the whole, he was a conscientious and doting parent. But every so often he would forget himself and become an unmanageable prankster, whose motto seemed to be "Anything for a laugh."

A classic example was the time my sister Miriam, then a student at a Beverly Hills grammar school, talked him into going to a P.T.A. meeting. Nobody recognized my father in those days because he didn't wear a mustache in private life, but Miriam, stationed at the refreshment stand in the back of the auditorium, was proud to see him there among the other parents.

My father behaved himself astonishingly well from the time the president called the meeting to order until the treasurer of the P.T.A., an imposing-looking dowager in a flowered dress, started giving her report. He listened in martyred silence as the treasurer reeled off, in a high-pitched voice, page after page of dull facts and figures. But when she climaxed her report with the announcement that the P.T.A. had spent $8.97 for tea during the month of May, my father could no longer restrain himself.

Jumping to his feet, he shouted, "What kind of tea?"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

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N.B.C. PHOTO

All-time top jack pot for Groucho's radio-TV show, You Bet Your Life, was won by Coastguardman Gene Scarcliff and Nancy Dunn, daughter of commanding officer at Fort MacArthur, Calif. They identified William H. Bonney as Billy the Kid and split $6,000

Ever hear the story of Little Red Ridinghood the way Groucho tells it?

"Why, orange pekoe, of course," replied the somewhat startled keeper of the funds.

"Why wasn't I consulted?" exclaimed my father indignantly. "I happen to like Chinese tea!"

"We've always used orange pekoe," replied the treasurer, obviously wondering who this madman was. "And I think we all enjoy it."

"Well, I don't," snapped my father. "And I'm not so sure the rest of these people do either. I demand that we take a vote!"

This threw the meeting into an uproar, and before order could be restored, the president had to request Miriam to escort her unruly father home. Feeling completely humiliated, Miriam burst into tears the moment the two of them were outside, and she refused to have anything more to do with her father for days afterward.

What makes him act that way is anybody's guess. I suppose he just has a wide streak of perverseness in him that can't be controlled.

When you *want* him to be funny—say to liven up a party—that's when he's apt to sit in a corner all evening gloomily discussing politics. Parties, oddly enough, nearly always bring out the perverseness in him. He hates parties, probably because he feels, with some justification, that he's expected to be the life of them. As a result, he's usually in a brooding mood when he arrives and stays that way until he can make his escape. As soon after dinner as he can manage it without insulting his hostess completely, he'll yawn, reach for his pipe and tobacco pouch, and put on his hat. Then he'll head for the front door, excusing himself with the announcement that he's coming down with a cold.

And if he says this, he probably *is* coming down with a cold. He never actually catches one, but on an average of once a week he'll start complaining about what he calls a "grippy feeling"—cold feet and a headache. No doctor has ever been able to cure this mysterious ailment, or even diagnose it. It seems significant, however, that the condition usually becomes most pronounced immediately before a party he's dreading, or a broadcast he's worrying about, or a long siege of work he has facing him, like shooting a picture. As soon as he has survived the ordeal, he'll be in excellent health and spirits again until the next crisis looms on the horizon. Since he's much sought after professionally and socially, his life consists of one crisis after another, each bringing on that "grippy feeling."

Resigns Club Membership

If there's one thing of which my father is more unreasonably suspicious than parties, it's belonging to fraternal or social organizations. Once, however, when he was in a gregarious mood, he let some friends persuade him to join the Friars Club. After months of refusing to take part in any of the club's activities, he finally decided it was foolish to pay dues any longer and sent in his resignation. In the next mail, he received a letter from the club's president, wanting to know why he had resigned. My father promptly wrote back, "Because I don't want to belong to any club that would have me as a member!"

Strange as it may seem, it was my father's utter disregard for convention that was indirectly responsible for landing him his present lucrative job as "America's Number One Quizmaster."

It was in February of '48 that my father, after 30 years as a top entertainer, was beginning to have visions of being washed up. This was a bitter pill to swallow after the success he'd known. Along with his brothers, he'd been a headliner in vaudeville, the star of three Broadway musicals—I'll Say She Is, The Cocoanuts, and Animal Crackers—and he'd made at least 15 motion pictures. Two of these, A Night at the Opera and A Day at the Races, grossed over $4,000,000 each.

But it was 10 years since he had had a hit picture, and his frequent attempts to become a successful radio personality always ended in failure. Of course, he was far from starving. He had made big money most of his life, and he had taken good care of it (save for one slight mistake in 1929 when the stock market crash wiped out his entire fortune). Nevertheless, he was a completely unhappy man during this period. A notorious brooder and worrier, he just couldn't understand why he hadn't been able to click in radio. He felt he was as gifted as his contemporaries, and they stayed on the air year after year without losing *their* sponsors.

That's the frame of mind he was in when radio producer Mannie Manheim called him up one day and asked him to appear on a special, hour-long program that a prominent drugstore chain sponsored once a year. A steady job would have been better, but he readily consented to do this one show anyway.

Because there were a number of other important stars in the line-up, my father had to wait in the wings for nearly 30 minutes before his first entrance. Meanwhile, Bob Hope had been in front of the mike most of the time, killing the audience.

Ordinarily my father is not a comic who becomes annoyed when other actors are getting laughs. But while he waited for his first cue, he somehow got the notion that he was being overshadowed by Hope's performance, and the idea made him furious.

When he finally stepped before the mike, to do a "two spot" with Hope, he was in a reckless mood. So reckless, in fact, that *(Continued on page 63)*

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Last of the 'DEDICATED OLD MAIDS'

In 36 years of selfless federal service, Katharine Lenroot, recently retired head of the Children's Bureau, was ever up front in the struggle to secure a better life for our young

By VANCE JOHNSON

THE end of an era usually is not recognized until long afterward, but there are many who say that such an event occurred on the last day of August, 1951. This was the day that a modest, motherly woman of sixty, Miss Katharine Fredrica Lenroot, bade farewell to the marbled jungle of Washington.

For 36 years and seven months, Katharine F. Lenroot—a white-haired, blue-eyed woman of gentle manners—had been a devoted and untiring servant of the Federal Security Agency's Children's Bureau, one of the tiniest yet most volatile units of the federal government. For 29 of those years, as assistant chief, and chief of the bureau, she had been on the front lines of an unrelenting battle to secure a better deal for American children.

Many who have been stung to action by Miss Lenroot's prodding, warmed by her flattery or convinced by her pleading, call her "the conscience of America toward its children." Others, admiring the effectiveness of her advocacy before every conceivable kind of tribunal—from community committees to state legislatures, from Congress to the United Nations—affectionately describe her as "the children's ambassador in Washington." Still others, aware of the countless individual problems of children solved speedily as a result of Miss Lenroot's personal attention, speak of her as "foster mother to millions."

President Truman expressed something of the feeling many people have for Miss Lenroot when, in accepting her resignation, he observed: "Toughness is a quality not often attributed to women, but the plain fact is that you have been a tough and persistent champion of America's children. You have made them both your vocation and your avocation. The children of this country are better off for your having been in the government."

Miss Frances Perkins, former Secretary of Labor and now a member of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, expressed it another way:

"Katharine Lenroot is one of the last of the 'dedicated old maids'—those women endowed with the old-fashioned virtues of conscience and character who were willing to give their whole lives to service. This remarkable breed is rapidly disappearing from our scene. Our young women today are making too much money in fashions, in cosmetics and in the professions. They don't have the time."

Miss Perkins was thinking of that small army of militant women who surged out of the settlement houses and the colleges of the Midwest and New England in the late 1800s and the early 1900s to battle the evils of the sweatshop, of child labor and exploitation of immigrants; and to awaken the nation's conscience to the shocking loss of mothers and children through inadequate care at childbirth. Names of great women came easily to tongue:

Jane Addams, founder of Chicago's internationally famous Hull House and pioneer of social welfare work in many fields.

Lillian D. Wald, founder of the Henry Street Settlement in New York and advocate of public health nursing.

Florence Kelley, crusader for compulsory school attendance and, with Miss Wald, instigator of the demand for a federal children's bureau.

Julia C. Lathrop, leader in the movement for organized charities and crusader for more humane care of mentally ill and delinquent children.

Grace Abbott, champion of the immigrant and fiery crusader for child labor laws.

Nearly everyone who knows Katharine Lenroot well declares she comes from the same mold.

"She is moved by the same profound concern for her helpless fellow man, by a feeling of responsibility for improving his *(Continued on page 40)*

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Still U.S. member of the International Children's Emergency Fund, a UN agency, Miss Lenroot now lives in Hartsdale, N.Y., a site she chose partly to be near Manhattan, and Broadway plays

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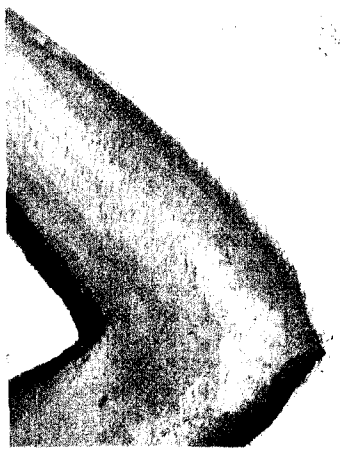
Slide Rule Romance



By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

What was I doing back at my old college, playing up to some wet-behind-the-ears kids, and falling in love with a coed? I felt as if I was a hundred years old

AT THE time of which I write, the situation is such that if you wish to hire a still-damp-behind-the-ears engineer you have to go out and beat off the competition and lasso your man, which is why the Old Man sends me back to my Alma Mater.

It is very tough on the Old Man because he happened to graduate from engineering school in 1930. He had a good record and still he wore out three pairs of shoes and was down to about two dollars and fifty cents before he got a job.

"We got to hire some men," he growled at me, "and if you want the truth the top brass have been chewing me out for not hiring sooner. It burns me up to have to go after these guys, but it looks like nobody is going to walk into the office looking for a job. We got to go out and hold their hands today and offer more than the competition."

He worked over his cigar for a minute and then he said, "I got a letter today from Professor Michaelson from Midwestern who does consulting for us, and he says they have a hot prospect there named Dobson who is the smartest young engineer he has had in class in twenty years."

"I went to Midwestern," I said. "You mean he's better than I am?"

"Michaelson recommended you at the point of a knife, the way I heard it," the Old Man said. "Anyway, I'm sending you because you went to Midwestern and that might cut some ice with this budding genius."

"I never been a scout before," I said. "A regular bird dog. It sounds like fun. What do I look for—a kid who can run and throw and hit to right field?"

"Don't get the idea this is a vacation," the Old Man said. "The top brass have heard about Dobson. If you come back without him it might be a good idea for you to put in for foreign service."

"I had three years overseas," I yelped. "I'll get him. What do I offer?"

"Three thousand a year," the Old Man said, and his face got red. "They gave me seventeen a week when I signed on," he said, and I thought he was going on from there but he fought it off.

"This is from the top," he said. "They want this guy. They got all heated up recently over the idea there isn't enough young blood in the company. I'm forty-three; maybe they consider me on the shelf. Anyway, they want him. You offer him three thousand. Sell him on the good old company. You can go higher if necessary. And if you spot any other prospects, line them up. There's a train at eight thirty."

So that was why I stepped off the train the next morning and looked at the old familiar, dear-to-the-heart scenes of my youth—the dog wagon and the broken-down hacks beside the railroad station.

I headed for the old fraternity, and the blood was doing nip-ups in my veins. It had been ten years since I had picked up my diploma, and it was great to be back.

I was so excited I ran up the walk and into the fraternity house. I felt like a kid of eighteen again, with no worries except what girl I was going to date that night and who had a clean shirt I could borrow.

"Well, hi," I called cheerily.

There were a few fellows inside, sprawled on the leather chairs in the lounge. A couple of guys in pajama bottoms were playing table tennis.

Some guy looked over the top of a newspaper at me. He glanced at my brief case and said, "Sorry, Mac, we can't use any."

"Any what?" I said.

"Whatever it is you're selling," he said, and went back to his newspaper.

"I'm not a peddler," I said. "I'd be wearing my fraternity pin only I gave it to some dame back in 1940 and I haven't seen her since."

"An old grad," I heard somebody whisper, and I aged twenty years right then and there. There had been old grads coming back when I was in the fraternity but I did not think of myself as an old grad.

"Hey, Beany," somebody yelled, and a gawky kid stumbled down the stairs. They were sending a freshman to look after the old grad. You could never afford to ignore an old grad because it might be that he had discovered oil and would pay off the fraternity house mortgage if you were nice to him. It was the freshman's job to discover was I an old grad with an oil well or a broken-down hack looking for a free meal.

"How do you do?" Beany said. "Welcome back to the fraternity, sir."

"The name is Farrell," I said. "Pete Farrell."

He took it without blinking. He led me around and introduced me to the boys on hand, and nobody reared back and said, "What, *the* Pete Farrell?"

Nobody had ever heard of me. The four years I'd lived there might have been back in the age of dinosaurs.

"I'm with Hastings Oil," I said. "Any of you fellows engineers?"

Three of them nodded their heads. "You're a little late, Mr. Farrell," one of them said. "The boys have been around. Most of us are lined up for a job."

My heart sank. "Any of you know a guy named Dobson?"

They knew him, all right. "Who's got him?" I said.

"Dobson's still in circulation," one of them said. "A real cagey bonus boy is Dobson. A teaser."

I sighed with relief, and the freshman, Beany, took me upstairs to show me where I could stay. On the way down the hall I stopped to look for the photograph of the 1939 championship interfraternity touch football team. Hell's fire, we hadn't lost a game. I remembered that picture; I was right there in the front row, right beside Froggy Wilcox. I couldn't find the picture.

Beany knew by then I wasn't going to pay off the mortgage. "We threw a lot of those old pictures out," he said.

I went on down the corridor. I bent over a little and the brief case seemed heavy and I had a notion that if I weren't almighty careful I'd trip over my beard.

They gave me Butch Dorgan's room. It was the first time I'd thought of Butch in years and although I had never really been a pal of Butch Dorgan—in fact, I had hated his guts most of the time—if he had walked in the room right then I would have kissed him.

"Guess you'll be all set," Beany said. "I'll scrounge up a towel."

"I can find my way around," I said. I flipped him a ten-dollar bill. I didn't own an oil well but I'd pay the room and board. Beany grinned and departed.

THERE was a directory on the desk and I found Dobson. He lived in a fraternity house a block or so away. I went out in the hall and used the telephone. They told me he was in class but he should be home any minute. I decided to go over and strike while the iron was hot.

I went down the stairs, and Beany was juggling table-tennis balls.

"One fast game?" he suggested.

I remembered the night I'd won the house championship. "Let's go," I said, peeling off my coat. I grabbed the paddle and we started in. He had a tricky serve. I missed it five times running but I figured I'd get on to it. The damn' table didn't seem as long or as wide as it had been in my day.

"What did you guys do, cut a foot off the end of it?" I said.

He beat me twenty-one to four. It had been a terrible mistake. I reached for my brief case and hobbled out the door and down the walk, thinking of the young Pete Farrell who was no more and would never be again. Just a busted-down, spavined old bachelor of thirty-one long hard winters.

I reached Dobson's fraternity. "Sorry, sir," the boy at the door said, "he came in and then went right out."

"Any idea where?" I said.

"Kappa Delta house," the kid said. "You take the first left turn and—"

"I could find it in my sleep," I said.

I felt young and springy of step again, thinking of all the times I'd gone over to the Kappa Delta sorority, thinking of all the girls who'd come out the Kappa Delta door on my arm. Where were they now? Probably they were married and had kids and were members of the Ladies Aid. The brief case suddenly got heavier and heavier. I wondered was it my imagination or had Beany back at the fraternity stuffed it with lead weights.

I rang the Kappa Delta *(Continued on page 60)*

For a moment he was stunned. Then he began to roar and froth at the mouth. I held up the telephone so that Ellen could hear him

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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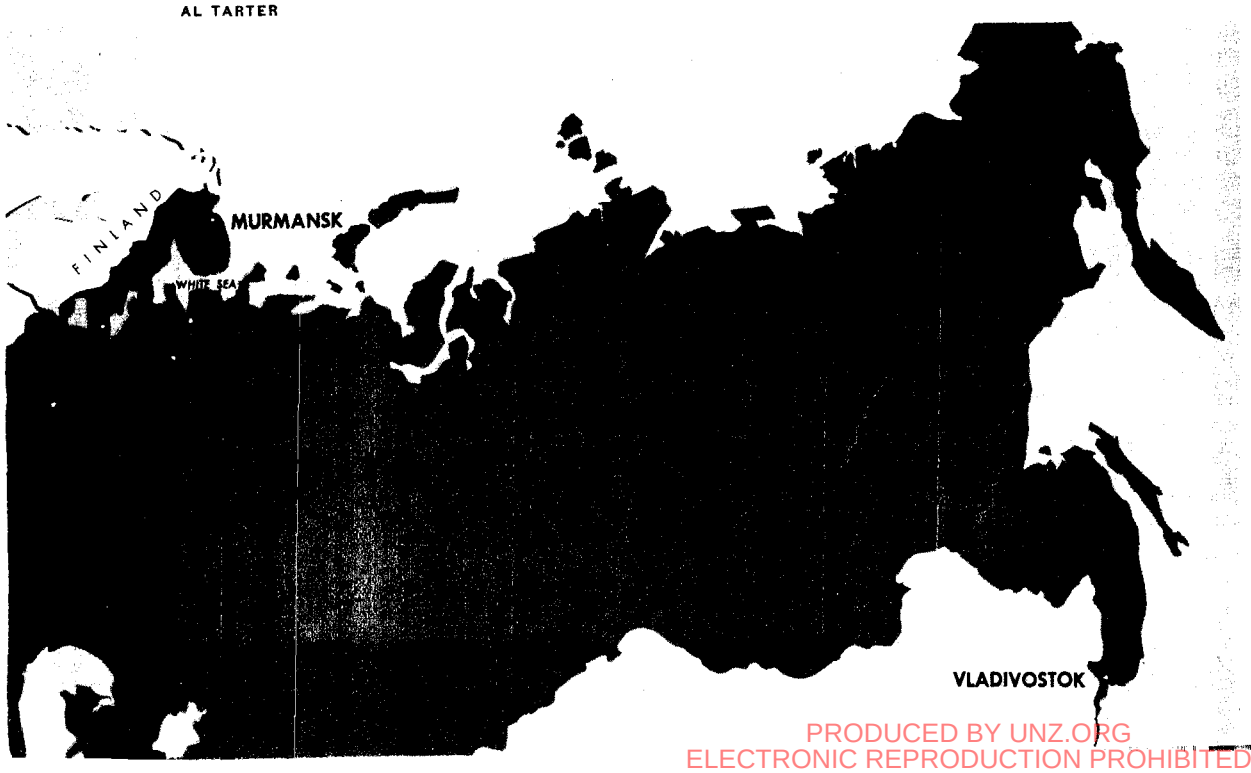
JACK MANNING

Gen. MacMorland, shown holding a Russian gun, received British Distinguished Service Order for his service in Russia. He's now commander of Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Ground

Allies had to protect Murmansk from Germans in Finland, guard Murmansk-Petrozavodsk and Arkhangelsk-Vladivostok rails. Southward penetration reached Lake Onega, Toulgas

AL TARTER



Our FIRST

FEW people remember our first war with Russia. Fought on Communist soil, it went on for more than a year, toward the close of World War I, and eventually involved about 15,000 American soldiers as well as many more thousands of Allied troops. The enemy was the new Bolshevik government, which had posed a threat to the Allied war effort. While the fighting lasted, the Americans and their brothers-in-arms took and held the vital ports of Murmansk and Arkhangelsk in Russian Europe, plus Vladivostok and a huge chunk of surrounding territory in Siberia.

For many months of heavy fighting, they had the well-armed forces of Russian Communism stopped cold.

Then, their mission accomplished, they pulled out, and a big barrier to the growth of Red Russia was removed. Today, we can only speculate about what might have happened—if the democracies had known then, as they do now, the full, terrible implications of the ideology they had been pitted against in Russia.

In any case, scattered throughout the United States there are many veterans of our two expeditionary forces to Russia who will attest to one thing: although they met the Reds on their home territory—a land that even then was remote, alien and mysterious—the Americans and their democratic Allies were better than a match for the soldiers of Communism.

I know, because I was there.

I was a member of the Polar Bears, the North Russian Expeditionary Force which, during the coldest part of that year, deployed more than 5,000 American soldiers over the Arkhangelsk-Murmansk sector. I was a major then, and in charge of the U.S. railroad troops which rebuilt, repaired, maintained and pushed to the south the Murmansk-Petrozavodsk rail line, under constant Bolshevik fire.

I can still remember the ugly cruelty of the country and the bitter cold of the early spring on the shores of the White Sea, with the sea itself and its tributaries bound fast by rough, corroded ice which didn't break until June. I can remember, too, the friendliness of the peasants and villagers, their disdain for Communism, and their warm, unselfish attitude toward the American doughboys.

By the same token, I will never forget the Reds I met—in the Bolshevik army or out of it, a tough, hard lot. They had never expected to encounter Allied troops in the homeland they had snatched during the convulsions of a popular revolution. Frankly, our presence in Russia was just as much a surprise to us.

Back of the Allied occupation of Russian territory lay the extremely complicated military situation which existed in the last few months of World War I. Briefly and oversimplified, it was this:

The people of Russia, oppressed for centuries, had swept the government of Czar Nicholas out of existence in a chaotic revolution. The provisional government of Alexander Kerensky, which followed, immediately set to work to restore the nation and help the people—meanwhile recognizing Russia's obligation to continue its war against Germany on the Eastern Front.

Then, in November, 1917, the Bolsheviks, a small minority party, violently overthrew Kerensky, seized power, and busied themselves in a campaign to exterminate every Russian who smelled even vaguely of opposition. Of the greatest military importance to the Allies, moreover, was the fact that they concluded a separate peace with the Kaiser, and there were even indications that they were prepared to help him in his war against democracy.

By the summer of 1918, with Russia in a state of utter chaos, the Germans had established themselves in Finland and were pressing northward with the obvious intention of seizing the ice-free port of Murmansk and establishing it as a submarine and

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WAR *with the* RUSSIANS

For many months, American doughboys battled grimly against Red troops in Russia. Few people remember that war now, but it takes on increasing significance in the light of current events

By Maj. Gen. EDWARD E. MacMORLAND

with Lt. Col. CLARKE NEWLON

military base. They also had their eyes on the railroad which ran from Murmansk to Petrozavodsk and connected with the famous and strategically important Trans-Siberian railroad, the one means of communication with Vladivostok, in Siberia.

To add to this threat to the Allies, the Reds were carrying on a savage seesaw guerrilla warfare with the White Russians, and were menacing constantly the stores of Allied matériel which had been built up at Arkhangelsk and Vladivostok, and at other points along the Trans-Siberian line.

At about this time, a great, disorganized army of Czech troops, whose number has been estimated at up to 100,000, deserted from the Austrian forces and began pouring into Russia—seizing cities on the Volga and the Trans-Siberian and declaring war on German and Bolshevik alike.

It was with the dual motive of re-establishing an Eastern Front and protecting their supplies—as well as with the vague hope that their presence might inspire the Russians to set up a representative government—that the Allies determined to move into Russia. (Originally, it was believed that the Czechs would supply most of the men for this new front; the idea was later abandoned.)

Once the decision had been made, the democracies moved fast. On May 24, 1918, British-led Allied forces slipped into Murmansk under the very noses of the numerically superior Germans. Not long afterward, the U.S. War Department alerted the 27th and 31st Infantry Regiments, in the Philippines, for duty in Siberia under Major General William S. Graves, and arranged for the shipment of 5,000 additional troops from California to bring the two regiments up to full war strength.

On July 31st a multilingual, 1,400-man landing party (including 50 American sailors) appeared at Arkhangelsk under the command of a British general and drove the Bolsheviks from the city after brief resistance.

On August 15th, the first American soldiers of the Siberian Expeditionary Force, which was to reach an ultimate strength of more than 9,000, landed at Vladivostok—the first American soldiers to set foot in such numbers on Russian ground. Three weeks later, on September 4th, 4,000 doughboys—mostly from the 85th Division, which had been in England ready for shipment to France—reached Arkhangelsk under Lieutenant Colonel (later Colonel) George E. Stewart to back up the small 11-nation contingent which had arrived there earlier. (Most of the men in this latter division were from Michigan; the 339th Regiment, which formed the backbone of the U.S. contribution to the Allied army in north Russia, was known as "Detroit's Own.")

The Allies were now established in Russia in force—and their numbers were to increase later. Ultimately, there would be some 15,000 Allied troops in Russian Europe—including an additional 1,000 Americans, a large number of British and French, and some Italians, Lithuanians, Chinese, White Russians, Poles, Finns, *(Continued on page 70)*

Transportation was crude in the Russia of 1918-'19. Snow-taxi riders are Pvts. C. A. Simpson, Grand Rapids (l.) and C. Everhardt, Detroit

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

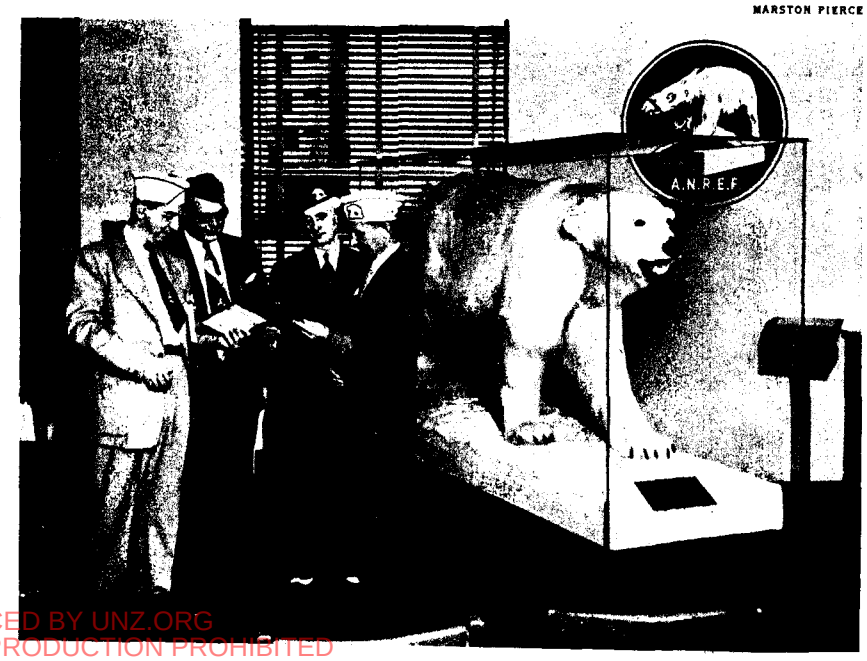
MacMorland's railroad troops, working constantly under fire, had an armored train which included sandbagged flatcar. Note ancient engine

Even after snow cleared, conditions were tough. Here, U.S. soldiers dry clothes over fire after 17-mile advance through muddy swampland

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

Detroit vets of campaign formed Polar Bear Assn. L. to r., president Don Shand, H. Palmer, secretary J. Curry, past president A. Anselmi

MARSTON PIERCE



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Paul Maxwell's design suits Knox's functional emphasis

Champion of the sculptured silhouette is Sally Victor

Mr. John is famous for hats of simple but dramatic line

Elegance and craftsmanship are typical of Lilly Daché

Mr. Fred of John Frederics believes in a casual effect

Mr. John's creation for Maria Riva wraps up glamor and "practicality" in a maze of red velvet cord and fish-net veil. Practical? Well, the phone is just a prop, but it's handy for ignoring amused stares at the Colony

Collier's GOLDEN CAMERA

Top Hatters' Top Hats

SINCE primitive woman discovered that the band she wore around her hair was a handy place to stick flowers and other embellishments, female heads have blossomed with a variety of strange and wonderful things.

The motive that spurred the first maiden to outshine the other ladies in her territory is probably no different from the one that sets women on the path of a new bonnet today. But whether it's vanity, the creative urge, or a desire to step out of the ranks in a carbon-copy age, the results are getting more sensational all the time.

Collaborators in the struggle to produce a taller plume, a more involved bird's nest, are the hat designers—to whom carrots and cornstalks, bean pods and bumbershoots are all perfectly acceptable decorations for the head.

As an ultimate challenge to their ingenuity, Collier's invited five of the country's top hatters to co-operate in an experiment. The designers were presented with an odd basic assortment of raw materials from which to make a selection: a handful of unblocked hats, some veiling, rhinestones, dried flowers, leaves, thistles, ribbon—and a telephone.

Catch in the collection was the telephone, which was a must for every model. The experts didn't flinch. Mr. Bell's instrument turned up in one form or another on every hat. Sour-minded skeptics may carp about the practicality of such an idea, but it would take a real quibbler to deny its decorative qualities.

Faced with an identical problem, the five outstanding milliners turned out five very different-looking hats. Symbol of their varying approaches was the trimming each fished out of the hodgepodge of materials provided for their use.

Mr. John dug up a length of red velvet cord, a few yards of fish-net veiling and a red telephone. Sally Victor chose a black phone receiver, black velvet ribbon, rhinestones, a batch of feathers. Mr. Fred of John Frederics needed only a length of gold cord, a telephone; Lilly Daché, a thistle, some dried flowers, a foot or two of chartreuse velvet ribbon. Mr. Maxwell of Knox the Hatter kept things simple, settled for one red phone.

In the belief that the lady beneath the hat has much to do with its success, Collier's then called in Maria Riva, talented television actress and daughter of Marlene Dietrich, to model the creations.

The results of the session point up at least one homely truth—that nothing is so consistent as woman's inconsistency. For, Maria, who turned out to be the designers' delight, doesn't believe in hats. "That's why I enjoyed modeling them," she says. We'll let someone else take it from there.

EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

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Utility ties to fashion in Sally Victor's toast-colored beaver fur, its telephone disguised with rhinestones plus two feathered comets

This yellow beaver fur designed by Mr. Fred has a telephone wired to brim with gold cord. Dorothy Leffler joined in gag by faking a call

For luncheon at the Sulgrave Hotel, Lilly Daché has dressed Maria in a toast-colored topper adorned with gilt phone receiver and thistle

Still playing it for laughs, Maria hunts a familiar number while she wears sporty model designed under supervision of Knox's Mr. Maxwell

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John Dingle and the HOMING CATS

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

The cats must go, Mr. Garret said; he didn't care how or where. It was a rash suggestion to make to a family as fiendish as his

THE harrowing case of John Garret versus the Garret Cat Company began the day Mr. and Mrs. Garret returned from a week's trip to New York. They had just pulled into the driveway when their sons, Tom, nine; Edward, eight; and John Dingle, six, raced toward them. John Dingle was alternately carrying and being ridden by a large, yellow, and extremely unhappy cat.

"We're in the cat business!" Tom yelled.

John Dingle held the cat aloft. "Ain't Ethel pretty?"

Mr. Garret quivered. "Put that mangy monster back in the alley where you found her," he said.

"But, Daddy, she's a mama," Edward said. "She's got nine of the prettiest little kittens you ever saw in our basement."

"Edward," Mrs. Garret said, "your father is not feeling very fatherly. I wouldn't joke with him."

An elderly woman, who looked as though she might have been herding tigers, yelled from the kitchen window: "It ain't any joke!"

Mr. Garret dropped his suitcase. "Mrs. Daniels," he snarled, "you let them bring a pregnant cat into my house?"

"The way they wore me down they could have brought in a pregnant alligator. I told them you were going to buy them a dog, but they said they'd sell the kittens and help you pay for it. Named the cat after me. Thought it was right sweet."

Mr. Garret stared at her. Mrs. Daniels stared right back. They both knew she was the only woman in town brave enough to stay with the boys. Mr. Garret changed the subject. "Where's a sack?" he bellowed. "I want a big rock too."

"Mama," John Dingle screamed, "you ain't going to let him throw our kittens in the river?"

"I'm going to throw them in a manhole and screw on the top. You got ringworm from that last cat you dragged in. I got the man-eating mange from the one before that."

"Will you please stop it?" Mrs. Garret snapped.

Mr. Garret glared at her. "All right, Mother Carey, they're your chickens."

"I knew it! That's the only reason you started that silly sack business."

"Come on and look at 'em," John Dingle urged. Ethel led them through the basement to the box in the corner. Mr. Garret stared at the squirming mass that fastened itself to Ethel.

"Sweet Mother of Moses," he said. "You think you can sell those things?" Ethel had mated strictly within her caste.

"Yessir," Tom said proudly. "We're the Garret Cat Company."

"I'm the president," John Dingle said happily.

"Me and Tom are the treasurers," Edward said.

"Well, I think the kittens are beautiful," Mrs. Garret lied.

"All right," Mr. Garret said, "here's what we'll do. You make one penny off those alley panthers and I'll get you a dog. But if there's just one of them around here at the end of two months, no dog. You've just got to learn that this is a house and not an ark."

"That'll be good," Edward said. "We ain't gonna ask but ten dollars apiece for 'em. We'll sell 'em fast."

Mr. Garret sighed. "Just one more thing. I'm out of this deal completely. All matters of fur and fang will be referred to Madam Garret!"

The Cat Company thought it was a very fair arrangement. Mrs. Garret, however, went back to the car, muttering.

ONE evening, three months later, Mr. Garret was coming up through the basement from the garage. The basement bulb had burned out, and he was groping his way up the steps in the dark. On the third step from the top his feet came down on something soft. It was as though his leg had sprouted a demon. There was an unholy screech and he cartwheeled backward down the steps, flailing at the thing trying to claw its way up his leg.

He was still on the floor, cursing and sorting out his vertebrae, when Mrs. Garret and the boys appeared at the top of the steps. Mrs. Garret's expression was that of the woman driver who can't imagine what happened to the front fender.

Mr. Garret glared up at her. "If I step on just one more damn' cat in this house, I'm going to throw the whole batch of them in the furnace. John Dingle, call that Cat Company to order. You're just about to go out of business."

The boys filed into the living room like early Christians headed for Nero's place. Mr. Garret came in, still clutching his back.

"All right," he said, "I told you I'd give you two months to get rid of them. It's three months and—"

"But we're training 'em," Edward protested. "We're gonna make an animal act out of 'em and sell 'em to a circus."

"Unhunh! How much are you trying to sell them for now?"

John Dingle cut his eyes at Tom and Edward. "Five dollars. We're having a sale!"

"Don't lie to me, John Dingle. Mrs. Reese said you were peddling them three for a nickel the other day. You can't even give 'em away, can you?"

"But when we teach 'em to ride bicycles and—"

"Cut that out," Mr. Garret snapped. "I'm giving you just three more days. After that *I* want to be the only thing around here with whiskers. Otherwise, no dog, and I mean it."

Mrs. Garret sighed. "That's only fair, John Dingle. You made a bargain with your father and you've got to keep it."

Edward rolled his eyes at Mr. Garret, and then suddenly snapped his fingers. "I got an idea," he said. "It's a real good one too. Come on up to the office." John Dingle and Tom were glad to escape. They all rushed out of the room, Mr. Garret staring after them.

When they were in their room, Edward's face fell. "I ain't got any idea," he mumbled. "It just scares Daddy when he thinks I got one."

"John Dingle," Tom complained, "if you had whined a little louder, them ladies mighta bought some cats."

"I couldn't whine no louder," John Dingle protested. "I'm a good seller. Who sold the most chances on the television set to help the—?"

"Wait a minute!" Edward whooped. "That'll do it! That's the best idea in the world. Listen, we'll sell chances on a kitten. Just one kitten. Won't anybody think they'll win, so they'll all buy chances and then we'll give everybody a cat."

"Boy!" Tom exclaimed. "That *is* a good idea! We'll make up a whole lot of chances, and the people John Dingle has to whine at the longest we'll give 'em cats. That'll fix 'em."

John Dingle was equally entranced. They all began laughing and jumping around the room. Downstairs, Mr. Garret cringed and glanced uneasily at Mrs. Garret.

The next afternoon they started out. John Dingle was carrying Ethel, Jr., the pride of the litter. Tom and Edward were carrying pads and pencils and a hundred homemade tickets bearing the inscription:

CAT RAFFUL
1 CHANSE
5 CENTS

They selected Mr. Charles Alexander as their first victim. He lived right across the street from

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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Two of the kittens sank their claws deep into Mr. Garret's scalp, and held on. The rest hit his lap and took off like baby banshees

the Garrets, and played Capulet to Mr. Garret's Montague.

"Look real pitiful now, John Dingle," Edward cautioned after they rang the doorbell. "Roll out yo' lip a little more." Mr. Alexander opened the door, and automatically recoiled when he saw John Dingle.

"You wanna take a chance on a po' pretty lil' kitty, Mr. Alexander?" John whimpered.

Mr. Alexander fought to keep a straight face. "What kind is it?"

"It's a spotted Persian."

"A spotted, short-haired Persian," Tom corrected. "They're awful rare."

"So's cholera," Mr. Alexander grunted. "What's the raffle for? Who benefits?"

John Dingle blinked, trying to remember what Edward had told him. "It's for the Boys' Home," he mumbled finally.

"What Boys' Home?"

"Us boys' home."

Mr. Alexander bit his lip. "How many chances are there?"

"A lot of 'em. You ain't got a chance to win!"

"Well, that's fine. Give me three chances."

Tom hurriedly scribbled Mr. Alexander's name on the three tickets, at the same time keeping an eye out for who got the money.

"We sure do thank you, Mr. Alexander," he said, passing the tickets over.

"Yessir!" John Dingle said. "You ain't what Daddy says you are at all."

They hurried down the steps. "Didn't I tell you?" Edward whooped. "We'll sell 'em all and print some more tickets."

The rest of the selling went the same way. Everybody wanted to help the mythical Boys' Home, but some people wanted more assurance than others about their chances of not winning. The boys had lies for every occasion. At five o'clock, though, they still had twelve chances left.

"Let's quit!" John Dingle whined. "I'm tired of looking pitiful. My face aches."

"Yeah," Tom said, "we got plenty of money. Just look at it!" He pulled a handful of nickels and dimes from his pocket. "It ain't safe being out with this much money on you."

The sight of so much wealth seemed to unsettle them. They started home, giggling, falling into hedges, kissing Ethel, Jr., and generally acting unlike successful young executives.

It also unsettled Mr. Garret. His rejoicing was that of Captain Kidd discovering talent among his apprentices. "That dumb Alexander," he gloated. "I want to pick his cat out. That nasty little one that bleats like a goat."

Mrs. Garret was disgusted. "I think it's awful. The Boys' Home! I'm sending every penny of that money out to the orphanage. And I'm going to call the Humane Society to come and get the kittens."

Mr. Garret finally quit laughing and got out his wallet. "Here. Here's the exact amount they collected. Maybe you had better send it out. No Humane Society, though. Those kittens have got homes. I just haven't picked them out yet. Come on, boys. Let's have the drawing."

"Just a minute," Mrs. Garret said grimly. "Those cats and everything connected with them are now your responsibility."

Mr. Garret bowed. "If you want anything, madam, just mew. Come, partners, let's pick out those homes."

Around two o'clock the next afternoon, Tom and Edward were lugging two baskets of kittens down the sidewalk. John Dingle was panting along behind. He was the official Kitten Chaser and Dog Scarer.

"Quit bouncing 'em!" he said. "I'm tired of chasing cats." They were only two blocks from home, and already he had five retrieves to his credit. The last one through Mrs. Williams' shrubbery had been particularly exhausting.

"Well, look at my arm," Edward said. "They keep chinning themselves on it. I'm gonna get blood poison, I bet." He tried to hold the basket higher, and little Reba Tate, who was sitting on her steps patting her big boxer, called out: "What you got, Edward?"

Edward eyed the dog. "I got a basket full of snakes. If you don't hold on to that mangy dog, I'm gonna dump 'em all over you."

In spite of the warning, the dog started toward them.

"Run!" Edward screamed. "Run!"

They charged down *(Continued on page 36)*

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RICHARD BEATTIE

A recent photo of Mr. Hoover in his New York apartment, where he is writing a third series of memoirs, to appear before long in Collier's

Governor Smith waving to crowds at the Executive Mansion in Albany, New York, after tumultuous parade through the city

ACME

Invading the South, Hoover spoke from a temporary stand at Lynn Mountain, near Elizabethton, Tenn., before 50,000. He carried state by 38,000 votes

ACME

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Concluding Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

Running Against Al Smith

The victorious candidate describes his opponent as a "natural-born gentleman." They waged the campaign on a high ethical level, but underlings stooped to bigotry, malice and slander

By HERBERT HOOVER

With this issue, Collier's concludes the second series of memoirs by Mr. Hoover, covering his public life in the period 1914-1929. Later, these magazine pages will carry a stirring sequel: his résumé of the years 1929 to 1947. Among the historic disclosures: his own story, never before told, of the great depression; of his stormy term in the White House, his exchanges with F.D.R., his activities as a private citizen during World War II, and his round-the-world flight for President Truman in 1946. The dramatic revelations by our only living ex-President promise fascinating reading. Watch for them here

WHEN, on August 2, 1927, Mr. Coolidge issued his cryptic statement, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928," I was at the annual Bohemian Club encampment in the California redwoods, recuperating from months of relief work in the Mississippi flood. Within an hour a hundred men who were at the encampment —publishers, editors, public officials and others from all over the country—came demanding that I announce my candidacy. Telegrams poured in in such numbers that the Grove operator had to send for more help.

Like most people, I was puzzled by Mr. Coolidge's statement. "Choose" has various connotations in New England usage. I at once determined to say nothing until I could talk with the President.

We were both back in Washington by September. I promptly called on him, saying I had been deluged by urgings to give some indication of my attitude. I told the President that I felt the country had great confidence in him, that I would prefer to continue as a Cabinet officer under him, and that I would appreciate it if he could tell me whether his statement was absolutely conclusive. He made no direct reply.

I then issued a statement to the newspapers that Mr. Coolidge should be renominated. The President was certainly enjoying the amazing volume of curiosity and discussion his statement had evoked, and apparently did not want to end it. Nor did he ever do so.

Twice I tried to renew the discussion with him. In February, 1928, the question was forced when leading Ohio citizens made public an inquiry as to whether I would allow my name to be placed on the state primary ballot. Senator Willis of that state had filed as a "favorite son" candidate, and predominant groups there who did not consider him fitted for the Presidency wished to support me.

I informed the President that I was being urged to enter the Ohio primary. The President well knew that if Willis won the state delegation it would never be for him. I asked if he intended to allow his own name to be filed in the Ohio primary. He simply said, "No."

As to my inquiry as to whether I should allow the entry of my name, he said: "Why not?"

I therefore accepted the Ohio invitation in a letter on February 12th to the spokesman of the Ohio group, Colonel Thad H. Brown, of Columbus:

". . . My conviction that I should not strive for the nomination, and my obligations as Secretary of Commerce, preclude me from making any personal campaign. I must rely wholly upon my friends in Ohio to conduct it and to conduct it in a fair manner. . . . It is my special desire that expenditures of money shall be strictly limited and rigidly accounted for.

"If the greatest trust which can be given by our people should come to me, I should consider it my duty to carry forward the principles of the Republican party and the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies—all of which have brought to our country such a high degree of happiness, progress and security."

Aside from this I did not—prior to the Republican National Convention—deliver a single speech or issue a single press statement with any political connotation. I felt that the party should make its decision on the basis of my public record—and at that time I thought it bad taste to storm the country hat in hand asking to be nominated for President of the United States.

I never appointed a campaign "manager," but a group of men got together and informally took over the preconvention drive. A host of groups sprang up, organizing Hoover clubs, entering my name in various primaries, and generally advancing my cause. These were led largely by men and women associated with me over the years.

The Old Guard dubbed them the "Boy Scouts" and "Girl Scouts."

The other important candidate for the Republican nomination was Governor Frank Lowden of Illinois. But the really active candidate was most of the United States Senate, who wanted neither Lowden nor me.

For the first time in history they had elected a senator to the Presidency in the person of Harding, and they liked the idea. The Senate group could not agree on any one of their members as candidate, but they resolved to keep control by setting up "favorite sons," with the hope of another stalled convention and a "smoke-filled room at two o'clock in the morning." Some claimed that they favored renominating Coolidge.

The great majority of the House of Representatives, under the leadership of Congressman Theodore E. Burton, supported me.

There were over half a dozen candidates from the Senate—Vice-President Dawes, and Senators Watson, Curtis, Goff, Steiwer and Willis, the most active. The favorite of these, if there was one, was apparently Senator Curtis, the Senate Republican leader.

The Senate voted to look into the preconvention expenditures of candidates. The investigating committee devoted 90 *(Continued on page 47)*

Al Smith, smoking a cigar, and Franklin D. Roosevelt (right, front row) listening to election returns in New York City. Smith lost state, F.D.R. was elected governor

WIDE WORLD

The onetime political foes having a friendly chat at an auto show in New York City 12 years after election

INTERNATIONAL

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Helping kids start a ball game, Sister Leonara Espindle, director of Marin (Calif.) County CYO, takes time out from classes in religion

Swimming in San Francisco is typical of the 128 CYO headquarters gyms in U.S. New York City uses two pools to help polio victims

FAITH and FUN

When U.S. Catholic Youth Organizations meet for the first time in 14 years next week, they'll be discussing the welfare of 6,000,000 kids

AMERICANS of every race, creed, social stratum, regional, spiritual and fraternal classification have always been concerned with the problems of youth. But at no time in our history has the effort to cushion young people against the swirling current of events been as great as it is today. From huge, well-organized community programs designed to check large-scale juvenile delinquency, to the smallest neighborhood attempts to provide youngsters with more wholesome fun than merely tying cans to puppy dogs' tails, the U.S. is taking better care of its children than ever before.

Typical of the successful efforts to give youngsters something to latch on to besides street corners and the confusing hullabaloo of headlines is the Catholic Youth Organization—CYO. Inspired by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and largely designed to take care of its own, the CYO sets no limits on participation. Its doors are open to boys and girls on every economic level, of every religion and of any race. With some 6,000,000 Catholic youngsters and uncounted thousands of their non-Catholic friends to provide for, the CYO has a nation-size project in hand.

No habitlike Sunday-only affair, CYO has involved itself in athletic programs, music festivals, drama programs, hobby groups, forums and summer camps. Its boxing program is nationally famous. It runs dances, basketball leagues, parades and pageants, juvenile art shows. In Denver, Colorado, a CYO dramatic group has filled the big Phipps Auditorium with enthusiastic audiences for three nights running. And every year in St. Louis, a CYO group chooses a CYO queen and holds a Coronation Excursion on the Mississippi.

CYO's success is in great part due to its principle of working on a local level. Though the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, D.C., helps with suggestions and furnishes the underlying theme—to provide spiritual, physical, cultural and social nourishment for youngsters—every diocese is free to reach the goal in its own way. That the theory is sound is evidenced by such a typical program as the one administered by the Archdiocese of San Francisco, which embraces 352 parishes in the city and 12 adjoining counties.

Last year the archdiocese reported a CYO attendance of over 50,000, and helped almost 1,000 youngsters with family, spiritual, premarital and other sociological counseling. In addition, it ran six summer camps, sponsored 269 boys' basketball teams, 139 baseball teams, 18 girls' volleyball teams, 10 ski trips and track and swimming meets. Its Boy and Girl Scout troops accounted for almost 7,500 young people, and almost 6,000 attended its social functions. Under the direction of Father Eugene J. Shea, archdiocesan director, the San Francisco CYO does a remarkable job. But the big point is that it is typical.

Today the CYO is a nation-wide force; yet, since 1930, when the organization first popped up in Chicago under the watchful eye of Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, it has been almost as loosely organized as a Sunday-school class without a teacher. In 1937, the National Catholic Welfare Conference sanctioned national CYO activity by establishing a National Council of Catholic Youth. For 14 years it held no meetings and made no pronouncements. This year the council will convene for the first time.

Two youthful delegates from each of the nation's 128 Catholic dioceses will attend three meetings in Cincinnati's Hotel Gibson from October 11th to 14th. They will discuss the future of youth in what national director Monsignor Joseph E. Schieder has called these "perilous times." They will face the problems of the draft, the defense effort and their places in the world. And they will seek to bind widespread CYOs into an integrated national unit. When all the talking's over and done, they'll return to their local parishes, heartened by a sense of bigness and encouraged by a spirit of unity. But for the millions of kids back home it'll still be fun and faith—just as it always has been.

SEY CHASSLER

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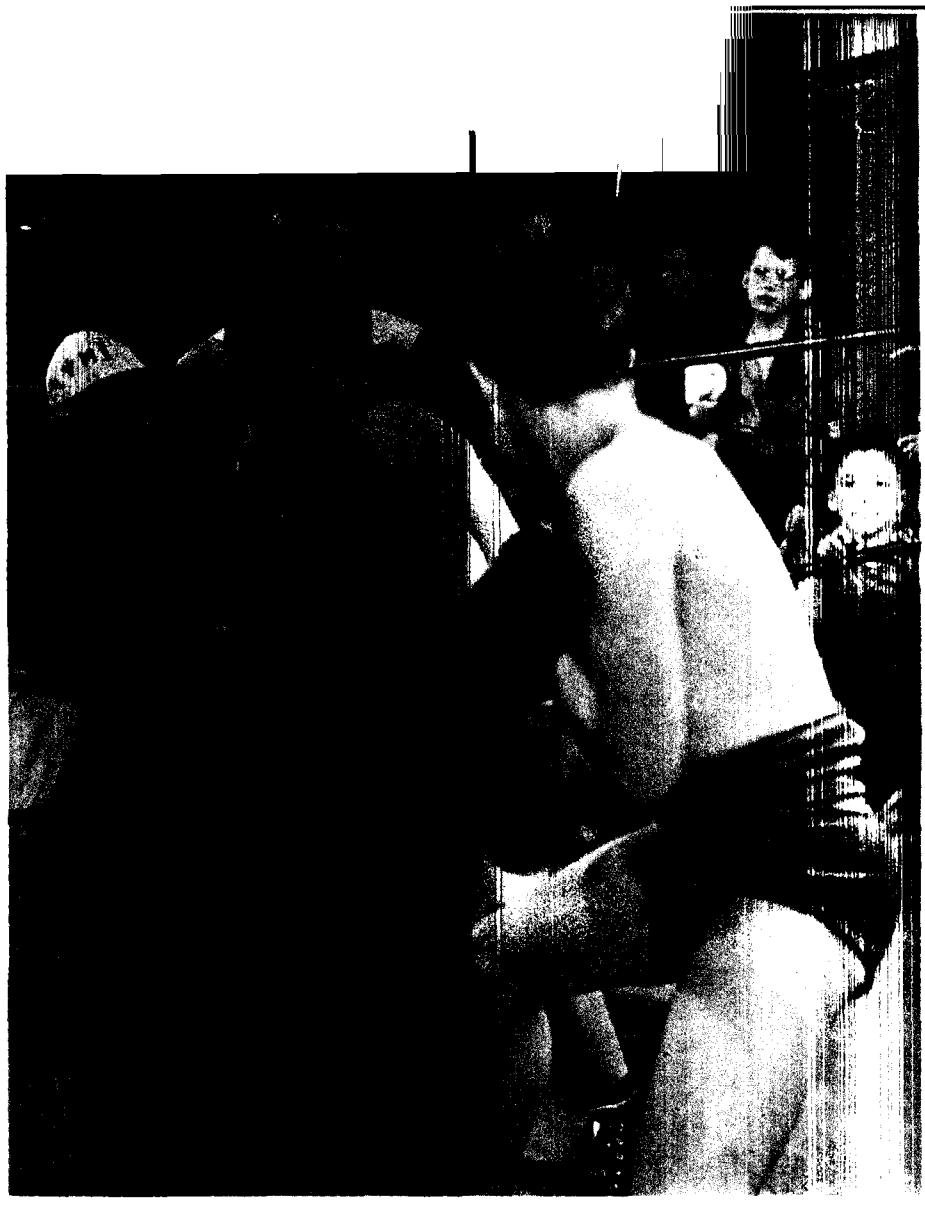

Boxing helped pioneer CYOs draw boys off streets. It's still big. **Here John Keeling (left) and Bob Quinn** mix it up in San Francisco

Mass at camp in Occidental, Calif., symbolizes CYO's spiritual theme. Camp costs about $3.00 a day, stays open through October

Officers of San Francisco's Federation of High School Parish Clubs plan year's program in advance with diocese's director, Father Shea

CYO program includes young adults. Their specialty is dramatics. Here Old St. Mary's Players of San Francisco rehearse in a church

Guidance is among CYO's best benefits, as Patricia McGlynn, 12, discovers talking to nun of San Francisco's Mt. St. Joseph's School

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WAYNE MILLER

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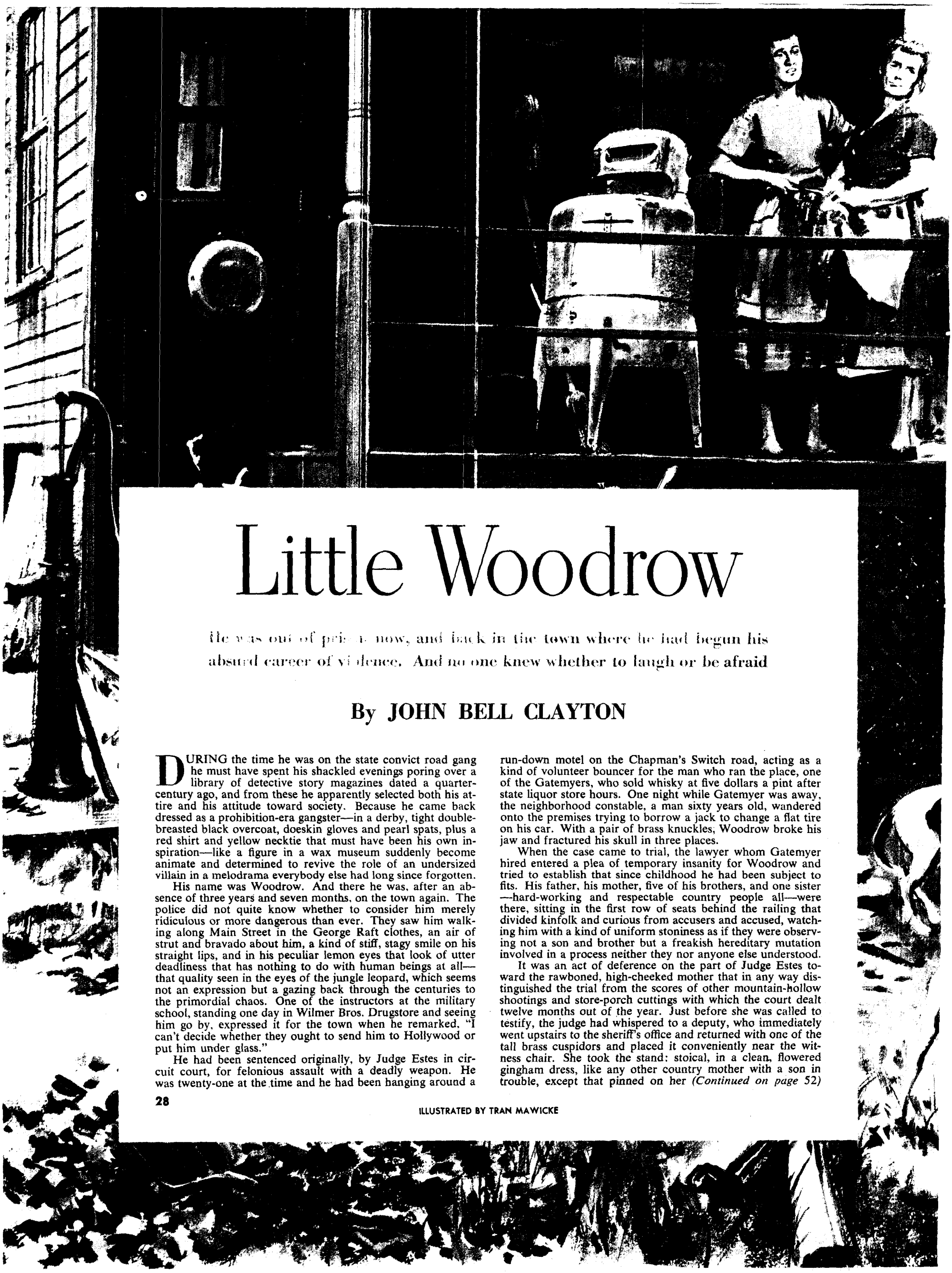

Little Woodrow

He was out of prison now, and back in the town where he had begun his absurd career of violence. And no one knew whether to laugh or be afraid

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON

DURING the time he was on the state convict road gang he must have spent his shackled evenings poring over a library of detective story magazines dated a quarter-century ago, and from these he apparently selected both his attire and his attitude toward society. Because he came back dressed as a prohibition-era gangster—in a derby, tight double-breasted black overcoat, doeskin gloves and pearl spats, plus a red shirt and yellow necktie that must have been his own inspiration—like a figure in a wax museum suddenly become animate and determined to revive the role of an undersized villain in a melodrama everybody else had long since forgotten.

His name was Woodrow. And there he was, after an absence of three years and seven months, on the town again. The police did not quite know whether to consider him merely ridiculous or more dangerous than ever. They saw him walking along Main Street in the George Raft clothes, an air of strut and bravado about him, a kind of stiff, stagy smile on his straight lips, and in his peculiar lemon eyes that look of utter deadliness that has nothing to do with human beings at all—that quality seen in the eyes of the jungle leopard, which seems not an expression but a gazing back through the centuries to the primordial chaos. One of the instructors at the military school, standing one day in Wilmer Bros. Drugstore and seeing him go by, expressed it for the town when he remarked, "I can't decide whether they ought to send him to Hollywood or put him under glass."

He had been sentenced originally, by Judge Estes in circuit court, for felonious assault with a deadly weapon. He was twenty-one at the time and he had been hanging around a run-down motel on the Chapman's Switch road, acting as a kind of volunteer bouncer for the man who ran the place, one of the Gatemyers, who sold whisky at five dollars a pint after state liquor store hours. One night while Gatemyer was away, the neighborhood constable, a man sixty years old, wandered onto the premises trying to borrow a jack to change a flat tire on his car. With a pair of brass knuckles, Woodrow broke his jaw and fractured his skull in three places.

When the case came to trial, the lawyer whom Gatemyer hired entered a plea of temporary insanity for Woodrow and tried to establish that since childhood he had been subject to fits. His father, his mother, five of his brothers, and one sister—hard-working and respectable country people all—were there, sitting in the first row of seats behind the railing that divided kinfolk and curious from accusers and accused, watching him with a kind of uniform stoniness as if they were observing not a son and brother but a freakish hereditary mutation involved in a process neither they nor anyone else understood.

It was an act of deference on the part of Judge Estes toward the rawboned, high-cheeked mother that in any way distinguished the trial from the scores of other mountain-hollow shootings and store-porch cuttings with which the court dealt twelve months out of the year. Just before she was called to testify, the judge had whispered to a deputy, who immediately went upstairs to the sheriff's office and returned with one of the tall brass cuspidors and placed it conveniently near the witness chair. She took the stand: stoical, in a clean, flowered gingham dress, like any other country mother with a son in trouble, except that pinned on her *(Continued on page 52)*

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Woodrow's father studied him a moment with a curious stare, and said, "*That ain't no rig to scald hogs in*"

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"IS GOT BEEG

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

If your corner market ever runs low on meat, just take a Canadian guide and visit the woods where the moose hang out. You'll get a fine mantel ornament and so much steak you'll probably have trouble lugging it home

Just one small problem remains after you nail your moose: How do you get it out?

THE naturalist who tacked the Latin label *horribilis* on the grizzly bear obviously had never seen a moose—a huge, misshapen creature with a massive set of antlers, Durante-esque nose and misplaced goatee, which seems to have stumbled out of the Pleistocene age.

Ugly as he is, this giant member of the deer family is the prized trophy of many American hunters, the majority of whom seem perfectly willing to undergo considerable exertion, a long trip into the wilderness and no little expense for the opportunity of looking at one of these beasts over the sights of a rifle. Almost every hunter who has shot his way up the sporting scale from the cottontail rabbit to the whitetail deer dreams of the day when he will be able to call in a couple of envious friends to help him hoist a spreading rack of moose antlers over his mantel.

The float-equipped airplane—which now takes moose hunters to remote hunting grounds, and, more important, carries hunter *and* moose back to civilization—has made it possible for sportsmen to realize this dream without having it turn into a nightmare, as often happened back in the days when a canoe afforded the only transportation.

Thousands of old moose hunters (doddering veterans of the thirties) will testify that the Ancient Mariner, encumbered only with an albatross, had no burden worth mentioning compared to the man who had just brought down the animal known to science as Alces americana. Having passed through the formality of tramping through the woods, locating a moose, lining up the sights and pressing the trigger, this man then had the privilege of leaning casually on a vertical antler while his guide snapped the camera on the visual record of his feat. A few minutes later this trigger-happy sportsman awakened to the fact that he was the possessor of some 1,100 to 1,400 pounds of moose, which had to be transported, reasonably intact, to the nearest railhead.

Being a wilderness creature and, unlike his cousin the whitetail deer, averse to the easy living provided by the farm fringes, the moose is apt to choose a habitat 100 to 300 miles from the nearest express office. If the hunter has negotiated this distance by means of the float plane, and is assured of similar transport on the return trip, he may be able to relax and enjoy himself. But thousands of moose hunters still insist upon doing things the hard way.

The canoe trip, they say, is part and parcel of the experience, and they are going to do it as grandpa did or not at all. By the time one of these hardy souls has borne his half ton of moose steak many miles by canoe—and on his back over portages, a steak or so at a time—he will think twice before ever again shooting an animal larger than a squirrel.

Few field sports, however, offer more real interest, thrill and potential excitement than moose hunting. There is the mystery of the big woods; the brooding, ever-present threat of the elements; the awakening kinship with Nature's lesser children; and, last but not least, the company of one who shares and interprets these mysteries—the wilderness guide. Such are the delights that fall to the lot of the hunter who confines his activities solely to moose *hunting*. Unfortunately, human nature being what it is, there are men who consider this happy interlude a vain pursuit unless it is terminated by the *shooting* of a moose.

Over a period of many years, I made annual trips into the Canadian woods. During the course of these excursions I found myself, on many occasions, within an easy stone's throw of a moose. Being well removed from civilization, and dependent upon a canoe for movement, I can honestly say I was never tempted to add a trophy of this magnitude to my collection.

Then, a friend with a small camp in an area he described as "just back of beyond" urged me to visit this game paradise and bring back a really fine whitetail deer trophy. As he included in the invitation an offer to fly me both in and out of the area in a large, roomy airplane, I succumbed. It was not until I had unloaded my duffel in a tent and waved farewell to my departing friend that I glanced at the game syllabus. This document reported that whitetail deer were protected in that section until the 15th of the month, at which date I would be winging back to civilization. I pointed out this small error to François, who had been assigned as my guide.

"It is but nothing," he announced with a Gallic shrug. "You cannot hont the *chevreuil,* so, you hont the *orignal. N'est-ce pas?*"

I pointed out, with some emphasis, that air transport or no air transport, I was not in the market for an *orignal,* the French-Canadian term for moose. Not even a small *orignal.*

Moose Looks Good to Hungry Hunter

Unhappily, I had not reckoned with my host, who had provided an adequate assortment of staples, but no meat. After three days of fried, boiled, baked and broiled trout, I admitted to François that I might be tempted to shoot a moose, provided there happened to be one in the area with a really outstanding rack of antlers.

Had I been willing to shoot any bull that came along, the chances are I would have seen nothing but cows. As it was, I wanted big antlers, and the woods seemed full of moose whose antlers were, if not dwarfed, insignificant. During the first three days, with François creeping at my heels, I came within easy range of 11 moose, several of them bulls. Each time, François, hoping to bring an end to this tiring activity, would whisper:

"Is got beeg antlers, *non?*"

At my negative shake he would sigh, hitch up his belt, and prepare for more walking.

Then, late on the afternoon of the third day, as we climbed back in the canoe to head for camp, the sound of a tremendous crashing reached our ears from a steeply wooded slope across the lake.

"Is one beeg moose, that," François pronounced. "We cross to other shore and you try call."

A few minutes later I stepped from the canoe to a sandy beach and began grunting, with what I considered deceptive eloquence, through the birch-bark call. To my surprise, and to the utter amazement of François (who did not think highly of my ability to call moose), a really large bull crashed from a thicket of willows on the lake shore and stood with his forefeet in the water. He was about 100 yards from my position, and his huge antlers gleamed in the last glow of the sun. It offered a perfect, broadside shot, and I sent a 220-grain bullet toward the spot just behind the shoulder.

For several seconds the moose did not move, and although it seemed impossible that I had missed so large a target at such close range, I worked the bolt to throw another cartridge into the chamber. I was about to raise the rifle for a second try when François grasped my arm.

"Is dead moose," he announced. "Hees ron lak seexty if hees alive."

At that moment the moose did just that. He ran straight out into the lake for almost 100 yards, before collapsing with a resounding splash. How he did it, with the heavy bullet through his heart, I'll never know.

"*Regardez,*" François gloated. "Is dead, *non?*"

The dead moose presented no problem for François, for it then developed that he suffered from an ailment which prevented him from lifting anything heavier than a glass of wine. Only one who has faced the task of heaving, twisting, turning and hauling 1,200 pounds of moose some 100 yards through knee-deep water, without assistance, can sympathize with my plight for the following four

Although it's tasty meat, your friends douht it. And you can tire of anything, even steak

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ANTLERS, NON?"

Don't call a moose unless you want to see him. And it helps to have eyes in back of your head, as this guide will learn

hours. By 10:00 P.M., the moose was stretched out on the sandy shore and I was stretched out on the moose. At this juncture, François recalled that he had left his ax and big knife back in camp.

Some evening, when time hangs heavily, try skinning out and quartering a moose, and removing the head, with a knife having a four-inch blade. (To make the task more interesting, do it by flickering firelight.)

By 2:00 A.M., the four quarters were hoisted in trees well beyond the reach of any prowling bear, the tremendous head was loaded into the canoe, and what we had not eaten of the tenderloin was wrapped in birch bark. Nothing remained but a mere seven-mile paddle back to camp.

When viewed in the light of day, it was apparent that my trophy had once adorned a true patriarch of the big woods. Not even François would estimate the animal's age, but he did venture the belief that the moose would not have survived another winter. (They live to be twenty or twenty-five.) Two weary canoe trips back and forth to the cache, and the 700 pounds of moose decorated the trees near camp. From here it was flown to Montreal, and eventually arrived at my New York freeze locker by way of refrigerator car.

Upon my return to civilization I wrote briefly of my experience in the daily papers, not neglecting to mention the ripe old age of the moose. For some reason, it was this part of the column that friends were inclined to quote when offered a "nice roast of moose meat."

"I'd be glad to take some off your hands," one alleged friend explained, "but I've spent a lot of money getting my teeth fixed, and my digestion is not up to handling leather."

During the course of the next 12 months I had all the moose meat any reasonable man could have demanded. Not that the meat was tough or unpalatable. Actually, it had the flavor and texture of prime beef. But I was unable to convince others of this.

According to the biologists, who have made quite a study of this big ruminant, the moose was a million years in developing. The hunter who gets his first glimpse of the animal may decide that Nature quit before the job was completed.

The moose, general belief to the contrary, is not typically an American animal, for it is found in several parts of northern Europe and Asia. As a matter of fact, the very presence of the animal on this continent is something of a biological enigma, and one not likely to be solved soon.

They Traveled, but Which Way?

During the early colonial times, the moose was reasonably abundant in the northeast, and some scientists lean toward the theory that the advance of civilization pushed the animal north and west. They back this argument with the explanation that while the moose is now quite plentiful in Alaska, many natives are still alive who can recall when the animal was unknown there. Other biologists insist that the moose reached this continent by the great land bridge that once stretched across the Bering Strait, linking this continent with Siberia.

The early French and English settlers, being interested in the moose and wapiti strictly as food, and having little concern with scientific nomenclature, are responsible for the confusion in terms that now exists. The wapiti, really an overgrown European red deer, they christened "elk." The other animal, a counterpart of the European elk, continued bearing its Algonquin name, moose. The French-Canadian name, *orignal,* merely amplified the confusion. Many believe this name sprang from the odd, uncouth appearance of the moose, causing it to be dubbed *un orignal* or a "character." Others insist that the word is a corruption of the Basque word for deer, *orena,* and, since early written records indicate that the spelling was *orignac,* this theory appears plausible.

Only 100 years ago, moose were quite plentiful as close to New York City as the Catskill Mountains (a distance of perhaps 100 miles), and were found in fair numbers in northern New York, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. It is recorded that a bull was shot in New York's Adirondack Mountains as late as 1863, and the creatures prowled the woods of northern Vermont and New Hampshire as late as 1900.

Even today, Maine can claim a moose population of approximately 5,000, and this number unquestionably would be much larger if it were not for the illegal kill by backwoods farmers and pulp cutters. Only eight states now record the presence, in the wild state, of this once plentiful game animal, and of them only three, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, have sufficient numbers to justify a limited open hunting season in the fall (exact dates for this year had not been fixed at this writing).

In Canada, there are open hunting seasons on moose in several provinces, including Newfoundland, Quebec, British Columbia and the Yukon. Alaska, of course, attracts American moose hunters from as far south as Texas. In Canada, open seasons range from mid-September through December, although most hunters like to get in their expeditions before the big snows.

The sportsman who is attracted by size cannot escape the magnetic appeal of the moose, for the Canadian and American samples stand six to six and one half feet tall at the shoulder, and the massive, palmated antlers often spread five or six feet in width and tower nine or ten feet above the ground. The record moose taken by a hunter, with antlers measuring 76 inches across, was shot in Alaska around the turn of the century by an unknown sportsman and now hangs *(Continued on page 67)*

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Adventures of a Young Doctor, No. II

The Wonderful Sleep

By A. J. CRONIN

In which Dr. Cronin ministers to a spirited old lady who suffers from a strange malady—a son who would rather mourn her passing than pay for food to keep her alive. The second of a series of chapters from Dr. Cronin's autobiography

ONE evening, when consultations in the surgery at Tannochbrae, the Scottish village in which I was serving as assistant to old Dr. Cameron, were so few that I sat glancing idly through the West Highland Advertiser, a long, thin man with bad teeth and sandy hair called to see me. I recognized him as Dougal Todd, the village painter and carpenter.

"I hope I'm not disturbing ye, Doctor," he began, in a melancholy, sanctimonious style, and with accent and idiom so broad I am forced, in some measure, to translate it. "The truth is, I've just dropped in to have a word with you about my poor old mother." He shook his head and lowered his eyes. "Ye see," he explained, "my mother's a frail little body, and pretty old. She's eighty if she's a day. It's but right she should see the doctor once in a while. I wouldna' have it otherwise, I'm so fond of her. Forbye, I've got a good bit of insurance on her, which makes it more or less obleegatory.

"Now, Doctor, I was wonderin'." His voice became ingratiating, confidential. "Seein' that my mother is just a poor old woman and me so ill off myself, I was wonderin', seein' that you're just the assistant here, I was wonderin', I say, if ye wouldna' see her for half the ordinary fee."

I stared at my dismal-faced visitor, quite baffled.

"I'll think it over," I said at length, resolving to put the matter to Cameron later in the evening.

"Aye, aye," Todd said. "Think it over, do. As a kindness to a poor old woman, ye understand."

He hung about for a minute with a hesitating, meanly propitiating air, then, remarking that it was a chilly evening, he bared his bad teeth in a smile, and scraped himself out.

That night at supper Cameron answered my question emphatically: "Don't! Not on any account! If the old woman comes in of her own accord about her rheumatics or a touch of bronchitis, it's quite different. Don't charge her a penny. Consultation and as much physic as she needs for nothing. Mind ye, she'll want to pay you with the few pennies in her purse—she's the decentest, honestest old body ye'd meet in a day's march. But if Dougal has ye in to her for his damned insurance clubs or the like, make the fee double. He's the meanest, stingiest miser in the whole town."

The Todds lived in the main street, beside the general store. Todd was too mean to have a shop himself; he had "premises," as he put it—a big corrugated shed littered with shavings and scaffolding—in the yard behind.

Perhaps Todd's avarice was catching, for his wife, Jessie, a big, stout woman with a shrewd eye, had a reputation for hardness, while Jessica, their only child, had never been known to give a sweet away. When she was observed chewing in the school playground and asked by a schoolmate for a share of her candy, her invariable reply was, "Oh, dear! I've just eaten the last bit."

From which a saying arose in Tannochbrae: "Never ask the Todds for anything—they've aye just put it in their mouths."

Not but what they weren't decent folks, the Todds; oh, dear, yes, they were self-respecting, hard-working, God-fearing folks! Six days of the week, without thought of half holiday, Dougal could be seen in his dirty coat, painting on a ladder, while on the seventh, in his sober blacks, he escorted his wife and daughter to the kirk.

In this household lived old Mrs. Todd, a quiet, timid little woman with a wrinkled, cheerful face and an almost sparrowlike chirpiness of manner. How this modest, kindly body had ever borne a son like Dougal remained a mystery to Tannochbrae. All her life she had worked hard and done her best for Dougal. But now she was old, with, as Dougal sadly remarked, little enough but himself to show for it.

She had a very small room right at the top of the house where she kept her treasures—a small bottle of cough sirup to ease her bronchitis, and a few strong peppermints in a round, tin box. Her meals, by gracious permission, were taken downstairs with the family, except when the Todds had company, but most of her time was spent in the broken armchair in her attic by the minute spark of fire—which she displayed a genius in nursing. On rare occasions, when the weather was warm, she made a brave sortie and went out. Dougal discouraged these small excursions.

"Now, now, Mother, remember your age. Ye ought to be thinkin' about your last end instead of jauntin' down the town."

A kindly protest, of course! To the old woman, Dougal never seemed anything but kindly. True, he would watch her with a harassed eye if she took a second scone at teatime. "Mother! Ye oughtna' to eat so much at your time of life." And he would wince to see her laboring upstairs with the tiny scuttle of coal, from which she fed her fire; not because she labored, but, alas, because she used his coal.

Despite his parsimony, Dougal was not rich—in business his meanness cut both ways—but he was rich in hope. He had insured his mother for "a heap of siller." When she was dead, this money would be Dougal's. The only trouble was that the old woman refused to die.

Despite the most sympathetic encouragement: "Mother, ye're lookin' verra poorly today"; or "Mother, would ye not like to take to your bed and let me fetch the minister?", old Mrs. Todd went on meekly consuming food, tea and coal, as though she meant to live to be a hundred.

Late at night, Dougal and his wife would sit up, thinking of the food, the tea, the coal, of the heavy insurance payments mounting up from week to week—not saying a word, but both of them brooding over the loveliest diseases, from pneumonia to apoplexy, which might have taken the old woman off, and didn't.

A few weeks after Dougal had called on me, old Mrs. Todd visited the surgery herself. It was one of her treats—which she enjoyed so much and experienced so seldom—a jaunt "doun the street." She had bought herself some tape she needed at Jennie M'Kechnie's—fancy goods and millinery—and enjoyed the long gossip with Jennie into the bargain. At the store, she had got herself twopenny worth of black striped balls—less delicate in their flavor than the peppermints, but infinitely more lasting. And now she dropped in on me at Cameron's office on her way back to her garret.

"I've heard tell of ye so much, Doctor, I just had to come and see ye. Would ye give me a drop of cough mixture for my hoast? I've a tickly in my tubes at nights."

She beamed at me with her dark, sparrowy eye—a cheerful, taking little body, withered, perhaps, like an apple that has been kept, but sound to the core for all that. *(Continued on page 58)*

"Now, Doctor, I was wonderin'," he said, "seein' that you're just the assistant here, if perhaps ye wouldna' see her for half the ordinary fee"

"No wonder ye slept," I bawled at her. "But now I'm thinkin' it's high time ye were up"

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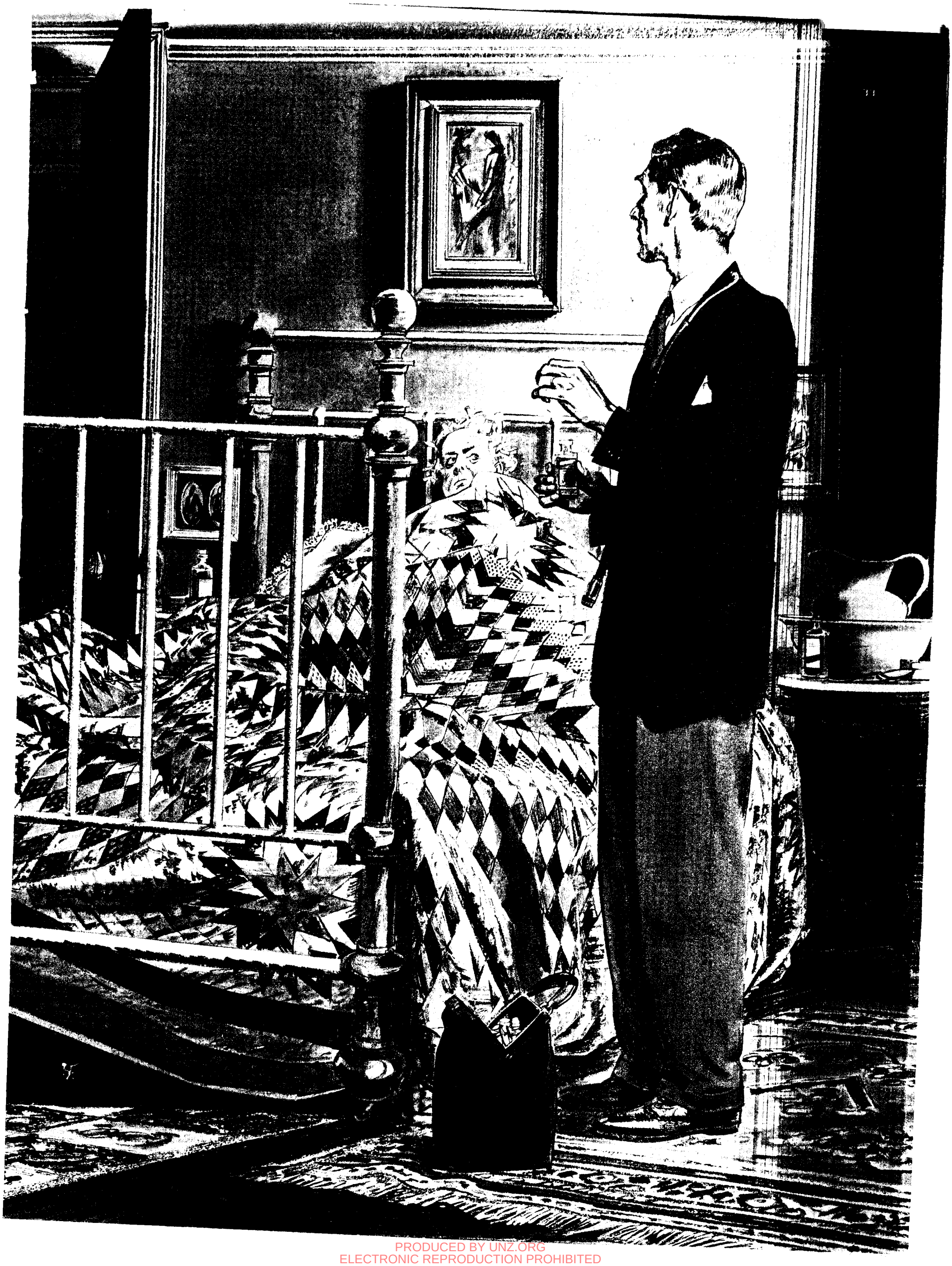

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"Look what came for you!" She smiled over the flowers. "*Now* will you believe she loves you?"

THE GIFT

By MARGARET BAUMANN

MIDWAY through the morning, Linsey was taken off dressings and assigned to a new patient who had just come into the little side room next to the ward kitchen. The side room was reserved for bad cases, and Ray Morton was a very bad case indeed. Nursing him seemed an enormous responsibility to Linsey, who had all the stuffing knocked out of her by what she'd overheard Sister say to the new young intern, Dr. Callaghan.

"The blonde one? Linsey Carroll? She's our dreamer! Tries hard, but she'll never make a nurse. Her father is a small-town minister—one of those big, happy-go-lucky families. I guess this was a way of escape."

"Girls go into nursing for the oddest reasons," said Dr. Callaghan.

Sister couldn't have agreed more.

"Still," said Dr. Callaghan, "she has something."

"But no gift for nursing!"

"No gift," agreed Dr. Callaghan regretfully.

He asked Linsey to the hospital dance the next week end and kissed her when they said good night. This made her clumsier than ever at doing a dressing or preparing a hypodermic under his eyes. Disasters seemed to come her way—the broken needle, the roll of gauze that rolled across the floor. All day long Sister's words rang in her head: "She'll never make a nurse."

She was put on the case in the side room because she was the only one Sister could spare.

"Tetanus," said Dr. Callaghan. "Seems his car got out of control, shot through a fence and landed up in a plowed field. He thought he had come off lightly—just a few cuts that he doctored himself. Now if he had been given a shot of serum right away . . ."

At the moment he had one chance in a thousand of pulling through. The room was shaded. He was to have absolute quiet and not to be left alone for an instant. The treatment would be in Sister's own hands; Linsey was just the watchdog.

"Remember," said Dr. Callaghan, "don't raise your voice. Not the least disturbance. Even the touch of a cold hand could bring on a spasm—and that could be fatal."

Linsey sat in the darkened room and watched her patient. She watched him so long that if she closed her eyes she could still see him: so young, so tall—he filled the bed right down to the rail—and so near death. His lips were drawn back in a fixed smile that made his agony all the more terrible to watch. He was fed by a nasal tube and when the muscular spasms came on he was given sedatives or Pentothal Sodium injections. Serum was pumped into him. After two days he wasn't going backward, but he wasn't making progress, either.

Linsey thought of this at night, lying in bed, and again in the mornings when she crossed the hospital yard and saw the dewdrops on the dusty leaves of the evergreens and the pale sky between the tall buildings. He had no business dying when the year was coming into its glory; when at any minute one might thrill to a glimpse of beauty under the day's drab cloak.

They had put his things—cigarette case, keys, wallet—in the bureau drawer, and when Linsey was straightening up the drawer one morning a photograph fell out of the wallet. It was a picture of a girl, laughing and pretty, and on the back of it was written in huge sprawling letters: *To Ray with all my love.*

Linsey propped up the picture on top of the bureau where he could see it.

She said to him softly, "One of these days the door will open and she'll walk in. She'll be more beautiful than you ever remembered. She'll be smiling. And then she'll be crying—and that'll be for joy, because she'll see what a fight you are putting up for her, for the future, for everything that matters to you both. Promise me you'll fight! Close your eyes and open them again and that will be your promise. And then nothing can defeat us. Because, you see, I shall never, never give up."

He closed his eyes and opened them again, and when he looked at the photograph, the terrible smile was still on his lips.

Linsey sat by the bed, unspeakably weary. She ached all over as if she had fallen from a great height. Her eyes burned in a paper-white face, willing him back, holding him fast; and her voice went softly on and on. She told him about home—the ramshackle old country house with a ghost in the attic, and the little river chattering loudly over the brown stones as it came down from the hills, and the sky so much bluer than any other heaven. But she always came back to the girl.

One morning she brought in an armful of flowers. "Look what came for you!" She smiled at him over the flowers. Her cap was just ready to fly away and her soft blonde hair fell over her brow. "*Now* will you believe she loves you?"

In the little side room it was suddenly a summer day. The soft green hills of home might have been just outside the window.

The first time she heard him speak, Linsey's heart turned over. Even when the cramps no longer ached his body, he still had difficulty eating, and somehow she fed him every spoonful without making it a humiliation. She would say with supreme confidence, "Of course, we'll be done with all this before your girl comes to see you!"

One morning when she relieved the night nurse, there was a folded newspaper beside him. She tossed it on the bureau and got busy making his bed. They had let in the sun now, and strands of light wavered across the bed, stamped a lattice-work on the floor, fell upon Linsey's face as she worked.

"Special day!" she told him. "Dr. Callaghan is bringing round a very important doctor to look at you. I'll have you propped up beautifully and reading the news!"

She handed him the paper, and her eyes fell on a picture at which it was folded. It was of a wedding at the city's most fashionable church. The bridegroom had a receding hairline and about double the usual number of teeth; but the bride—the bride was Ray's girl.

She heard him saying from a great distance, "Not a bad guy, really, but I took it hard. Went careening over the country at a hell of a speed and ended up—well, you know how."

Linsey put the newspaper back on the bureau and sent a medicine glass flying. She said in a croaking voice, "I'll change the flowers." Lifting the big pottery vase, she sloshed over half the water, and as she passed him, Ray's hand shot out.

"Linsey, put those flowers down and come here. Do you hear me?"

"I—I thought you wouldn't ever want to see my wretched flowers again!"

Ray said in a fierce sort of voice, "Suppose I do all the thinking we both need from now on?"

ON THE day the small side room became vacant again, Sister said to Dr. Callaghan, "We certainly made a good job of that young man, when you think what a narrow chance he had of pulling through at all. Gives you faith in science all over again, doesn't it?"

Then she sighed a little.

"We'll be losing Linsey Carroll. It's always the way. A girl comes to us with a real gift for nursing, and what happens? She goes and gets married and it's all wasted!"

"All wasted," agreed Dr. Callaghan regretfully.

THE END

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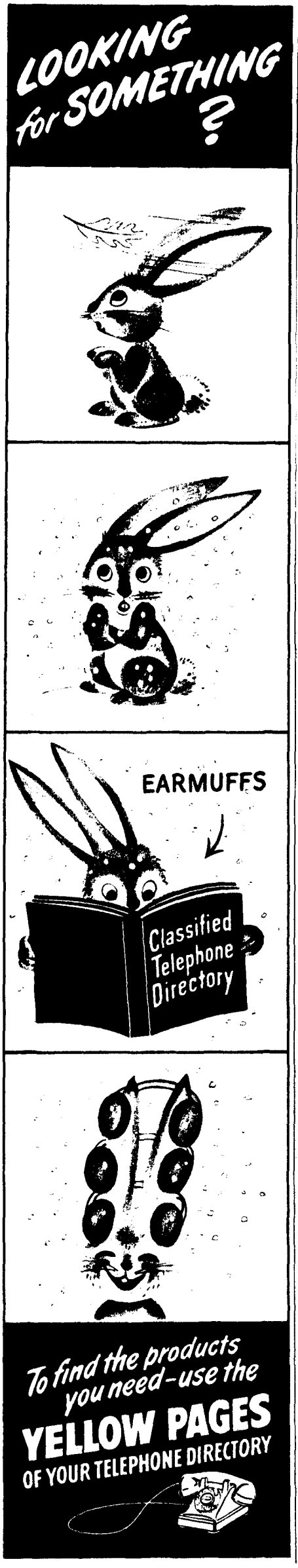

John Dingle and the Homing Cats

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

the street, baskets banging, kittens bouncing, and Tom screaming: "Beat him off, John Dingle, beat him off!"

"You beat 'im off!" John Dingle screeched. "I'm grabbing cats." He had three of the escapees stuffed inside his shirt. Mr. Ed Pearce, riding herd on his two small daughters for the afternoon, saw the stampede headed for him. He had bought chances on the kittens. He grabbed his daughters and rushed them toward the back yard. "Kangaroo just ran around the house, Janet!" he said. "Green hat and red eyes. Go find him quick!"

"Mr. Pearce," Edward screamed, racing up the lawn, "John Dingle's got sump'n for you." The dog had given up the chase, but the boys wanted to unload before another took up the trail. Mr. Pearce began frantically waving them back.

"But you won the kitten," John Dingle hollered.

"I don't want the cat," Mr. Pearce said. "Raffle him again."

"You ain't playing fair."

Mr. Pearce dug into his pocket. "Here's a dollar. Send him abroad. Just get him away from here before they get back."

The boys were not so fortunate with Mr. Drake. He saw them coming and fled into his house with a small child under each arm. "You're a coward, Mr. Drake!" Tom yelled back as they went down the steps. "You just don't want your children to have nice things."

They were going back down the walk, discussing their next victim, when suddenly the baskets tangled. Ethel, Jr., bounced out, sprinted across the lawn, and clawed his way up into a dogwood tree.

"Try to cuss him down, Edward," John Dingle suggested pitifully. He was also the official Cat-Climber-Afterer. Edward exhausted his colorful but limited vocabulary. Ethel, Jr., just spat at them. John Dingle started up the tree and Mr. Rudolph's four-year-old twins came across from their yard to watch.

"What you doing, Edward?" Frankie asked shyly.

EDWARD looked at him in disgust. Then suddenly he was beaming on the little boy. Mr. Rudolph had bought chances. "We're after the pretty kitty your nice daddy won for you. He's real lively. He's got to have a playmate kitty or he'll lonely away."

A minute later the twins were racing home, screaming for their mother to look what they had. The Garrets were fleeing in the opposite direction. Three hours later they had eight dollars in blackmail money, any number of uncomplimentary messages for Mr. Garret, and seven kittens. The situation depressed them greatly.

"We ain't been to Mr. Alexander's yet," John Dingle said. "Maybe cats make him sneeze like they do Mr. Shouse, and he'll give us two dollars too."

But nobody answered the doorbell at the Alexanders'.

"I bet he's hiding," Edward said. He looked in the living-room windows while Tom checked the back door. Nobody home. John Dingle stared at the kittens.

"We can take 'em home and do a new raffle tomorrow. Daddy won't care, will he, Tom?"

Tom shook his head. "He said this morning if we brought any of 'em back he was gonna make tennis rackets out of 'em."

Edward kicked the door mat in disgust. "We gotta leave 'em someplace. We can't . . ." He stopped. "Look here!" He pointed down to where he had dislodged the mat. "It's Mr. Alexander's door key."

Tom and John Dingle stared at him. Then they all slowly nodded their heads.

"He's a real good sport, ain't he?" Edward said.

"Yeah," Tom said weakly. "We can just leave 'em here and get 'em in the morning. He won't mind. I bet he really likes cats."

While Tom and John Dingle shielded him, Edward furtively inserted the key, and slowly opened the door. "Good-by, nice little kitties," he mumbled, carefully pushing them inside. "Don't do like you do at our house!"

They picked up their baskets and went down the steps, trying to whistle. "We'll just say we got rid of 'em," Edward warned. "We won't tell Daddy how."

Mr. Garret wanted the bloody details, though. They had to tell him four times about Mr. Pearce and three times about Mr. Drake and all about how they had come by every dollar of the blackmail money. Mrs. Garret said she was going to throw a pan of cold water on Mr. Garret if he didn't get off the floor and stop laughing. She was disgusted. Mr. Garret didn't care. He had only one regret. Mr. Alexander hadn't been home to get a kitten. He would have appreciated one so much more than the old ladies whom the boys said they had palmed them off on.

"You did all right, though," he said. "The Year of the Beasts is over."

The boys just stared at one another.

THE Alexanders got home at eleven. Mr. Alexander roamed the house cursing until eleven-thirty. Then he began cleaning up. At one o'clock he was in the kitchen, watching the kittens lapping up milk.

"Now, don't blame it on the boys," he cautioned Mrs. Alexander. "They would at least have thrown a sandbox in with the deal. It was that damn' daddy of theirs. I know him. And I know how I'm going to fix him." He began outlining his strategy to Mrs. Alexander. She protested at first, but then she remembered her rug.

The boys sneaked over at eight the next morning to retrieve their wards. Mr. Alexander wondered how three such angelic-looking little boys could tell such hellish lies. He saw through the thing immediately. Mr. Garret had stabbed him in the back and wanted to call it quits before the stitches healed. The idea of him not knowing where the kittens were made Mr. Alexander laugh.

"Don't you boys worry about your lovely little kittens," he said grimly. "I'll get rid of 'em for you. Fellow I know loves cats!"

"Gee," Edward said. "You're swell, Mr. Alexander."

"Yeah," said Mr. Alexander, with the dreamy look of a head-hunter in his eyes, "I'm like Pharaoh. I never forget a favor. This fellow gave me a big surprise once. I want to do something equally nice for him."

The boys were delighted. They had planned on spending the day disposing of the cats, but now they could accept Mr. Garret's offer of a downtown show that afternoon—a bonus for their treachery of the day before.

It was a magnificent production even though they sat through it only twice. A Lassie show. When they met Mr. Garret afterward, they told him they wouldn't settle for anything but a collie.

"All right," he said warmly, "we'll get a collie." He had spent the day regaling the office with the story of the Cat Company's reign of terror. There wasn't a more closely knit little family anywhere when they boarded the bus for home. Unfortunately, though, Mr. Garret had failed to notice the man who had been trailing them for three blocks—Mr. Charles Alexander.

Mr. Alexander jotted down the number of the bus, and then sprinted over to a car that was waiting at the curb. Mr. Rudolph, the twins' father, was at the wheel. "It's number six-eighty-two, Rudy," Mr. Alexander panted. "Father Fagin is sitting on the right-hand side, about two seats from the rear door. Right where we want him. We'll get him at Preston and Main."

Mr. Rudolph passed the bus in the next block. About a mile farther on he swung up Preston, and parked. Mr. Alexander jumped out and opened the back door. On the floor was a large box with air holes punched in the side. He took two large market bags from the seat, opened up the box and began transferring kittens.

"Nice kitties," he said. "Don't scratch Papa, now. Remember his nice curtains you sharpened your filthy little claws on."

With the bags under his arm, he and Mr. Rudolph headed for the corner, like a couple of Bolsheviks late for a bombing. Within three minutes, number six-eighty-two pulled up at the stop. Preston and Main was a transfer point for southbound passengers. As Mr. Rudolph mounted the bottom step of the front door, passengers started streaming out of the rear door.

"This bus go by Mount Holyoke Street?" he asked the driver.

The driver was pondering the question when John Dingle straightened up in his seat. He punched Mr. Garret. "There's

"It's only a World Series, kid. All you gotta do is strike him out, and, if you don't, think of the valuable experience it will be when you go back to the minors"

COLLIER'S — MARY TANNENBERG

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Mr. Rudolph, Daddy," he whispered excitedly. "We better hide."

Mr. Garret laughed. "Don't worry about old double-barreled Rudolph. He's still so bamboozled he doesn't know the way home." He began laughing again.

Then, directly overhead, someone said in a particularly nasty voice: "I thought I'd better return your animals, Frank Buck, before you started worrying about 'em." It was Mr. Alexander. He had slipped in through the rear door.

"Look out, Daddy!" John Dingle screeched. "It's the cats."

MR. GARRET felt as though a ton of fur-bearing barbed wire had been dumped on him. He made a frantic grab for Mr. Alexander. The second bag of kittens fell clawing and spitting in his face and Mr. Alexander was gone.

Two of the kittens sank their claws deep into Mr. Garret's scalp, and held on. Those that fell into his lap hit and took off like baby banshees, one racing up the neck of the lady in the next seat. She sprang up, screeching and beating at herself, dislodging the man who had been dozing beside her. He hit the floor and was immediately trampled on by two women who had felt something furry run between their ankles.

Three other women began screaming on general principles, further demoralizing the man across the aisle who was trying to fight his way out from under fifty-five pages of a newspaper and three kittens. In the middle of it all, the young Garrets were screaming for everybody to keep their big feet off their cats. The driver had roared away from the curb just as the screaming began. Now he took one look in the mirror and nearly ran down three cars and a jaywalker.

When he finally got the bus stopped, passengers were on seats, under seats, and swinging from the straps. This was mainly because the woman who was being pulled back through the window had screamed that there were wild animals loose. Most of the screaming, though, had given way to laughing. The boys had rounded up all but one of the kittens. Ethel, Jr., was still clinging to Mr. Garret's skull, his hind claws dug into Mr. Garret's right ear.

"Let go, damn it, let go!" he was pleading, trying to ease Ethel, Jr., off and save as much of the ear as possible.

John Dingle seized Ethel, Jr., gingerly by the hind legs and jerked.

"Great God!" Mr. Garret shrieked. "You tore half my head off."

"Did you bring them cats on here?" the driver snarled, standing over Mr. Garret.

Mr. Garret turned loose his bleeding ear and stared at him. "You got your nerve!" he screamed. "Some maniac came through the back door of your lousy bus and dumped 'em on me. I'm going to sue this outfit for every nickel it's got."

The driver blinked.

"It was Mr. Alexander," John Dingle explained, piling two more of the kittens in his father's lap.

"Shut up, John Dingle!" Mr. Garret snapped.

"Oh, you knew the fellow, hunh?" the driver said.

"We sure did," Edward said. "We left the kittens at his house yesterday but I don't believe he really wanted them." Gradually the story came out. The driver shook his head, and said, "Ain't no animals supposed to be on here, but I'll overlook it this time!"

"That's damn' white of you," Mr. Garret snarled. "I'm still going to sue you for leaving that back door open."

When they got under way again, Mr. Garret looked like a cross between a cat at nursing time and a mother possum on the prowl. He had two kittens in each of his coat pockets, one climbing up his left arm, and another sharpening its claws on his vest. He was too busy dabbing at his wounds to notice. There were two long scratches across his forehead and three down his cheeks. His ear was still welling blood and he kept making indignant sounds, spitting out cat hair. And everybody on the bus was watching him.

"Why didn't you tell me you dumped them on Alexander?" he snarled at Tom. "Just wait until I get you all home. I'm going to put all of you in that sack and throw you in the river."

Immediately there was a yowl from behind him that stopped all laughter aboard. "He's gonna drown our kittens. He's gonna throw 'em in the river and us too."

"Don't be an idiot!" Mr. Garret said savagely. "You know I'm not going to drown any kittens."

"Yes, you are too," John Dingle howled. "You keep saying it."

"I wouldn't doubt it a bit," the lady with the clawed neck snapped. She looked Mr. Garret over. "He'd drown his mother!"

That was all the confirmation John Dingle needed. He howled louder than ever. The ladies all began clucking to themselves like a flock of outraged hens. The loudest of the cluckers got up and walked back to Mr. Garret. She glared at him and patted John Dingle on the head.

"Little boy," she said softly, "I'll take one of your kittens. I love little kittens."

John Dingle sniffed and stared up at her unbelievingly. "You won't drown it, will you?"

"Certainly not," she said indignantly. "Only fiends drown kittens."

Mr. Garret cringed. The lady went back to her seat with a kitten. Edward looked at John Dingle, who had simmered down to soft sobs. Then he leaned over and whispered loudly to Tom, "What else did Daddy say he was going to do to the kittens?"

Mr. Garret whipped around. "Edward, if you like that forked little tongue of yours you'd better keep it still or I'm—"

"He said he was gonna throw 'em in the furnace and make—"

John Dingle's furnace yowl was even more touching than his drowning yowl. Mr. Garret slumped down in his seat.

THE next ten minutes were like some horrible delirium for Mr. Garret. There was John Dingle howling in his ear, women sneering in his face, women trying to sick their husbands on him, women snatching kittens out of his pockets, and finally Edward screaming: "Stop hollering, John Dingle. All the kittens are gone!"

Mr. Garret shuddered and staggered to his feet. John Dingle wiped his nose on his sleeve, and looked up at him.

"Daddy," he whined, loud enough for everybody on the bus to hear, "will you give us the money for our collie now? Mr. Hunt's pet shop on the corner's got one."

Mr. Garret quivered. Then he shook his head, and smiled the smile of a man looking down the barrel of his own gun. He handed John Dingle some bills.

"Get one that hates cats, will you?" he pleaded.

Mrs. Garret had the car across from the bus stop. After a hasty brush-off about the scratches, Mr. Garret told her not to wait, the boys wanted to do their dog-shopping alone. On the way home he gave her a very watered-down version of what had happened on the bus, laying great stress on Mr. Alexander's inhumanity to animals. Mrs. Garret told him he didn't know how sorry she was. The way she laughed, though, Mr. Garret thought he had a pretty good idea.

Forty-five minutes later, he was telling her that John Dingle's howling had been his idea, and that Mr. Alexander had played right into their hands. Life was beginning to be bearable again. Then the front door was flung open. Tom and Edward bounded into the living room. "We saved you money, Daddy!" Edward whooped. "We didn't get a collie. We found a swell dog just wandering around on the street."

Mr. Garret rose slowly from the sofa, a wild gleam in his eyes. He stared out into the hall. Being pushed through the front door was a small but very expectant mongrel.

"This is Agnes," John Dingle beamed. "We're in the puppy business!" THE END

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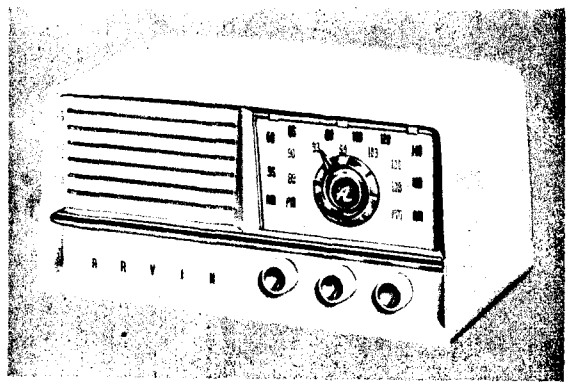

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8 30 Renfro Valley **V**
9 00 CBS News of America **N**
9 15 Barnyard Follies **V**
10:00 Arthur Godfrey Time **V**
11:30 Grand Slam **G**
11:45 Rosemary **DD**
12:00 Wendy Warren **DD**
12:15 pm Aunt Jenny **DD**
12:30 Romance of Helen Trent **DD**
12:45 Our Gal Sunday **DD**
1:00 Big Sister **DD**
1:15 Ma Perkins **DD**
1:30 Young Dr. Malone **DD**
1:45 Guiding Light **DD**
2:00 The Second Mrs. Burton **DD**
2:15 Perry Mason **DD**
2:30 This is Nora Drake **DD**
2:45 Brighter Day **DD**
3:00 Hilltop House **DD**
3:15 Kings Row **DD**
3:30 House Party, Cedric Adams **DI-V**
4:00 Strike it Rich **G**
4:30 Treasury Bandstand **M**
4:55 News **N**
5:00 Music You Know **M**
5:30 Top Tune Time **M**
5:45 Curt Massey Time **M**
6:00 Allan Jackson & the News **N**
6:15 You and the World **DI**
6:45 Lowell Thomas **N**
7:00 Beulah **C**
7:15 Jack Smith—Dinah Shore **M**
7:30 Bob Crosby's Club 15 **M**
7:45 Ed Murrow with the News **N**
8:00 Suspense **D**
8:30 Godfrey's Talent Scouts **V**
9:00 Lux Radio Theatre **D**
10:00 Bob Hawk Show **G**
10:30 Rex Allen Show **M**
11:00 World Tonight, Eric Sevareid **N**
11:10 News Analysis, Sevareid **N**
11:15 Dance Orchestras **M**
12:00 News **N**
12:05 am Dance Orchestras **M**
1:00 News **N**

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C-comedy **D**-drama
N-news **DD**-daytime drama
G-games **DI**-discussion
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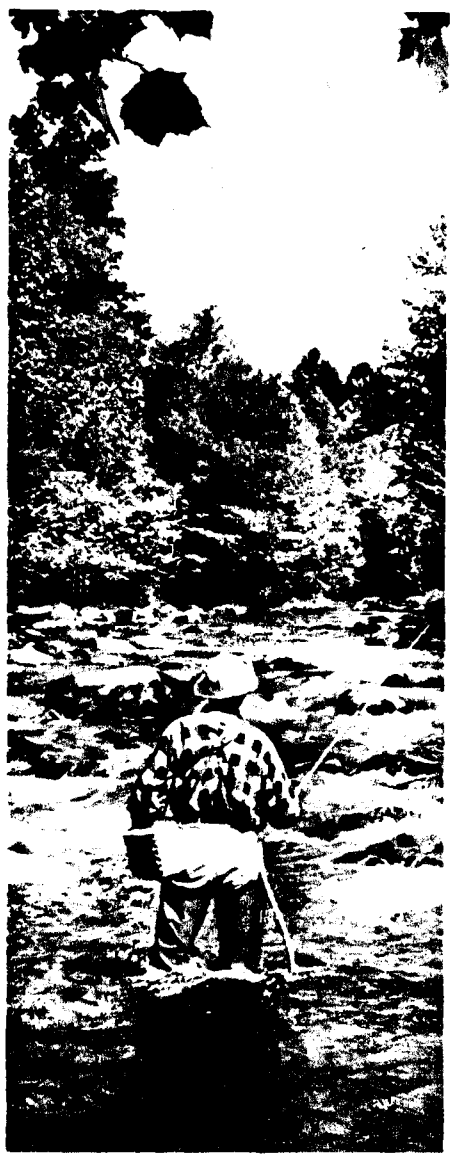

Last of the 'Dedicated Old Maids'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

conditions and by an absolute selfless devotion to duty," said one old and intimate friend. "Katharine's work has been her life. There has just not been room for anything else."

Thinking back over the years, her associates can remember few days when Miss Lenroot did not take a bulging brief case with her when she left the office. Although she was a champion of the 40-hour week, she never experienced one. Visitors to her home in the evening or on week ends frequently found her pecking away at a typewriter, inexpertly but resolutely, writing some report or speech or letter which she thought demanded special care.

The Lenroot family (her father was a Republican Representative and Senator from Wisconsin and later a judge of the U.S. Court of Customs and Patent Appeals) kept a summer place on the Brule River not far from their home town, Superior. While her parents were alive, Miss Lenroot slipped off to the Brule for a few days every summer—usually loaded down with official papers—but her associates can recall her taking a real vacation only twice in the last 20 years. One was a trip to Europe in 1931 with a co-worker, Miss Emma O. Lundberg; the other was a two-week rest at Hot Springs, Virginia, shortly before World War II.

"I am her most frivolous friend," says Miss Rose McHugh, a scholarly, precise, career social worker in the Bureau of Public Assistance, Federal Security Agency, "and I just have a terrible time dragging her out for anything light—like a symphony concert."

Groping for the most appropriate brief description of her, another friend declared: "Well, Katharine never deals lightly with anything!" Although they insist that when the girls are together Miss Lenroot is "great fun," most of her friends admit that you could count on the fingers of one hand the times she has kicked up her heels. The only one that comes readily to mind is a stunt party for newspaperwomen and wives of Washington correspondents given in 1935 by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Dionne quintuplets were much in the news at the time and Miss Lenroot appeared in a nurse's uniform, leading five women in baby dresses and caps. She won first prize.

Mrs. Roosevelt Presents Trophy

In presenting her with a silver trophy, Mrs. Roosevelt took note of Miss Lenroot's long and faithful service to the Children's Bureau. Miss Lenroot responded by telling a story about a Frenchman who came to America to visit relatives, arriving when the family was in the midst of a golden wedding celebration. The Frenchman was perplexed and asked a cousin what it was all about.

"The old folks have been together for 50 years," the relative replied, "and so now they have a golden celebration."

"Oh, I see," said the Frenchman. "They've been living together for 50 years and so now they get married."

It was an old story, but hearing it from the lips of Katharine Lenroot, the girls were seized by paroxysms of laughter.

Such uncharacteristic behavior may suggest that Miss Lenroot has long suppressed another side of her personality. Other small bits of evidence also support this suspicion. There was a time when she accompanied talented friends at the piano at public functions. She plays well and she sometimes is heard playing a dreamy tune on the organ attachment to her piano. When she decided to retire she bought a shingled cottage in Westchester County, New York, which had been built around a water tower. "A really romantic place," a friend said, "like a tiny castle." She confessed that one reason she decided upon Westchester County was that she wanted to get her fill of Broadway plays.

The great weight of evidence, however, indicates that the determined, serious role she always has played is the real Katharine Lenroot. Instinct, environment and circumstance all served to make a social worker out of her instead of a lawyer or teacher or businesswoman.

During the long winters of her childhood in Superior, where she was born March 8, 1891, the snow was so deep and the wind so sharp that there was not much for little girls to do except to play dolls or to read books. Katharine Fredrica mostly read books.

Her father, Irvine Luther Lenroot, was a great lover of Wisconsin's magnificent out-of-doors. In the summer he often rowed his family seven miles across a neck of Lake Superior to camp out and fish on a sandy promontory known as Minnesota Point. In the fall and winter, he liked to hunt. Having no sons, he yearned for the companionship of his eldest daughter and when she was old enough he taught Katharine to shoot and to handle a fly rod. She evidently was an alert and obedient pupil, for on her one and only hunting trip she bagged 15 grouse. On each of her two or three fishing expeditions she brought home trout. But seeing a winged grouse plummet earthward or feeling the sudden, violent strike of a mountain trout gave her no thrills.

"I was just not cut out to be a hunter or fisherman," she says.

A friend once implored her to take up golf but she says "a couple of rounds were enough for me." A few years ago she was discovered taking a daily bicycle ride around Hains Point, a park beside the Potomac, but this had nothing to do with relaxation; she felt a need to lose some weight.

When asked about her hobbies these days, Miss Lenroot replies that "some years ago" she was fond of motoring. A great many witnesses can be found, however, to prove a circumstantial case that this was no hobby, but purely incidental to visiting points of historical interest and to carrying on an uninterrupted conversation with her companions.

"Miss Lenroot was apt to drive 30 miles an hour down Pennsylvania Avenue, darting in and out between the streetcars, with her attention centered entirely upon a conversation with someone in the back seat," an assistant recalls. "Once she said she was going to have to quit driving—she had lost a door off her car in the same place twice in one week. This led someone to observe that she really was not such a bad driver—it was just that she was so interested in people."

It might be said that people have been Miss Lenroot's main interest all her life. As far back as she can remember, her father was in politics. When she was 12, he was Speaker of the Wisconsin House of Representatives, one of the chief lieutenants of the elder Robert LaFollette in the sweeping Wisconsin reform movement of the early 1900s.

Listens to Political Discussions

Afterward, her father and LaFollette fell out over politics but for many years the families were intimate. During legislative sessions and later in Washington, the two families shared the same house. Interesting people always were coming to discuss political issues and to plan strategy for new reform measures, and when her elders would suffer her—which was nearly always—Katharine sat quietly and soaked up every word.

Miss Lenroot's mother, Clara, was a warm, sociable woman who prized friendships and to whom entertaining was one of the great delights of life. She looked eagerly toward Katharine's first summer in the capital, planning for her to "come out" in Washington society. But when Katharine, a lively, good-looking girl of nineteen with golden hair and bright blue eyes, arrived in 1910 at the end of her first year at the University of Wisconsin, she had eyes only for Congress.

A celebrated investigation into a fight between the Departments of Agriculture and Interior about conservation of the na-

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SISTER

"'30 hours and 1¼ bushels,' huh? Gee, maybe we better call up Marcia and see what *her* father got"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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tional forests then was under way in the Senate. On Wednesday afternoons, when Clara Lenroot was pouring tea for the Washington social set, Katharine could be found in the committee room at the Capitol, sitting on the edge of her chair and listening with wide eyes and thumping heart as accusations were hurled back and forth.

She devoted her spare time that summer to a study of the Congressional Directory, compiling statistics on the education and background of senators and representatives to determine their qualifications for office.

Like most girls of nineteen, however, Katharine did not have very definite ideas about what she wanted to make her life's work. She had enrolled as an economics major under the University of Wisconsin's great labor economist, John R. Commons, and was one of his brightest students (she won a Phi Beta Kappa key). She well might have gone on to work for a union or a corporation or to become a specialist of some kind at the Department of Labor had it not been for Commons' activity in behalf of a new minimum wages and hours law for women.

"Professor Commons worked closely with the legislature and often assigned his students to do research on new legislation," Miss Lenroot recalls. "During my junior and senior years, he assigned me to study Australian and British experiences and to develop a theoretical legal argument for the minimum wage law. I prepared a detailed brief and appeared before the legislative committees as a witness in support of the bill."

To administer the new law, passed in 1912, the legislature created a State Industrial Commission. Commons became a member and, at his suggestion, Miss Lenroot applied for and got a job as one of its new "deputy factory inspectors." She was assigned to Milwaukee to investigate working conditions of women employees.

Observes Conditions in Milwaukee

Here for the first time Katharine Lenroot saw the seamier side of American life. There was nothing academic about the Polish women on Milwaukee's south side doing piecework in their homes—finishing overalls and other garments for the city's clothing factories. Nor was there anything theoretical about the faces which greeted her every morning as she went to her office—tired, drawn faces of the women at the employment office next door, and the haggard faces of the undersized children who queued up at the work permit office across the hall. Some of them haunt her until this day.

"I shall never forget one family—one including a great many children," she says. "One of the children, a girl of twelve, had just died. I told the mother how terrible I thought that was and she replied, 'Yes, for she would have been old enough soon to go to work.'"

Another woman also made a tremendous impression on young Katharine—an intelligent, resourceful young Milwaukee social worker named Emma Lundberg. Miss Lundberg was Miss Lenroot's boss and they became fast friends almost at once. The most exciting development in the social welfare field at the time was the organization of the Children's Bureau, which Congress had approved in 1912. Miss Lundberg was immensely excited about it and about the selection of Miss Julia Lathrop of Hull House as its first chief. After a few months, at Miss Lathrop's bidding, she went to Washington to become the first chief of the bureau's division of social service.

Her departure was a sad day for Miss Lenroot, but the following year Congress gave the Children's Bureau money to employ 26 new "special agents" at $1,200 a year. Miss Lenroot hurriedly took the required civil service examination and applied.

"This seemed to be my line of work," she says, "and I was interested in working with Miss Lundberg."

She is proud that she got the job without her congressman father's knowing about it. In fact, she turned out to be the last in line among 27 applicants for 26 jobs and was hired only because at the last minute one of the other girls decided to get married.

Those early years at the bureau were immensely rewarding ones for Katharine, but not in money. She worked four years at $100 a month. She and Miss Lundberg made a series of intensive studies of the almost untouched problems of illegitimacy and juvenile delinquency, and their two-volume report on delinquency provided the basis for a standard juvenile court act which has been followed by many state legislatures. Miss Lundberg soon made her assistant director of the social service division, and then she moved up to become head of the editorial division, which produced a growing number of publications on children's problems.

Heads Children's Bureau

In 1922, shortly after Grace Abbott succeeded Miss Lathrop as chief of the Children's Bureau, she chose Miss Lenroot as her deputy. When Miss Abbott retired in 1934 she suggested Miss Lenroot as her "natural" successor.

A new day was dawning for the social worker then. Congress was well along toward passage of the Social Security Act, for which Miss Lenroot had done much of the basic research and which for the first time provided large-scale federal aid for state and local health and welfare services for children. Agitation was growing for a fair labor standards act (finally passed in 1938) which would outlaw child labor in manufacturing, mining and other dangerous occupations. But if other social workers thought a millennium was approaching, Miss Lenroot knew better.

"I am too old at this game," she said in one of her first statements as chief of the bureau, "to have any illusions that anything will be handed me on a silver platter."

In urging Congress to create the Children's Bureau, President William Howard Taft in 1910 had called attention to the fact that the Agriculture Department was spending $15,000,000 a year to tell farmers how to grow good cattle, hogs and horses. It did not seem to be "a long step or a stretch of logic," he said, "to say that we have the power to spend the money in a bureau of research to tell how we may develop good men and women." For many years, however, Congress never seemed to appreciate Taft's advice or to trust the women who ran the bureau.

"They called us spinsters and flat-chested old maids," Miss Lenroot recalls.

A senator, irked by some current Children's Bureau project, once demanded to hear from Miss Lathrop how she possibly could know anything about children.

"How many have you borne?" he asked.

"None, Senator," Miss Lathrop replied. "How many have you?"

Such withering retorts by Miss Lathrop and the sharp-witted Grace Abbott soon cured congressmen of leading with their chins, but Miss Lenroot did not escape the question altogether.

At her first press conference in 1934, someone asked sarcastically whether she had ever had any children. Miss Lenroot replied that she had "the equivalent of a daughter"—a young cousin, Helen Nichols, who had lived with her five years. Friends recall that she was, indeed, a devoted foster mother and that she was every bit as concerned about Helen's social life as her own mother had been about hers.

"Katharine had quite a lot to do with Helen's romance and marriage," one friend said.

Inevitably, Miss Lenroot's elevation to chief of the bureau brought a flood of individual children's and parents' problems to her door. After nearly every speech or appearance before Congress she could expect to find someone in her office seeking a way out of distress or a new tide of letters begging for advice.

One gloomy early spring day in the mid-

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PLEASANT MEMORIES

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dle thirties, an obviously pregnant woman was sitting in her outer office when she arrived for work. Haltingly, the woman told how she and her husband and seven children had become stranded in Washington. They had traveled from New Jersey to California and back several times in search of work, she said, but finally they could go no farther. For several nights she and the children had slept in Union Station; they were hungry.

"Is there any way you can help us?" she asked.

Miss Lenroot first arranged for the entire family to be served breakfast, at her expense, at the cafeteria in the building. Then she got on the telephone, calling various welfare agencies until she found one which would accept the family as an emergency case. By midafternoon she had their immediate needs arranged for; within a few days the father got a job selling watermelons, using his car. After the new baby came, the family moved back to New Jersey and the father found regular work. Miss Lenroot continued to receive good reports from them for several years.

Late one night, long after she had gone to bed, Miss Lenroot received a call from a high Labor Department official. His wife had died in childbirth and he was frantic. Miss Lenroot rushed to the hospital and took charge of the situation.

"I cannot do anything about your wife," she said, "but I know about babies. I will take care of her. There is nothing for you to worry about."

A mother in New York once wrote to find out what she could tell her young son when he asked: "What is God? . . . Where is He? . . . Is He big?" On a different occasion, one in Chicago wrote in agonizing detail about the suffering her child had endured from infancy and how she had taken him from doctor to doctor without finding one who could discover what was wrong.

To the woman in New York, Miss Lenroot wrote that she was sorry to say the Children's Bureau had no material to be used in answering religious questions.

"The way in which these questions are met is very important," she wrote. "The answers will depend to a considerable extent on the religious faith of the parents. If you are a Protestant I would suggest your writing the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America . . . I think corresponding material from Catholic sources could be obtained from the National Catholic Welfare Conference."

Advice to Chicago Mother

She explained to the worried Chicago mother that it was impossible to diagnose illness by mail but urged her to stick with one doctor "because it often takes a long while to clear up such conditions, and each time you change doctors, the new doctor has to begin all over to study the case." She added that if the mother found she could not continue paying private doctors' bills she might ask her doctor "whether he would be willing to refer you to one of the hospital clinics."

In her annual report for 1950, Miss Lenroot said more than 200,000 individual requests for information were answered during the year. She neglected to mention that a disproportionately large percentage of those answers had come from her personally.

In earlier years most of the questions coming to the Children's Bureau had to do with physical health of children, but now that these problems are pretty well under control, the questions are more and more about emotional problems. Generally the anxious parents are referred to one or another of the bureau's publications when they want to know how to help their children make the necessary adjustments to life.

When Congress created the Children's Bureau, the legislators charged it with investigating and reporting on "all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life among all classes of our people." Among the most pressing problems at the time were the high rates of infant and maternal deaths. On the basis of scanty statistics, the bureau estimated in 1915 that one out of ten babies died during their first year and that for every 10,000 live births, 61 mothers died during childbearing. The actual figures probably were considerably higher.

The bureau attacked these problems in many ways. It launched a campaign, which continued unceasingly until 1933, to establish accurate and universal birth and death registration in all the states. It persuaded medical societies to hold symposiums when patients of their members died in childbirth —to find out if death could have been avoided, so as to guard against a repetition of mistakes. It held schools for midwives, particularly among Negroes in areas where doctors were few or nonexistent. It established minimum standards for hospitals and campaigned for prenatal and infant clinics.

It also published a phenomenally successful booklet entitled Infant Care.

Suggested by a Wyoming rancher's wife, who asked guidance for mothers who could not summon doctors quickly when their children became ill, Infant Care was written by a widowed mother of five children, Mrs. Max West, who worked at the bureau in its early days. The booklet was an instant hit and has become the all-time best seller of the Government Printing Office.

It recently has been revised, with the best obtainable advice from doctors, nurses, nutritionists and psychologists, and goes into its ninth edition in October. At the last count more than 27,000,000 copies had been sold or distributed free—1,692,456 in the last year. Eight hundred thousand of these were sent to mothers free by members of Congress, many of whom mail a copy to the mother of every new baby born in their districts. (It sold for years at 10 cents but now sells for 20 cents.)

Other bureau publications—notably Prenatal Care, Your Child from One to Six and Your Child from Six to Twelve—also have been in large and steady demand for years. The Journal of Pediatrics has described Your Child from One to Six—the forerunner of which also was written by Mrs. West—as the "soundest and safest book in print to place in the hands of the average mother with a young child."

Gratitude Expressed

Thousands of mothers have expressed their gratitude to Miss Lenroot for these booklets and other services of the bureau, but none perhaps more eloquently than Mrs. Louis C. Shearer of Leesburg, Virginia.

"It was fourteen years ago this summer when I wrote for the first booklet," said Mrs. Shearer, "and through these years I have sought help from a succession of them in meeting the physical and mental needs of my growing family. Over and over again, when told of the shortcomings of 'Washington' and when hearing complaints of 'those bureaucrats in the government,' I have replied that without one 'bureau' in Washington I should have been lost, and that personally I could not feel too critical of a government that offered the services of a Katharine Lenroot . . .

"As a minister's wife, I have had occasion many times to secure your printed help for mothers in the various communities in which I have lived who had no other resources at hand. I have become familiar with a number of materials in the field of child care, but none of which I know offers the practical, middle-of-the-road assistance that can be secured from Children's Bureau pamphlets."

COLLIER'S

"I can't pretend to be the intellectual type. He's in all my classes"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Mrs. Shearer concluded by saying that the area around Washington is "somewhat overloaded with monuments of one sort or another" to famous people but it had occurred to her that "for you, there has long since been erected a living monument in the shape of millions of boys and girls whose healthy minds and bodies are a witness to the great service you have rendered your country."

Tremendous changes have been wrought since that cold January morning in 1915 when Katharine Lenroot reported for duty in the Children's Bureau.

Infant deaths have dropped from 100 to 29 out of every 1,000 births; maternal deaths have dropped from 61 to eight for every 10,000 live births. Public health measures have almost wiped out diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and some other serious communicable diseases; deaths among children one to fourteen dropped 42 per cent in the last ten years alone.

Child labor has been outlawed in manufacturing, mining and most other interstate industries; 23 states have laws setting sixteen years as the minimum age for work either in factories or during school hours. In its first two years, the Children's Bureau received a total of $25,640 a year for all of its activities; last year it distributed $30,250,000 in grants to the states for children's and mothers' welfare programs and its operating budget amounted to $1,500,000. People are becoming increasingly active in community programs for children; more than 100,000 citizens contributed to the Mid-Century White House Conference on Children and Youth in 1950—working through several thousand state and local committees and 464 national organizations. More than 5,000 attended the conference.

Reasons for Progress

Much of this progress is due, obviously, to such things as the development of refrigeration, to new drugs and new skills of medicine and nursing, to the increasing number of hospitals, clinics, social workers and public nurses, to the aggressiveness of the labor unions and the example of enlightened business, and to the general improvement in economic conditions. But there can be no doubt that a large part of it is due directly to the persistence and the tenacious devotion to the cause of children by those "dedicated old maids" of the Children's Bureau.

Many believe the bureau has been successful because it remained small (it still has only about 250 employees) and because it looked primarily to state and local governments and to private organizations to do the work it felt should be done.

This has been a cardinal principle of the bureau from the beginning—partly, perhaps, because Miss Lathrop, Miss Abbott and many of the women who filled its key positions in the early days had come from private organizations which had dealt effectively with the individual problems of children. Miss Lenroot shared their view and as the tendency toward centralized government has grown, she has insisted even more strongly that work with children should be kept in local hands.

"Further progress toward the realization of our goals for children," she has said, "requires a clear recognition of the importance of doing everything possible . . . through the family, the school, the church and other agencies of the community."

If this had not been a matter of great principle with Miss Lenroot and her predecessors it would have paid great dividends as an expedient, for in the bureau's hardest battles for survival—and there have been several—its stanchest supporters have been state and local officials and members of local organizations.

As cordial as her relationships have been with innumerable local organizations, there have been times when Miss Lenroot has refused to give ground before their demands. During World War II, the federal government paid for the delivery of nearly a million and a half babies born to wives of

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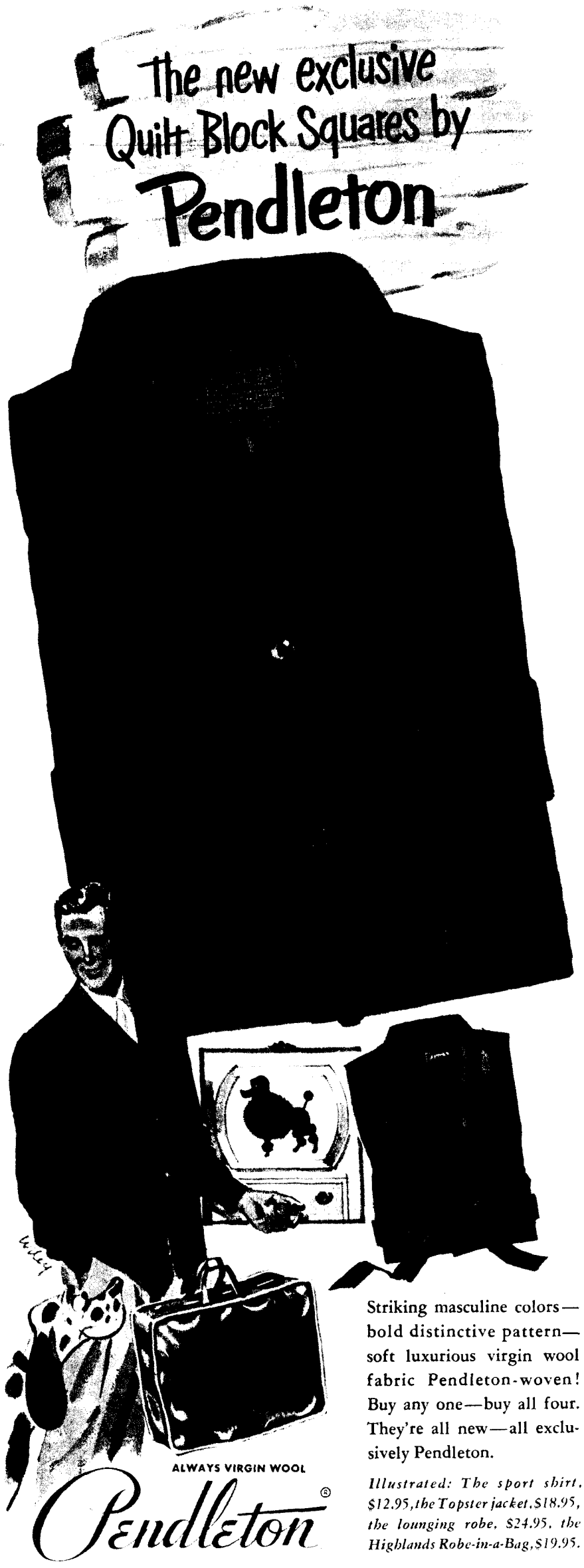
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enlisted men in the armed services. Care for mothers during pregnancy and afterward was provided by local doctors and hospitals, but Uncle Sam footed the bill. It was an emergency program, made necessary by the reduced income of many servicemen's families and by the large numbers of young mothers who became stranded near military installations, but it had a far greater significance. Because many babies were born in hospitals who otherwise might not have been, infant and maternal death rates dropped sharply.

Although the program was supported by the leading medical societies, many of their officials feared that it might be an entering wedge for "socialized medicine." At a 1943 conference, they asked assurances that it would be only a temporary program.

"This program has never been presented to Congress, to the Bureau of the Budget, or to anyone else by the officials of the Children's Bureau as anything but an emergency program, 'emergency' meaning the usual definition of the war period and six months following the termination of the war," Miss Lenroot declared. But, she added:

"The Children's Bureau for many years has been concerned, as you know, with the extension and improvement of services for mothers and children. . . . The Children's Bureau was not satisfied with the *status quo* before the war. We could not be satisfied while approximately 10 per cent of the mothers in this country were delivered by untrained practitioners. . . . Therefore, of course, we are concerned about how we may go forward in the period following the war in the efforts to improve the *status quo* of maternal and child health in this country."

Some declare that the emergency maternal and infant care program, which was ended in 1947 but which has been demanded by at least one state legislature and numerous private groups since the new mobilization program began, was the most brilliant conception of Miss Lenroot's career. She denies any credit for it, however. "It was due entirely to Dr. Martha Eliot," she told me.

For many years Dr. Eliot was Miss Lenroot's associate chief. At Miss Lenroot's suggestion, President Truman appointed Dr. Eliot to succeed her.

Great Services Rendered

The history of the Children's Bureau and of Katharine Lenroot's service to it are so intertwined that it is practically impossible to single out any individual accomplishment for which she will accept credit.

"She is perfectly selfless," says Rose McHugh. "She becomes so absorbed in the thing to be done, and when it is done turns so quickly to something else, that she never thinks of herself or the recognition due her."

When forced to talk of her career, Miss Lenroot dwells longest on her work in the international field—as a delegate to four Pan-American Child Congresses (she was president of the 1942 Congress), as adviser to the U.S. delegation to the International Labor Organization conference of 1945 and as U.S. member of the executive board of the International Children's Emergency Fund since 1947. Among other things, she will continue as the U.S. representative to this United Nations agency.

During the early thirties, Miss Lenroot used to say her hobby was Latin America. Perhaps the only purely social club she ever joined had as its primary purpose the exclusive use of Spanish, which all the members were studying. They got together every two weeks just to talk, to sing Latin-American songs and to eat Latin-American food.

Her full years of service to the Children's Bureau and to the international child welfare movement would seem to have left Miss Lenroot time for little else. Those who know her well say, however, that she has given abundantly of her time to the service of her church (Congregational) and has been generous with both time and money for a number of private charities—the identity of which she has kept largely to herself. During her 17 years as chief of the bureau her salary ranged from $6,500 to $11,200 a year at the time of her retirement.

Once, years ago, when asked what she did with her spare time, Miss Lenroot replied: "I play bridge with my parents." It was almost literally true; so long as her parents were alive, few of her spare moments were spent out of their presence.

Through all the years, she and Emma Lundberg have remained devoted friends. After the death of Miss Lenroot's mother, they established an apartment on Connecticut Avenue, where they lived modestly, in orderly fashion and apparently in perfect harmony. Rose McHugh had an apartment directly across the street from theirs at the time. She says she could set her clock by the lowering of their window blinds at night and the raising of them in the morning.

So far as their friends know, their most serious difference arose over a cat. Miss Lundberg was quite fond of it; Miss Lenroot shuddered at the very sight of it.

"Now, Katharine," Miss Lundberg said, "you are unconsciously rejecting this cat. If you will consider the situation, you will find the reason for your aversion; finding it, you can overcome it."

Miss Lenroot considered the situation and the cat remained.

The years have turned Miss Lenroot's hair snowy white. But she is still so alert, so vigorous and so full of ambition that Miss Edith Abbott, sister of the late Grace, declared that her retirement "came as a shock to the many friends of the Children's Bureau."

Her friends gathered to honor her on August 30th when Deputy Security Administrator John L. Thurston presented her with the distinguished service award of the Federal Security Agency. Thurston said:

"We know her as a person who put her days, her nights, her week ends, her vacations, year after year, into the job she held. She was after a better life for children. She never forgot that—and she never let anyone else forget it, either. She never lowered her sights or her standards, and she never lost her faith."

Asked by an old and intimate friend why she was retiring, Miss Lenroot confessed that mainly she wanted to "become more of my own mistress."

"I am tired of having to look over my shoulder every time I start to say something, to make sure it does not embarrass the President or interfere with some program," she said. "I want to say what I think. I want to live where I can have a vote. In short, I want to find out how it feels to serve on the board of directors."

In her letter to the President, however, Miss Lenroot said only that she had "reached the age when I must have more leisure." Commenting on this statement, the Wisconsin State Journal at Madison said: "Those who know her will smile." THE END

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

loved ones. But one thing is certain: they can be proud of the job they did and the homage due them that could never be formulated in words but must be something that grows in the heart of every American: a determination to make every possible sacrifice to wipe Communism forever from the face of the earth.

KARL R. MORTON, 1st Lt., Inf., Korea

Arizona Cow-Girl

EDITOR: My five-year-old granddaughter, Geraldine Sundell, who is a native Arizo-

nan, insisted that she pose for a picture similar to that of artist Stanley Ekman's daughter, which appeared on the front cover of Collier's, July 14, 1951.

Even though Geraldine has had plenty of carrousel rides, her favorites are live horses. MAX GOLDBERG, Phoenix, Ariz.

Hough of Martha's Vineyard

EDITOR: Thank you for telling about Henry Beetle Hough, who lives on Martha's Vineyard. That name—Martha's Vineyard—for years has stirred my imagination, and now I know of someone who really lives there, who loves the things I love, and who thinks thoughts of good will, and writes of simple, lovely things and honest pleasure!

Now, every time I look at the old map of New England on the kitchen wall, and see Martha's Vineyard out there in the Atlantic Ocean, I shall spiritually greet Henry Beetle Hough and I think: Good luck to you and kindred souls. Keep up the brave work of writing about beauty, decency and kindly, simple things. Just keep on keeping on writing about them, please.

MRS. W. D. WATHERSTON, Toronto, Can.

This Reader Is Right!

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you on your two superb stories in the August 18th issue. The Last Maltby by Mr. Rice is breathtaking and The One Who Wouldn't Dance by Mr. Horgan pleases me immensely. Being a new grandmother, I *love* it!

Do some more things like this—it's marvelous. SARAH P. PEASE, Madison, Conn.

New Jersey Crime

EDITOR: Thank you, thank you, thank you for your splendid article, The Man to See in New Jersey (Aug. 25th). You have great courage and I hope you will trap those dreadful crooks who would like to ruin America.

A. W. HOWELLS, Asheville, N. C.

COLLIER'S

"I'm sure you are gentlemen of discernment. I ask you to look at those ankles. Are they the ankles of a liar, a cheat, a perjurer?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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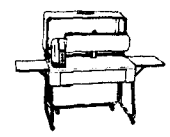

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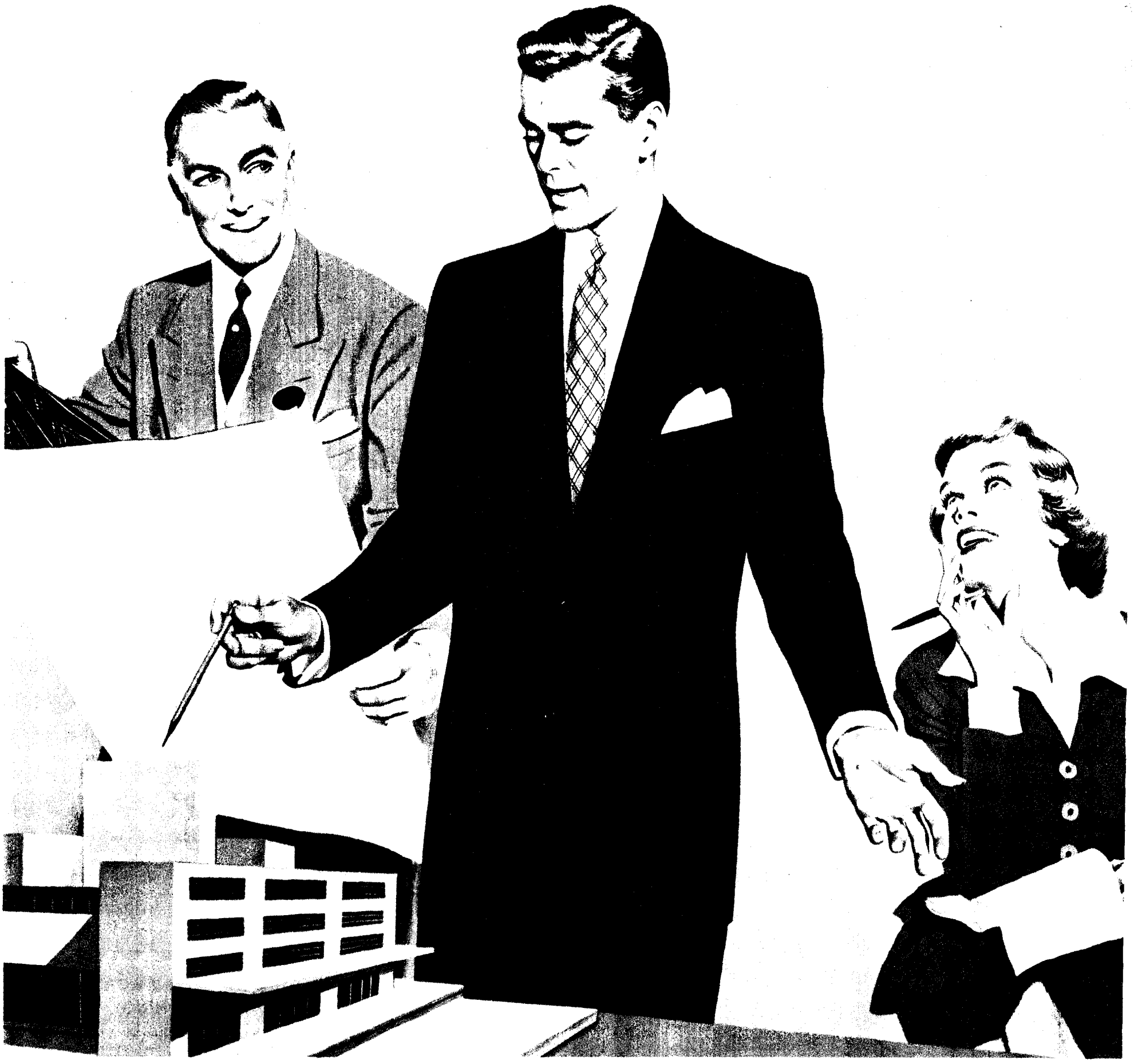

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Running Against Al Smith

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

per cent of its inquiry to the expenditures on my behalf. Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon, himself a "favorite son" candidate, was committee chairman, and sent me a peremptory demand for an accounting. I replied that I had no manager, no treasurer, but that I had asked former Congressman James Good of the Washington campaign committee for me to compile and present the information. Mr. Good told everything he knew and the investigation faded out.

One amusing incident of the preconvention campaign was a speech the senators opposed to me prepared for a congressman from Ohio to deliver in the House—a violent attack on my record of fixing farm prices when I was Food Administrator during the World War. They made the mistake of sending advance copies to the press, and thus gave my friend Congressman Burton time to prepare a reply. Burton was a most able public servant, who had formerly been in the Senate and was later to return there. His subsequent death early in my administration was a loss both personally and politically, for he was one of my few bulwarks against the Republican Old Guard.

A few years back there had been a move to change me from Secretary of Commerce to Secretary of Agriculture. Among enthusiasts for this change had been this same congressman. He had sent me copies of his letters to Mr. Coolidge and farm leaders urging my appointment. They were full of adulatory phrases about my Food Administration record in relation to the farmers.

When the congressman had finished the speech which the senators opposing me had prepared for him, Mr. Burton quietly rose and read this correspondence to the House. The congressman was so discredited he later lost his seat.

Pre-Convention Maneuvering

By mid-May, 1928, my supporters had lined up some 400 sure delegates out of the possible 1,000. I then went to Mr. Coolidge again, told him that my friends could command 400 delegates at the convention, and said that I was in a position to influence most to vote for him. While some were required by primary laws to vote for me on the first ballot, I still thought that he would be nominated on the first ballot, and reiterated that I should be entirely content to serve under him. The President was skeptical as to the figure of 400, and said, "If you have 400 delegates, you better keep them." I could get no more out of him.

The Pennsylvania delegation—along with a group from New York and Connecticut—for some time appeared to hold the balance of power. Although there was a minority of supporters for me in each of these states, the action of the Pennsylvania delegation was important. Late in May they decided to vote as a unit and not to come to any conclusion until they reached the convention.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon dominated the delegation, and I was of course sitting with him in the Cabinet twice a week. I was aware that he was pressing the President to run again and assuring friends that the Coolidge acceptance was a certainty. Mr. Mellon was also meeting constantly with Charles D. Hilles, who controlled a large part of the New York delegation, and with Henry Roraback, the Connecticut boss, who had similar ideas.

Mr. Mellon did not approve of either Lowden or any of the senatorial hopefuls. Lowden was a man eminently fitted for the Presidency, who should have been nominated in 1920 instead of Harding. Had Lowden been able to secure the support of the Senate group, he could have been nominated.

When the convention began to gather in Kansas City, my friends found that they had 450 sure delegates on the first ballot and enough "second choice" votes to win on the second. There was much conniving of the opposition, much telephoning to the White House, and much clatter about "Stop Hoover." But the evening before the convention opened, Mr. Mellon telephoned me from Kansas City that the Pennsylvania delegation would meet the next morning, and "I am going to recommend that they vote for you on the first ballot." He asked that nothing be said about it.

Coolidge Goes on Vacation

About two hours later, the newspapers rang me up to say that Senator Vare of Pennsylvania had announced that he and his friends in the state delegation were going to split from the Mellon group and vote for me. I disliked Vare for adequate reasons, as did Mr. Mellon. It was obvious that he had sensed Mr. Mellon's intention and wanted to get out in front.

The President left Washington for his summer residence in northern Wisconsin late in the evening of the convention. I was never able to explain Mr. Coolidge's preconvention stand, but his attitudes after the nomination itself were absolutely correct and most helpful.

In any event, it was all over but the noise before the convention met. The vote for me on the first ballot was 837 out of 1,089.

On receiving notice from the convention chairman, Senator Moses, of my nomination, I sent him this message:

". . . You convey too great a compliment when you say that I have earned the right to the Presidential nomination. No man can establish such an obligation upon any part of the American people. My country owes me no debt. It gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope. My whole life has taught me what America means. I am indebted to my country beyond any human power to repay . . .

"You ask me for a message:

"A new era and new forces have come into our economic life and our setting among nations of the world. These forces demand of us constant study and effort if prosperity, peace and contentment shall be maintained . . .

"This convention . . . has affirmed the principles of our party and defined its policies upon the problems which now confront us. I stand upon that platform . . .

". . . Shall the world have peace? Shall prosperity in this nation be more thoroughly distributed? Shall we build steadily toward the ideal of equal opportunity to all our people? Shall there be secured that obedience to law which is essential assurance of life of our institutions? Shall honesty and righteousness in government and in business confirm the confidence of the people in their institutions and their laws?

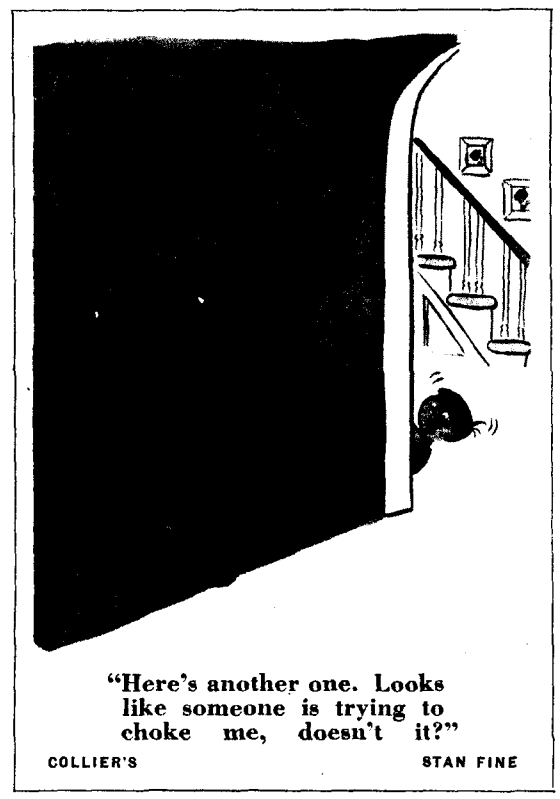
"Government must contribute to leadership in answer to these questions . . . If elected by my fellow countrymen I shall give the best within me to advance the moral and material welfare of all our people and uphold the traditions of the Republican party so effectively exemplified by Calvin Coolidge."

Anyone who believes that a Presidential campaign includes a luxurious life for the candidate needs further instruction.

The preparation of addresses and the train travel are tax enough on one's vitality. Then there is the pneumatic drill on one's brain of personalities, crowds and messages, never ceasing all the 18-hour day. The local committee at every depot must ride to the next station. Thousands of babies must be shaken by their plump fists. Hundreds of thousands of people at a multitude of train stops must have some sort of speech.

Probably the most painful of all is the need to preserve the ego of that section of mankind which expects to be personally remembered by name. In a Chicago reception line a lady said, "Don't you remember me?" and sternly waited for an answer. I try to be honest, so I replied: "I am sorry, madam, but I would like to, and no doubt could, if you will tell me where we met." She said rather indignantly: "Why, I sat on the end of the third row when you spoke in Indianapolis, and you looked right at me."

After the nomination I naturally made an effort to secure unity from all groups in the Republican party. I had only a single failure—Senator George Norris of Nebraska.



"Here's another one. Looks like someone is trying to choke me, doesn't it?"

COLLIER'S — STAN FINE

It was obvious, from the beginning of the campaign, that I would win if we made no mistakes. General Prosperity was on my side. But the Presidential campaign is a time for educating people on the issues of the day. They had a right to such a debate even if I did not need to undertake it.

Governor Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic candidate, was a natural-born gentleman. I had come up from the grass roots, he from the city pavements. Both of us had from boyhood learned the elements of decent sportsmanship. During the campaign the governor said no word and engaged in no action that did not comport with the highest levels.

In after years, when I was often associated with him in public matters, we agreed that we had both had one deep satisfaction from the 1928 battle. No word had been spoken by either of us which prevented sincere friendship the day after election.

I made only seven major addresses during the campaign—at my birthplace, West Branch, Iowa, Elizabethton, Tennessee, Palo Alto, Newark, Boston, New York, and St. Louis, with back-platform remarks all along the way. Since for the first time the radio was in full use in a Presidential election, it was impossible to repeat the same speech with small variations, as had been the practice in preradio days. Every speech had to be original. Inasmuch as I have refused, all my life, to use a ghost writer, I had to have, among all the distractions, an interval of two or three weeks to prepare each address.

Robert Moses of New York once told me of an experience he had had in ghostwritten speeches. As a young reporter he had been attached to John Hylan's campaign for mayor of New York. Hylan had only one speech—advocating a five-cent street railway fare. As the campaign went on, he had repeated it in all parts of the city to a point where it was worn out. Finally one day he asked Bob to write him a different speech. Bob, greatly flattered, worked diligently. The final sentence of the peroration was "I call for the spirit of 1776."

Hylan stumbled through the strange vocabulary and diction and finally braced himself for the last line—"I call for the spirit of one, seven, seven, six."

On many subjects touched on during the campaign there was no great difference in the position of Governor Smith and myself: reform of the judicial and prison system, promotion of child welfare, better housing, elimination of national wastes, better organization of the federal government, control of immigration, reclamation and oil conservation.

On other issues we were at sharp variance.

Governor Smith made a grave error by accepting from Norris and other left-wing senators an agricultural panacea called the McNary-Haugen bill, a proposal to fix prices at a high level for domestically consumed farm produce and at a lower level for exports so as to compete with the cheaper production of European peasant agriculture and the low-wage production of the Argentine. I dismissed the bill as a price-fixing scheme which ultimately would mean government control of farm production and distribution. The governor may have gained a few votes among radical farmers, but it cost him much more from other groups. In any event I carried all the farm states. Both McNary and Haugen voted for me!

The prohibition issue was forced by the governor. When the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, I was at the Peace Conference in Paris. I had at the time expressed to my friends my opposition to that method of advancing temperance and my belief that the Constitution was not the place for sumptuary legislation (the kind of law regulating habits on moral grounds under the state's police power).

Fair Trial for Prohibition

I resolved not to commit myself to the Eighteenth Amendment as a fixture of American life but to give it a fair trial. I felt that the only thing for the country to do was to see if the law could be enforced; hitherto, enforcement had failed.

Therefore in my speech accepting the nomination I said:

"I do not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. I stand for the efficient enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder. Whoever is chosen President has under his oath the solemn duty to pursue this course.

"Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. It must be worked out constructively.

"Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied. An organized, searching investigation of fact and causes can alone determine the wise method of

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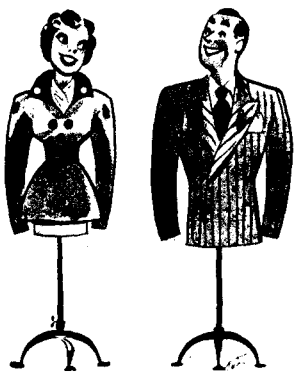

Suitable whatever the occasion. Correct whatever the hour. Versatile beyond other wines. . . . Choose Taylor's Sherry . . . soft, sweet and nutty in flavor, or Pale Dry Sherry . . . ace among appetizers, cocktail of connoisseurs. For good taste, ask for Taylor's New York State Sherries wherever fine wines are served or sold. . . The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines

From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York

correcting them. Crime and disobedience of law cannot be permitted to break down the Constitution and laws of the United States.

"Change in the Constitution can and must be brought about only by the straightforward methods provided in the Constitution itself."

The phrase, a "great social and economic experiment noble in motive," was distorted into a "noble experiment" which, of course, was not quite what I said or intended to say. However, the prohibition issue did not do Governor Smith any good, for most citizens agreed with me that it must be tried out.

I, of course, stood for a reasonable protective tariff and promised to increase that protection to the farmers. The traditional Democratic party line on the tariff was abandoned by Governor Smith, who retreated from the usual Democratic "free trade" or "tariff for revenue only" to a "competitive tariff," which was a form of "protective tariff." This position considerably weakened the traditional Democratic arguments and also weakened Smith's strength in the South.

Tammany Hall Becomes Issue

Democratic propaganda made much ado about the corruption in the Harding regime. This was hard to bear, especially coming from Tammany Hall. Governor Smith, a prominent member of Tammany, made a campaign speech at the Hall eulogizing the organization in the apparent belief that he could whitewash it. In so doing, he certainly made it fair game for grass-roots debate. I never referred to it.

Under the leadership of William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic party had undertaken to ride three horses at once—the conservatives of the Solid South, the city machines and the radical labor and agrarian groups of the North. Governor Smith inherited this complex and was anxious to retain the support of these Northern groups. While he conscientiously believed in the American system, he was philosophically not very discriminating.

Some Democratic assurances had been given Senator Norris and John Dewey's Socialist group that the government would go into the power business, and the governor had submitted to pressures from the *radical farm group to advocate price-fixing* and production control schemes in farm products.

The United States was already being infected from the revolutionary caldrons of Europe. The growing left-wing movement —embracing many of the "intelligentsia"— flocked to Governor Smith's support.

Against this setting was the curious contradiction of Smith's support by some ultra-conservative business leaders, who were prepared to join the left wing if they could only "get wet."

I was determined that the Republican party should draw the issue of the American system, as opposed to all forms of collectivism. Our campaign managers did not think the subject of much importance or public interest. They felt that harping on it carried liabilities. However, I determined to deal with it definitely and at length in an address in New York on October 22, 1928.

Parts of that address have a prophetic quality:

". . . There has been revived in this campaign . . . a series of proposals which, if adopted, would be a long step toward the abandonment of our American system and a surrender to the destructive operation of governmental conduct of commercial business. . . .

"There is, therefore, submitted to the American people a question of fundamental principle. . . .

"I should like to state to you the effect that this projection of government in business would have upon our system of self-government and our economic system. . . .

"Let us first see the effect upon self-government. When the federal government undertakes to go into commercial business it must at once set up the organization and administration of that business, and it immediately finds itself in a labyrinth, every alley of which leads to the destruction of self-government. . . .

". . . The government in commercial business does not tolerate amongst its customers the freedom of competitive reprisals to which private business is subject. Bureaucracy does not tolerate the spirit of independence; it spreads the spirit of submission into our daily life and penetrates the temper of our people not with the habit of powerful resistance to wrong but with the habit of timid acceptance of irresistible might. . . .

". . . I do not wish to be misunderstood in this statement. . . . It does not mean that our government is to part with one iota of its national resources without complete protection to the public interest . . . where the government is engaged in public works for purposes of flood control, of navigation, of irrigation, of scientific research or national defense, or in pioneering a new art, it will at times necessarily produce power or commodities as a by-product. But they must be a by-product of the major purpose, not the major purpose itself.

"Nor do I wish to be misinterpreted as believing that the United States is free-for-all and devil-take-the-hindmost. The very essence of equality of opportunity and of American individualism is that there shall be no domination by any group or combination in this republic, whether it be business or political. On the contrary, it demands economic justice as well as political and social justice. It is no system of *laissez faire*.

"I feel deeply on this subject because during the war I had some practical experience with governmental operation and control. I have witnessed not only at home but abroad the many failures of government in business. I have seen its tyrannies, its injustices, its destructions of self-government, its undermining of the very instincts which carry our people forward to progress. I have witnessed the lack of advance, the lowered standards of living, the depressed spirits of people working under such a system. My objection is based not upon theory or upon a failure to recognize wrong or abuse, but I know the adoption of such methods would strike at the very roots of American life and would destroy the very basis of American progress. . . ."

Rank-and-File Campaign Dirt

During the campaign, the lower rank and file of party workers on both sides did not show the elevation of spirit one could desire.

The Democratic underworld had several favorite libels. For one, they exploited a twenty-year-old lawsuit in Europe, wherein I was supposed to have robbed a Chinaman. This charge became so annoying to my friends that they sent Lawrence Richey to England to dig up the record of this ancient litigation in which I had been merely a witness.

Mr. Richey secured written statements from every living party to this lawsuit, and every living lawyer connected with it. All the statements indignantly denied that there was the remotest truth in the libels, and spoke most handsomely of me. Senator Irving Lenroot made a digest of this material and introduced it into the Congressional Record—and I thought the matter ended.

But the specter was raised again. It was,

Next Week in
Collier's

Stalin CAN'T Win

Pulitzer prize-winning historian Allan Nevins offers proof that tyrannies must fall. It's exciting, *important* reading

●

He'd Rather WRITE than be President

White House Secretary Bill Hassett has composed more than 300,000 letters for F.D.R. and Truman. Meet a wonderful guy

●

A Brooklyn Bedtime Story

Family humorist Sam Levenson, the ex-schoolteacher turned showman, recalls hilarious episodes in his own childhood

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however, to receive a deathblow from an unexpected quarter. Tong Shao Yi, to whom I have referred in my memoirs on China, had risen to be Prime Minister of his country. He was the principal Chinese owner of the properties in question in the old lawsuit. Prime Minister Tong issued an indignant statement from China that this story was "untrue," and "dastardly," that members of his family were the principal owners of the properties, and that he had been enormously benefited by my services.

Another attack was laid on with a defter touch. Some years before, I had taken an interest with a group of young men to enable them to buy a ranch near Bakersfield, California. From overdevotion, they had named it the "Hoover Ranch" and painted the name on the gatepost. Agents of the Democratic county committee painted a sign "No White Help Wanted" referring to the employment of Asiatics, and, hanging it on the gate below the name, had it photographed and the prints distributed all over the country. The ranch had never employed any but white help. Through my friend Samuel Gompers, I at once secured an investigation by Kern County labor-union leaders. Their report was an indignant denial of the charge against us, but we were never able to catch up with the lie. This smear cropped up for years afterward. It is still repeated in labor meetings.

Another elaborately engineered attack on me collapsed miserably. A clerk in the Kensington Borough (London) municipal office wrote some Democratic campaign agency that he could prove I was a naturalized British subject and had voted twice in British elections. He offered to produce the proof for a consideration ultimately settled at $250 by a Democratic agent sent to England to interview him.

In Britain every householder—owner or tenant—must pay municipal taxes. Under their electoral system every "ratepayer" (taxpayer) of whatever nationality is automatically placed on the voting register. But if a foreigner votes he is liable for a long term in jail.

It appeared that without my knowledge my name had thus been twice placed on the register of voters, during a period before the World War when Mrs. Hoover and I rented a house in that borough. The Democratic agents photographed the register, took sworn statements from the clerk, prepared full-page ads for the American press, and contracted for newspaper space for the following week.

Democratic Scheme Blows Up

At this stage the Republican National Committee, learning of this, went to Secretary of State Kellogg, who instructed an official at our London Embassy to investigate at once. The embassy secured certification from British authorities that I had never been naturalized, that I had never applied for naturalization, that during the war, in fact, the British government had compelled me to register as an alien and that, of course, I had never voted in Britain. The embassy obtained a statement from the British Home Office explaining the system of registration and saying that if I had voted, as an alien I would have been sent to jail. The embassy also found that as an American I had been regularly registered for passport purposes at the American Consulate.

This story, when released by the Secretary of State, squashed the proposed advertisement. But with the usual curious reaction of voters, many, especially the Irish-Americans, concluded that I was an Englishman anyway.

All these were merely run-of-mine incidents typical of any American political campaign. Any man entering public life knows that gremlins of this sort will eventually tear at his reputation and his public esteem. Because he is smeared at home is the probable reason why "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

But by far the worst plague in the campaign was the religious issue. Governor Smith was the first Presidential candidate of Catholic faith and for that matter I was the first of Quaker faith. Religion is a difficult matter to handle in political debate. Even to mention religious questions was enough to fan the flames of bigotry. I tried to stamp out the issue in my acceptance speech by a forthright reference:

The complete version of Mr. Hoover's historically important memoirs of both public and personal life, up to 1920, will be published as a book on October 15th. Presented by the Macmillan Company, the volume is titled, The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover, Years of Adventure, 1874-1920

"In this land, dedicated to tolerance, we still find outbreaks of intolerance. I come of Quaker stock. My ancestors were persecuted for their beliefs. Here they sought and found religious freedom. By blood and conviction I stand for religious tolerance both in act and in spirit. The glory of our American ideals is the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

Governor Smith unwittingly fanned the flames in an address in Oklahoma against intolerance. He insisted that one's religious faith did not disqualify any man from public office. He was right.

But up to that moment it had been an underground issue. The governor thought that he would gain by bringing it out into the open. The result, however, was to embattle a minority of the bigoted Protestants, particularly in the South. I reprimanded those I could find who were agitating this question, and on the occasion of a letter sent out from an unofficial Virginia organization attacking the governor on religious grounds, I issued this public statement:

"Whether this letter is authentic or a forgery, it does violence to every instinct that I possess. I resent and repudiate it. Such an attitude is entirely opposed to every principle of the Republican party. I made my position clear in my acceptance speech. I meant that then and I mean it now."

On another occasion in the campaign, on September 28th, I said, with reference to an anonymous circular sent out in the West:

"I cannot fully express my indignation at any such circulars. Nor can I reiterate too strongly that religious questions have no part in this campaign. I have repeatedly stated that neither I nor the Republican party want support on that basis. There are important and vital reasons for the return of the Republican administration, but this is not one of them."

The religious issue had no decisive weight in the election's final result. I carried 40 states, of them five or six Southern states which had not been for many years carried by the Republicans. The religious issue may have had some weight in these states, although prohibition and Tammany were also influential factors against the governor. As against this, the Catholic vote in all states no doubt went preponderantly for Governor Smith. He carried traditionally Republican Massachusetts, where the Catholics were stronger than in any other state. An indication of the small imp rtance of the religious issue was the vote in New York State. Here Governor Smith had been twice elected governor and so no great amount of bigotry could have existed in that area. It was therefore for reasons other than his religion that his own state rejected him for President.

The issues which defeated the governor were general prosperity, the farm tariff, Tammany, and his snuggling up to the Socialists. Had he been a Protestant, he would certainly have been badly defeated anyway—and might even have had a still smaller vote.

I was elected by 21,392,190 votes against 15,016,000 for the governor, 443 electoral votes against his 87.

On election night Mrs. Hoover and I were at our home in Palo Alto. From the start the returns were all one way, and there was little excitement. Soon the Stanford students came by to serenade. John Philip Sousa's band happened to be performing in a nearby town, so the students brought it along with their own.

When the overwhelming returns began to reach us I had no feeling of victory. The spirit of battle which had carried through the campaign gave way to a feeling of oppression at the task ahead. My statement to the press was:

"The Republican party has again been assessed with a great responsibility. In this hour there can be for me no feeling of victory or exultation. Rather it imposes a sense of solemn responsibility for the future and of complete dependence upon Divine guidance for the task which the greatest office in the world imposes. That task is to give the best within me to interpret the common sense and the ideals of the American people. I can only succeed in my part by the co-operation and unity of spirit of all leaders of opinion and of action for the common service of our country."

The nature of the Presidential office as it has evolved through the history of the republic is somewhat difficult to define. The country had grown from an agricultural state to a complex industrial state. Since George Washington we had grown from 3,000,000 population to 123,000,000, and from 13 to 48 states. We had risen to first stature among nations. All this, in aggregate, had made the Presidency a more complex job. The original concept of the President's office had certainly been enlarged and become more powerful than the founding fathers had ever contemplated.

A Many-Sided Presidency

The President is, of course, the protector of the Constitution. As "Chief Executive" he is administrator of the government. As "Commander-in-Chief" he must maintain national defense. As "Chief Magistrate" he is the chief law-enforcement officer. Through his responsibility for foreign relations, he must keep the peace with other nations. He must be the conserver of national resources. He must carry forward great public works in pace with public need. He must encourage all good causes.

With the growth of the two-party system, he has become his party's leader, responsible for carrying out the platform on which he was elected and for keeping his party in power. As adviser to Congress on the state of the nation, he must demonstrate constant leadership, proposing social and economic reforms made necessary by the increasing complexity of American life.

Presidents have given different emphasis to these various functions, depending on the man and the times.

As a party leader it is a handicap for any President to succeed a member of his own party. He has little patronage with which to reward his personal supporters. He cannot blame his predecessor for inevitable mistakes; he must therefore keep quiet and inherit responsibility for them.

In the course of our national history there has been an increasing ascendancy of the executive over the legislative arm—an ascendancy which has since run to great excesses. In the first 70 years of the republic the President's veto was not regarded as a legislative power, but as a safeguard of the constitutionality of legislation. Gradually this power of the veto has expanded until the President possesses one third of the legislative authority. Also, far from merely advising Congress, he is expected to blast reforms out of it.

In sum, the President has under custom increasingly become the depository of all national ills, and likewise he is now held responsible for peace, prosperity and progress—especially if things go wrong.

All this I was to learn at firsthand in the four years to come. THE END

Your Car Deserves the Winter Safety of BOWES Radiator Chemicals

☆ Use Bowes Radiator and Cooling System Chemicals if you want "smoother motoring" during the coming frigid winter months. You'll get much higher motor efficiency . . . and save on anti-freeze if your radiator and cooling system are properly prepared for winter driving thru the use of these Bowes Radiator Chemicals.

BOWES KLEN-ZUR

Amazingly efficient, acid-free cleaner . . . breaks up rust, scale and lime formations. Flushing then cleans out these dangerous heat retainers and prevents overheating which wastes anti-freeze.

BOWES RUST-ROUT

Protects cooling system by preventing accumulation of rust, also lubricates water pump. A "MUST" for all motors without grease fitting on water pump.

BOWES STOP-LEAK

Stops leaks in radiators and cooling systems, and minor cracks in motor blocks. Don't lose your expensive anti-freeze—use Bowes "Stop-Leak" now and be sure.

☆ It takes so little time to condition your cooling system for winter driving . . . yet it can be so costly and troublesome to neglect it. Don't delay—prepare NOW for winter with Bowes Cooling System Chemicals!

BOWES SEAL FAST

DRIVE IN *Where You See This Emblem*

☆ The Bowes "Seal Fast" Emblem identifies a dealer who can supply you with Bowes Cooling System Chemicals, as well as highest quality hose . . . Corrodeless Terminal Battery Cables . . . fan belts . . . oil filter cartridges . . . and other accessories "for smoother motoring." It also indicates a trained tire repairman equipped with the most modern materials and devices, prepared to give you the finest in tire and tube repair. Drive in where you see the Bowes "Seal Fast" Emblem—for complete satisfaction!

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

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Thai Siri troupe, here dancing Rays of the Moon ballet, was honored with request for royal command performance. It's one of nation's best

BABES IN THAILAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Bangkok

THAILAND (Siam of old) takes great pride in its world-famed dance troupes. Their ritualistic performances—including graceful hand gestures, dignified head movements and posturing of tiny feet—all tell a story. Trained from childhood for their highly stylized work, the girls don richly decorated ceremonial costumes and, in hour-long routines, animate native folk tales by means of movements whose patterns were established centuries ago.

A great many children begin intensive instruction at the age of six. And among them, a number —even as in the United States, the offspring of theatrical-minded parents—concentrate on making dancing their lifework. The dancers shown here are of this category; averaging twenty-two years of age, they are members of a professional Bangkok troupe, performing such ritualistic numbers as Kruda Kruda (The King of the Birds) and Pala Pieng Lai (Dance to the Shoulder Level).

The lovely dances of the Siamese came originally from India, and the lavish, jewel-encrusted, brocaded silk costumes worn by the girls still are imported from there. Each dress costs more than 400 U.S. dollars—not counting the towering, pearl-studded helmets, which run to as much as $150 more.

Although these girls are called "temple dancers," the term is a misnomer. Dancing is not a part of the rites practiced in Siam's beautiful Buddhist pagodas of worship. And don't get the idea that "temple dancing" is the only kind the Siamese girls know. There are numerous dance pavilions in downtown Bangkok, and every night the air is filled with the strains of American swing music, as the Babes in Thailand abandon the Kruda Kruda in favor of jitterbug dances. Cut a pretty mean rug, too.

BILL STAPLETON

Dancer Kalong Tong Prasong models "devil mask" for youngster who is obviously enchanted. Devices help point up dance-told stories

Chan Tim Tieu Siuk, Siamese ballet beauty, doffs 10-pound jewel-encrusted headdress as she enjoys cool drink after a performance

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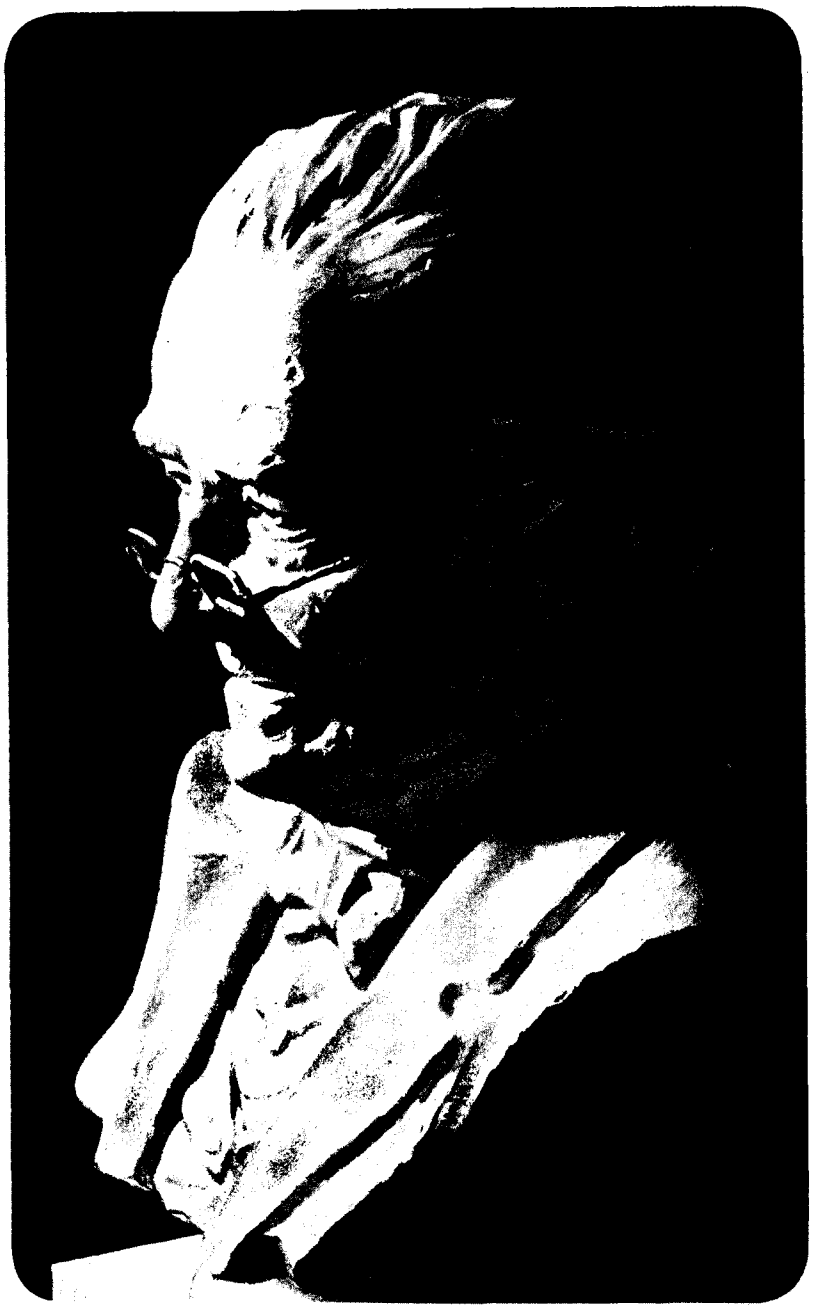
Head of the Bourbon Family



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a mind of her own

. . . . so she bought her first Tampax without asking a soul. No advice. No check-up. No hearsay. There's nothing like first-hand experience!

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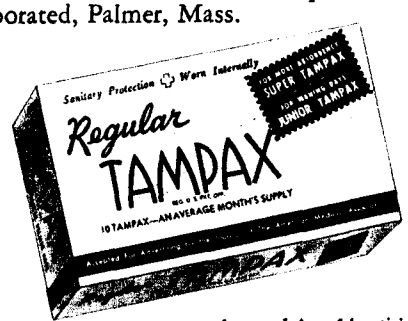

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Little Woodrow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

breast was America's highest decoration—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

She listened to the lawyer's desperate leading questions and ignored them. "Never had a fit in his life," she testified with solemn dignity. "He just gets mean and raves. Don't know why. He was the youngest and puniest but that didn't give him cause. I treated 'em all alike. Never had any pets."

Some of the people in the courtroom recalled her then, when most of the town had already forgotten, possibly preferring to believe that Woodrow had never had a mother, that originally he had simply crawled out of an alley or from under a pool table.

Woodrow's own absurd defense, recited with the cocky and theatrical defiance that marked him even then, was that the constable had made improper advances to one of Gatemyer's cousins, and that he, Woodrow, had used only his fists. He had got five years and he was lucky he did not get the electric chair because it was luck, and pure luck, that the constable had not been killed. Woodrow had intended to kill him and, in fact, thought he was dead when he quit beating him.

LATER, in his afternoon rummy game at the Colonial Club, Judge Estes had remarked, "I believe he's the most vicious little punk I ever had in my court."

Woodrow came back in the early part of November, when farmers out in the country were shucking their corn and hauling the big white and yellow ears into cribs and barns; trees stood leafless and stark on the somber mountains and blue shafts of smoke rose from chimneys into the dull gray sky of late fall. The police remembered the time because it was when Sol Dowdyshell, the biggest man in Colonial Springs, was in jail awaiting trial for the attempted murder of his brother, Harve, in a Saturday-night brawl at their home on Jitney Street.

Harve, who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and was a fireman on the C. and O. yard engine, came home and found Sol, who weighed three hundred pounds and did little of anything, using his, Harve's, shaving brush. Harve called Sol a pot-gutted slob and accused him of having lice. They were up on the second floor of the house. Sol picked Harve up and threw him out of a window; glass, sash, frame and Harve all landed down in the yard, Harve with a broken back.

Their father, old man Jasp Dowdyshell, who in his day had been a moonshiner and still was as mean as either of the sons and tight with his money, went down to the neighborhood grocery, where they had a free telephone, and had the grocer call the police. They put Sol in jail, and the next day old man Jasp showed up at the jail and spent the whole visiting hour standing outside Sol's cell reviling him for breaking the window, until Sol got tired of it and told Paine, the jailer, that if he didn't stop the old man from bothering him he was going to pull down the steel door and fix the old man too.

Paine, who was afraid of Sol and believed he might do it, told Jasp he could not come back again, and the old man spent the next week pestering the police, the commonwealth's attorney, and all the lawyers who would give him any free advice, trying to get somebody to let him swear out a warrant against Sol for housebreaking, claiming a house could be broken from the inside out as well as from the outside in. Thus at the time Woodrow showed up in town again, Sol was still lying over there in a cell bunk in the state of dull, hippopotamus somnolence that passed for consciousness with him.

For the time being the police forgot about Sol Dowdyshell and turned their mild attention to Woodrow, who seemed to want to make sure they did, because one of his first acts, after coming to town, was to strut into the police station and offer to shake hands. The young desk sergeant, new on the force, did not even know him. Otey Thompson, who had been a plain-clothes man for many years, did shake hands and at the same time, laughing a little, frisked him—patted him on both hip pockets and over the breast of the tight overcoat. He had no gun on him then; he was at least smart enough for that. He gave the brittle smile and departed. The police did not know whether the object of the visit had been to make peace with them, put them on guard, or was merely another episode in the chronicle of senselessness he had been recording since childhood.

Otey Thompson kept a casual eye on him. He was staying at a dollar-a-night hotel on Ethel Street that was a hangout for the town drunks, and his baggage consisted of a pocket comb, a dirty handkerchief, and a dozen pulp magazines. He paraded up and down Main Street in the preposterous clothes, going once each day to either the Colonial or Strand movie houses, spending a little time in Appler's Pool Room, where, removing his left glove but neither the right one nor his overcoat, he shot nine ball with an air of complete disinterest, as if he had outgrown not only the game but his bootlegger and ne'er-do-well cronies of old pool-hustling days.

About two o'clock each afternoon he would enter an Ethel Street hole-in-the-wall café called Guy's Quick Lunch, order two hamburgers, put all his spare nickels in the juke box, then hear the song *Mona Lisa* repeated over and over as he sat at the counter consuming his only food of the day, with his derby, overcoat and gloves on, and following with his lemon eyes the movements of an overgrown and sullen blonde waitress named Rose, to whom he was obviously paying a queer courtship. Before departing he would leave under his plate a fifty-cent tip designed to impress her but wasted because, never having had anything but trouble from them, she saw all males through a kind of gelatinous distrust and could no more imagine herself being embraced by this one than she could imagine herself in a wrestling match with a snake or a midget.

And then in the crisp cool evenings, when other men were sitting around the drugstores or restaurants comparing notes on the hunting of wild turkeys and pheasants, now in open season, Otey Thompson would see him standing in doorways along one of the downtown streets, a cigarette barely clinging to his lips, like a sinister figure come to watch over the town; say, a member of Murder Incorporated come to hold rendezvous with a colleague, as if within the sheath of his ingrained viciousness he had a sharp and heedless blade ready to slash unpredictably out into the peaceful night.

Then for a little less than two days he vanished. Convinced that not a single drunk around his cheap hotel was worth rolling, and now broke, he had gone home.

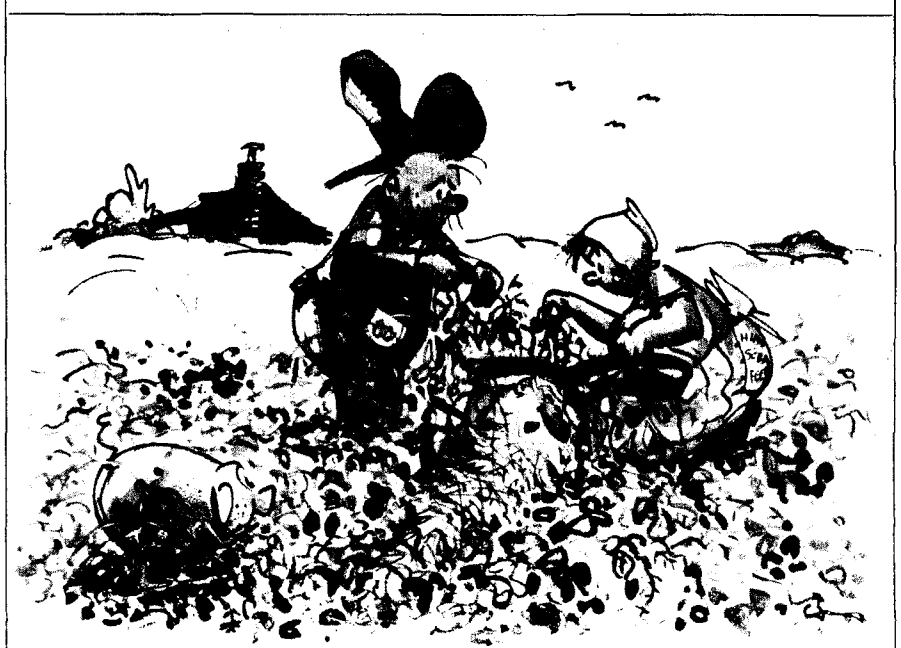
HOME was a grubby hamlet called Chapman's Switch, eight miles west of town on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, in a somber and stunted region of little patch-farms, quarries, sawmills, stumps, brush, hounds, persimmons and whippoorwills. It was a harsh and sterile section always, and at this time of the year all the field and hill color dissolved into a dirty brown; it had over it a quality not only of deadness but of hopelessness, as if the earth there and everything on it were quietly undergoing putrefaction.

The Switch itself consisted of Kincaid's flyspecked general store, the railroad station, and four short rows of boxlike, dun-colored "company houses," occupied by a couple of hundred Negroes and whites, on a denuded hillside that once had grown good yellow pine. It was notable for the incredible nauseous smell that still came from the pits of an old tannery that had burned down years before and to which the so-called houses had once belonged, and the most exciting community event was the chattering of the crossing bell heralding the big locomotives as they pounded through the string of tunnels through the Allegheny Mountains.

Woodrow's family lived in a house that had been occupied by the superintendent of the tannery, at the end of the second row above the railroad tracks, and was no different from any of the others except that it was two stories instead of one. His father, a bustling bowlegged man, owned and ran a quarry and rock crusher, around the hill from the store, and the limestone dust from this operation turned everybody who came near it, black and white alike, a kind of uniform gray.

It was said later by someone around the

KENNESAW



"I wish Grampaw wouldn't sleep in the string beans! It's a nuisance unraveling him every fall!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

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store which, containing the post office, was the neighborhood gathering place, that as Woodrow came up through the yard in his dandy's costume, six or eight hounds sniffing or barking at him, he was greeted at the front door by his mother, one flicker of hope breaking into her stony face, with the question: "Woodrow, did you get converted?"

It was supposed that she so addressed him under the honest misapprehension that his garb was that of a Holiness preacher, an impression corrected in the next instant by his answer with a one-syllable word.

Apparently he expected his return to inject some new quality into the household—perhaps respect or astonishment or even terror; if he did have such an expectation he must have forgotten something about them: it was a hard country and they were hard people. They were busy in the certain and constant knowledge that only by digging grimly at the sparse land and what it had to offer could they keep money in the bank and afford the cars, the Sears, Roebuck furniture and the radio that kept them a grade above the Negroes who faced them just across the railroad tracks.

As soon as the mother heard his answer to her greeting, she turned silently and went back into the kitchen, where she and the daughters and two daughters-in-law were rendering lard and canning sausage and tenderloin from the hogs the father and the other sons were butchering behind the house. Their attitude—the attitude of the whole family—was that he had been in the penitentiary and now he was back and if he behaved himself, which was certainly unlikely, he could stay and if he didn't behave himself, which was expected, he could go away again.

The greeting of the father, George, whose two interests in life were quarrying rocks and hunting foxes, was heard by neighbors. The hounds were baying in a loose chorus by then and one of the other sons glanced up from the butchering and said something about Woodrow being back and the father looked up at him, studied him for a moment with the same curious stare with which he always looked at him, as if he were trying to figure out what went on in his head, but was unable to, and said, "That ain't no rig to scald hogs in." The father had given him up years ago, anyway.

Woodrow had an armload of his favorite literature with him, so, kicking the dogs aside, he went on back in the house and up to one of the bedrooms and lay down and began reading the detective and gangster stories that were to occupy him virtually all of the time he was there.

WOODROW was the youngest of eleven children. The first two boys, who had drifted away from home years before and had been heard from only intermittently for a while after that and then not at all, were named Henry and Oscar. When it became obvious to the father, George, that the two oldest were going to be of no use to him in the quarry, he started in on a fresh batch, giving them such names as Stanwood, Linwood and Elwood out of admiration for a county resident named Stanley L. Wood, who had spent thirty years of his life running unsuccessfully on the Republican ticket for every public office from trial justice to state senator and the rest of it writing windy and sometimes incoherent letters to the two Colonial Springs newspapers.

When George began trying to give the girls such names as Woodbine, the old lady stepped in and sensibly called them Pearl, Sarah and Belle, but when the last of the whole lot came and George was sure he had a champion, one who not only would carry on some vague tradition for himself as well as Stanley L. Wood and the late President Wilson, who was born in an adjoining county and for whom George also had a contradictory admiration, he came up with a real inspiration—Woodrow. And it was said that a year or two later while George was bouncing the boy on his knee and he looked at him and received in return that stare of absolute and primordial coldness he wondered why he had named him Woodrow or even anything else.

That was the beginning of the mountain country out there. On to the west and southwest were the hollows and ridges where the bulk of the population was made up of big clans named Gatemyer, Lowhatter, Dowdyshell and Shimlette, people who never had enough land, enough money, enough education, love, praise or happiness, who never had enough of anything in their entire lives. When World War II came along, more than twenty-five hundred young men (and some of their sisters) left their plows and trucks and loafing places on store porches and joined another fifteen hundred or so from Colonial Springs and went to fight in places most of them never before knew existed. There were eighty of them named Gatemyer and sixty named Lowhatter, fighting together now, when most of their lives they had fought one another.

STANWOOD, Linwood and Elwood all three went off to war when Woodrow was fourteen. Stanwood and Linwood were in the Navy. Elwood was in an Army infantry outfit. After some two years in camp, during which his immediate superiors tried without success to make a corporal of him, he was sent to England and took part in the D day invasion of Omaha Beach.

Elwood's outfit had to make its way across the sand and the shingle under the raking fire of Nazi machine gunners whom the naval bombardment had failed to dislodge from caves and dugouts in the steep cliffs behind the water. They tried three times to make an advance up the vertical heights, and each time they lost men, and the company commander knew they could not make it and have anybody left. They were simply pinned there at the foot of the cliff. Elwood must have remembered childhood rock battles on the crags around Chapman's Switch because he stuck four grenades in his pockets and took his rifle and started up the cliff alone, worming along on his belly when he could and literally hauling himself up by his hands when he had to.

He finally flopped into a kind of ditch that cut across the face of the cliff to the first machine-gun nest and there he let a grenade go. He killed six Germans and captured three and then made these three precede him along the ditch. Then he let his second grenade go. When he came back down the cliff he had forty-two prisoners, and neither he nor anybody else ever knew exactly how many he had left dead up there. It was not quite as noble as Alvin York's deed but the only reason it wasn't was because there simply weren't that many Germans around.

And at that time, at the very climax, so to speak, of humanity's most violent paroxysm, Elwood sat down somewhere near the French coast and wrote home a V-mail letter that began: *Nothing special to write about.*

Elsewhere in the letter he did concede that "our bunch had some trouble getting up a kind of a clift and I finally made Corporal." He wrote only one more letter home, a brief one saying it looked like he was going to get to see Germany, which he did. They fought through the hedgerows of France and then into Germany and there he was shot squarely through the heart as he started with his squad across a river he never knew the name of.

Woodrow got into the Army too, in the early summer of 1945. He went as far as Fort Meade, Maryland. In the language of the loafers around Kincaid's store: "One day they come around and give Woodie a uniform and they says, 'Put it on!' Next day they come around agin and they says, 'Take it off! War's over!' "

Now he sprawled on the bed, reading with the enigmatic eyes the literature that gave him the only importance and the only role and niche he ever had in life. The family did not tell him he could not stay. They did not tell him anything. One of

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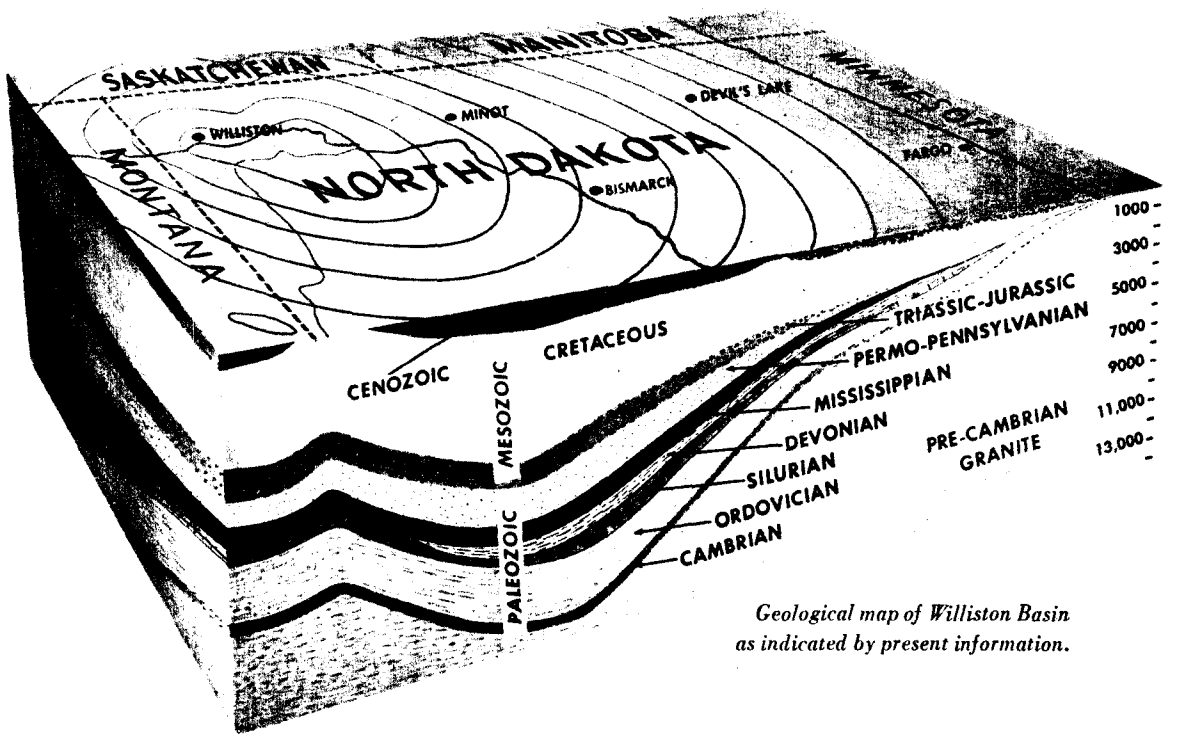
OILMEN BID FOR LEASES at auction of public lands held in Bank of North Dakota at Bismarck as promising acreage is offered on the open market. News that a single well "came in" near Williston boomed the value of oil leases throughout the Williston basin. Oilmen have already leased directly from landowners more than half of North Dakota's 45 million acres as hope grows that the region will prove to be a major oil-producing area. Oil companies will spend millions of dollars to find the answer.



Geological map of Williston Basin as indicated by present information.

29 YEARS AGO a single company began the long search for oil in North Dakota. As the years passed, other oil companies took up the search and continued drilling operations despite repeated disappointments. Recent strikes, indicating an important, new oil-producing area within U. S. borders, may prove a help to national strength.

OIL "LANDMAN" negotiates with J. W. Tyler, N. D. farmer. Landowners get rental payments until drilling is completed; collect a royalty on every barrel if oil is found.

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OIL RUSH IN NORTH DAKOTA

Big and Little Companies Bid for Rights to Drill in Newest Oil State

After 29 years of searching, recent oil discoveries in the Williston Basin made North Dakota America's 27th oil-producing state. This strike was quickly followed by another in Montana less than 100 miles away. It may be that a new, important oil-producing area has been discovered within U. S. borders and many oil companies are already bidding against each other for drilling rights. Much work and large expenditures will be required to determine the strike's real importance.

The discovery and development of new sources of oil is only one phase of oil company rivalry. A lot of things must happen before North Dakota crude oil can be turned into finished products for the jobbers and dealers in your home town.

The oil must be taken from the ground, refined, transported by pipeline, tanker, truck or tank car and marketed where and when it is needed. Every step of the way, every day, oilmen try to win your business by doing these jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

You benefit from this constant competition among America's privately managed oil companies with the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

During the week of October 14-20, oilmen throughout the U.S.A. are celebrating Oil Progress Week as a reminder that it is vital to you and the nation that this freedom of competition continue.

Oil Industry Information Committee

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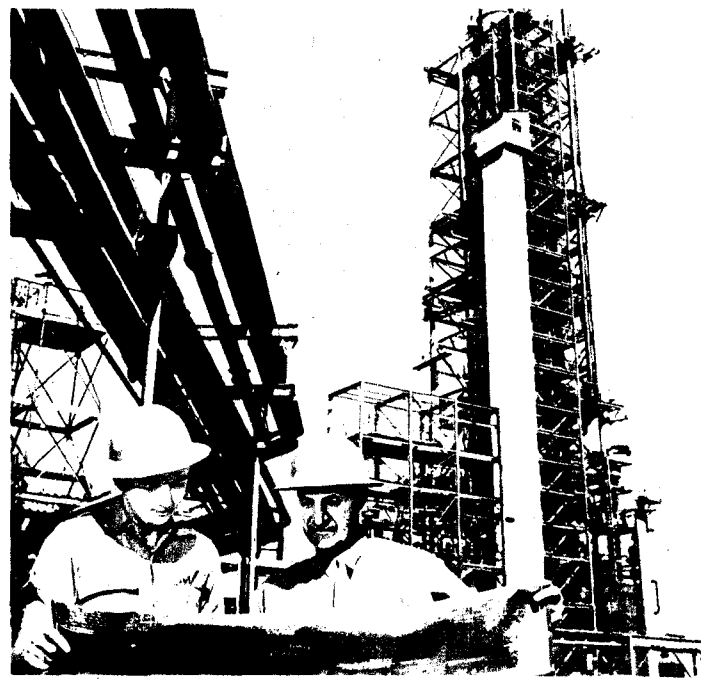
MODERN PIPELINES, like this 12-inch line at Hearne, Texas, cut transportation costs, help refineries meet competitive prices. If North Dakota's oil hopes are realized, vast new pipeline facilities will be needed to transport the oil to other parts of the country.



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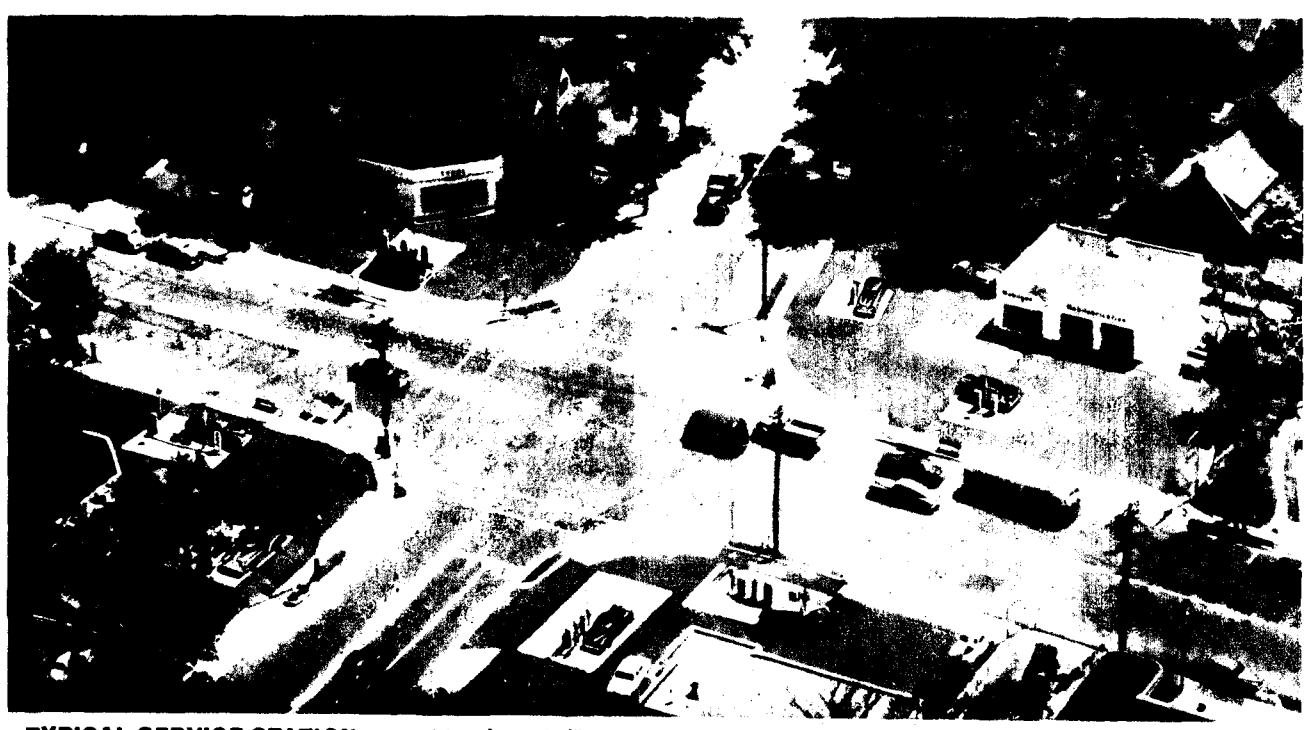
IL DRILLING CREW sets pipe. Record deep-drilling operion, in Mississippi, is nearing 4 mile depth. Sharp competition U. S. oil fields results in world's best drilling methods.



TYPICAL SERVICE STATION competition shown in Teaneck, N. J. Today, with 200,000 service stations in 48 states, motorists can choose among many brands of high quality gasoline at reasonable prices. 2 gallons of gasoline now do the work 3 did in 1925, although today's gasoline is priced about the same—only taxes are higher.

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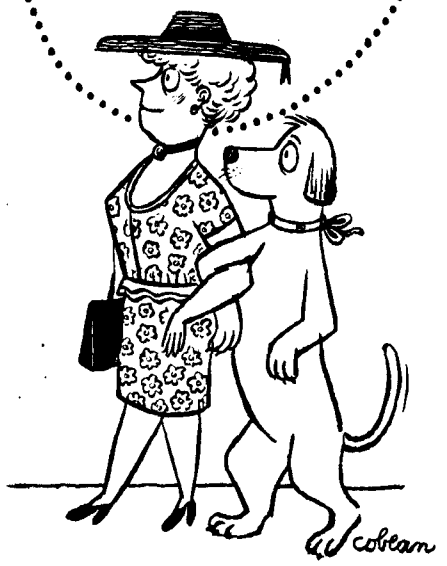
IT'S A REAL PLEASURE
TO TAKE MY DOG WALKING
SINCE I DISCOVERED
KEN-L-RATION



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KEN-L-RATION
DOGS LOVE IT! CATS TOO!

them yelled at him when it was mealtime and he wandered down to the crowded table.

And it must have been almost the same with him as it had been in childhood—the boxlike company house shaking with the passage of each train, the noise of the rock crusher, the dust from the crusher on everything and in everything including ears and eyebrows, the constant odor from the tanbark pits, the busy and normal older brothers not precisely ignoring him but certainly paying no attention to him—the same as the childhood of which he had little memory except as a thing running together in the form of hounds licking at his face or perhaps biting him, and of being under the front porch as the father and brothers and visiting kinsmen spat tobacco juice down through the knotholes while they talked of fox hunting or quarrying rocks out of that harsh terrain.

At the age of eleven he had taken a crowbar and pried loose the derail from the old spur track running up to the burned-down tannery and placed it on the main line of the railroad for the specific purpose of wrecking the next through passenger train, which he would have done had not one of the brakemen on a freight train taking the sidetrack there discovered and removed the derail. It was through no fault of his own that he had not become a neighborhood and possibly a national celebrity.

So perhaps his memory occasionally wandered from the bloodthirsty glories of the gangster magazines on back into a dim blur of hounds, cornbread, his own outbursts and his attacks on whoever happened to be convenient, and then returned to himself lying on the bed with things in no way different except that when he looked up on top of the dresser he saw photographs of all the brothers in their uniforms, the most prominent being one of Elwood, taken before he went over to a place called France and climbed a cliff and had his brief fling as a corporal until a bullet from the gun of some unknown German killed him.

IT WAS in September, 1945, that the Congressional Medal of Honor was awarded posthumously to Elwood. The presentation was made in the banquet room of the Robert E. Lee Hotel in Colonial Springs before the chairman of the County Board of Supervisors, Mayor Fred Baskin, Judge Estes and a dozen other notables, by a brigadier general who had come, with his decorations, all the way from the Pentagon in Washington. The whole family was there with the exception, of course, of Elwood and also of Woodrow, who was in jail serving concurrently three sixty-day terms for illegal possession of and illegal sale of ardent spirits, to wit a fifth of blended whisky which he had bought at the state liquor store, and for assault upon his after-hours customer who had protested, not that Woodrow was charging him exactly three times what he had paid for the whisky, but that he had diluted one bottle into four.

"A glorious chapter of Old Dominion history," said the brigadier general to Elwood and Woodrow's mother, "was engraved upon the sea cliffs of France by your heroic son. His valiant deed will dwell forever in the hearts of his grateful fellow citizens and his indomitable spirit will march on in the imperishable company of those great heroes of the world."

The mother was standing before the brigadier general, her stoical face swelling oddly, the long cheeks puffing out, and then she had out her handkerchief and was holding it over her mouth. Judge Estes, noticing her discomfort, asked one of the town ladies, immediately after the general's speech, to take her to the rest room; and there the town lady, patting her on the shoulder, told her just to go ahead and cry as much as she felt like.

"Cried once about Elwood," the mother had replied after finding what served as a cuspidor. "Cried hard. Not cryin' now. Forgot my snuff. Hadta spit."

Now, not Elwood but Woodrow was back home, lying around reading, getting up only to go to the dinner table and to walk down to Kincaid's store for cigarettes and to plan how best to rob it.

The second night he was home, Saturday, he did rob it. Early in the evening, sauntering into the store, he slipped under his double-breasted overcoat a small steel wrecking bar which the old merchant used to open packing boxes and which Woodrow knew made an excellent jimmy. He returned just before closing time and stood waiting in the dark at the back of the railroad station, again like a member of Murder Incorporated and this time the real thing because, across the road, only a decrepit eighty-two-year-old man stood between him and some money he wanted and was certain to acquire.

It was a clear crisp night with the stars bright overhead and a skim of frost already beginning to form; in the distance to the south a pack of hounds was running along the slopes of Bull Mountain. He saw the last customers and loafers wander away from the store and saw Kincaid put his receipts in a drawer in a cubbyhole office at the rear of the store, cut off the lights and start out the back door.

Anyone less savage would simply have waited another minute or two until Kincaid finished locking the door and went on down the path along the hill, and then pried off the lock hasp with the jimmy. Not Woodrow; such a comparatively civilized method would not have answered that deep and inscrutable demand that had guided him for as long as anyone had known him. Kincaid was still fumbling around trying to lock the door when Woodrow hit him over the head with the wrecking bar. He left Kincaid for dead and, not wanting to bother searching through the old man's pockets for keys, stepped over his slumped and silent form (had he groaned a second time Woodrow would have mashed his skull) and entered the store, pried open the drawer, stuck the ninety-odd dollars in his pocket, went out and stepped over old Kincaid again, and went on back home.

That was when he had his first outburst since his return. He walked in on them there in the dining room, that served them also as a living room, crowded with the substantial Montgomery Ward and Sears, Roebuck furniture, and decorated with gim-crack trophies from the county fair, and he stood in the doorway, watching them with the peculiar lemon eyes. In warmer weather all of them would have been in Colonial Springs as members of the Saturday-night throngs that paraded up and down Main Street and swarmed through the dime stores and notions stores.

Now they were at home, listening to one radio program after another—Stanwood and Linwood and their wives playing poker with matches with two of the girls and two young men who had come calling on them, the father reading the paper, the mother darning socks from a pile on the floor beside her chair, the grandchildren playing some kind of game that kept them scampering under the dining table—nobody excited, nobody doing anything out of the ordinary or expecting anything out of the ordinary, with that acceptance that had marked most of their lives. Woodrow looked at them and gave a jeering yell: "Just one great big damn' happy family! What the hell you think you're waitin' on?"

They would not even let him pick a quarrel; most of them paid no attention to him. The father glanced up once with that look that asked him what went on in his head but said nothing and returned to his newspaper, and the mother said only, "Woodrow, if you don't like it here you don't have to stay."

He had not stayed. He went on upstairs and got the keys to Stanwood's new sedan and came back down again and went out, and although they heard Stanwood's car starting, he was gone before they could get out there.

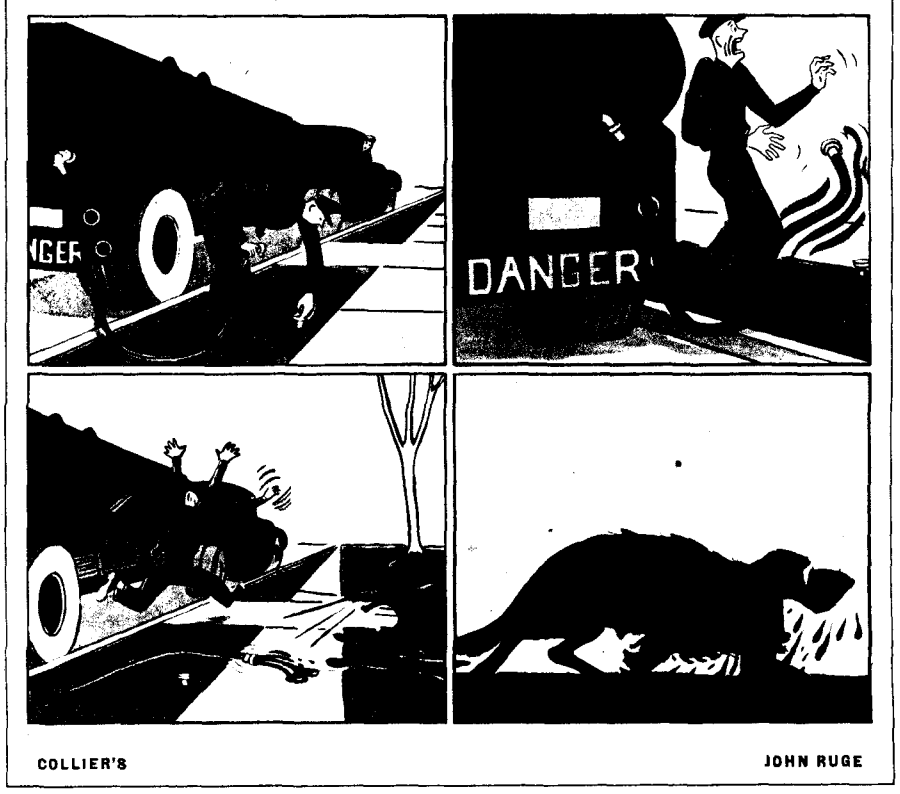
"He's done done somethin' again," the mother said quietly.

THE boys got up then and got a flashlight and went down toward the station and the store and finally found old man Kincaid still lying beside the back door, groaning again now. One of the girls went upstairs to the room Woodrow had been occupying, had been using as his library, and found nothing amiss except that across the face of Elwood's picture there was the idiotic pencil scrawl: *Just Luck—you Jurk.*

He showed up in town the next day, driving Stanwood's car. By then Stanwood and Linwood—having already taken the storekeeper Kincaid to the hospital—were scouring the town looking for him. They walked in on him in Guy's Quick Lunch, where he was just beginning his first hamburger and listening to the second playing of *Mona Lisa* while preparing to invite the waitress, Rose, to run away with him to Baltimore.

Linwood walked up behind him and

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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without a word yanked him off the counter stool, pinned his arms behind him and held him while Stanwood went through his pockets until he found the car keys.

They certainly would have left him in shape to go to the hospital himself had not Stanwood had a sudden and better idea. He pulled off Woodrow's derby, picked up a ketchup bottle from the counter, shook it empty into the derby and then returned the hat to Woodrow's head, jamming it down so hard the brim came off in his hands and was left hanging around Woodrow's neck like a lavaliere. Then Linwood gave him a cracking kick in the rear end and the two of them walked out of the place.

Rose at first thought of running next door and calling the police and would have done so had she not become fascinated by Woodrow's sudden raging struggle to get the brim of the derby from around his neck. He had already lifted off the remainder of the hat and was standing there cursing, ketchup dripping out of his hair and down around his ears, struggling to lift off or tear off the stubborn brim, when suddenly Rose gave a bellow.

She was standing back at the end of the

counter then, shaking with great torrents of laughter that came and went and came again like gusts of rain in a downpour. Woodrow finally ripped the derby's brim from around his throat and then was simply standing wiping the ketchup from his neck, forehead, ears and eyes, and gazing at her with that utter ferocity that was not human.

When he had finished that, he sat down on a stool and removed his right shoe and took from it the money he had stolen from the store. Then he, too, left. He walked a block and a half down the street and into Worthingham's Hardware Store and bought himself a .32 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver and six shells and paid and went out and started back up the street.

The clerk who had sold him the gun, a man named Lester Omodundro, immediately called the police and told them about the sale.

WOODROW was already shooting when he opened the door of the Quick Lunch. By then Rose had stopped laughing; she had picked up a cloth and was wiping the counter, the constant sullen expression back on her face. Woodrow had no expression on his face at all. But when he fired the second time, after she had screamed and was still transfixed at the counter, he had the brittle smile on his lips. She ran into the kitchen, the screams now coming in the same kind of torrents as the laughter had a few moments before, and was trying hysterically to get the back door open. Woodrow went on back of the counter and walked behind it to the curtained doorway leading into the kitchen and fired the other four shots as he stood there, the last two after she had fallen.

As he turned and walked on back along the rear of the counter, toward the front, he stopped at the place where he had been eating, hauled a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket and, apparently reliving something he had seen in a gangster picture, scudded the coin under his plate as a tip.

At the cash register he changed a quarter into five nickels; then he went over to the juke box and inserted them. He was sitting and listening to *Mona Lisa* when the police car lurched to a stop outside.

So, for the third time in his life, he had left a human being for dead as a result of violence at his hands. He still believed her dead, apparently, when they took him to the jail and placed him in the cell with Sol Dowdyshell, who lay in his bunk, looking at him in dull dislike as he walked stiffly about the cell in the preposterous clothes, telling Sol, "I bumped a couple of 'em off out there. The paper'll be full of it."

THEY delivered two copies of the Evening Star at the jail for those inmates who could read; and Sol Dowdyshell, the most important prisoner in the place at the time, got one of the copies first. Paine, the jailer, shoved it through the opening of the door, and Sol lifted his three hundred pounds of bulk out of the bunk and walked over and got it and went back and lay down again. Woodrow had stopped pacing by then and was trying to read the headlines as Sol lay in the bunk, and Sol reached out with one hand and slammed him against the opposite wall. Woodrow leaped up and started to make the last in the series of mistakes he had been making all of his life by attacking Sol, and was prevented from it only by Sol tossing the paper at him and growling one word: "Screwball!"

Woodrow grabbed the paper, glanced in hungry bewilderment at the headlines on national and world affairs and kept looking until he found near the bottom of the page the three-paragraph item under a two-column caption:

WILD-SHOOTING EX-CONVICT
WOUNDS WAITRESS IN ELBOW

Sol apparently had become fascinated with the word "screwball," and he growled it four or five times, even as Woodrow, his face absolutely wild now, ripped the paper to shreds and then started on the plumbing. He was able to yank the washbasin from the wall and slammed that on the floor and then got his hands around the pipe and, doing what no man twice his size could have done, snapped a section of that off and turned to face Sol, who again growled the single word "screwball." Woodrow leaped across the floor with the pipe drawn back and Sol growled, "You know where you'll wind up? They'll put you in the booby hatch."

He said it without any venom, without much interest even, as a simple statement of truth, and he would have done nothing more about it if Woodrow had not then brought the pipe down and knocked out four of his teeth.

Sol had to get up then, to spit out the teeth and the blood, and having to do that he knew he might as well take care of Woodrow while he was up because sooner or later he would have to do so anyway. He grabbed him, threw him to the floor, and then let his whole three hundred pounds drop on Woodrow's narrow chest, promptly crushing almost every rib in it.

By then the jail was in an uproar. Other prisoners were yelling. Paine was there with two deputies and several trusties and, in not too long a time, an ambulance and a doctor from the hospital were there. By then Sol was already back in his bunk, spitting over the side and again saying "screwball" without any venom but now without any amusement either, and they were lifting Woodrow onto a stretcher and the doctor was trying to get his name.

The doctor, accustomed to dealing with misfits who did violent and unaccountable things as some queer compensation and revenge, wondered briefly what motivated this latest one. Then he saw the fixed primordial deadliness in the stare meeting his own and wondered if there was any use even wondering.

THE END

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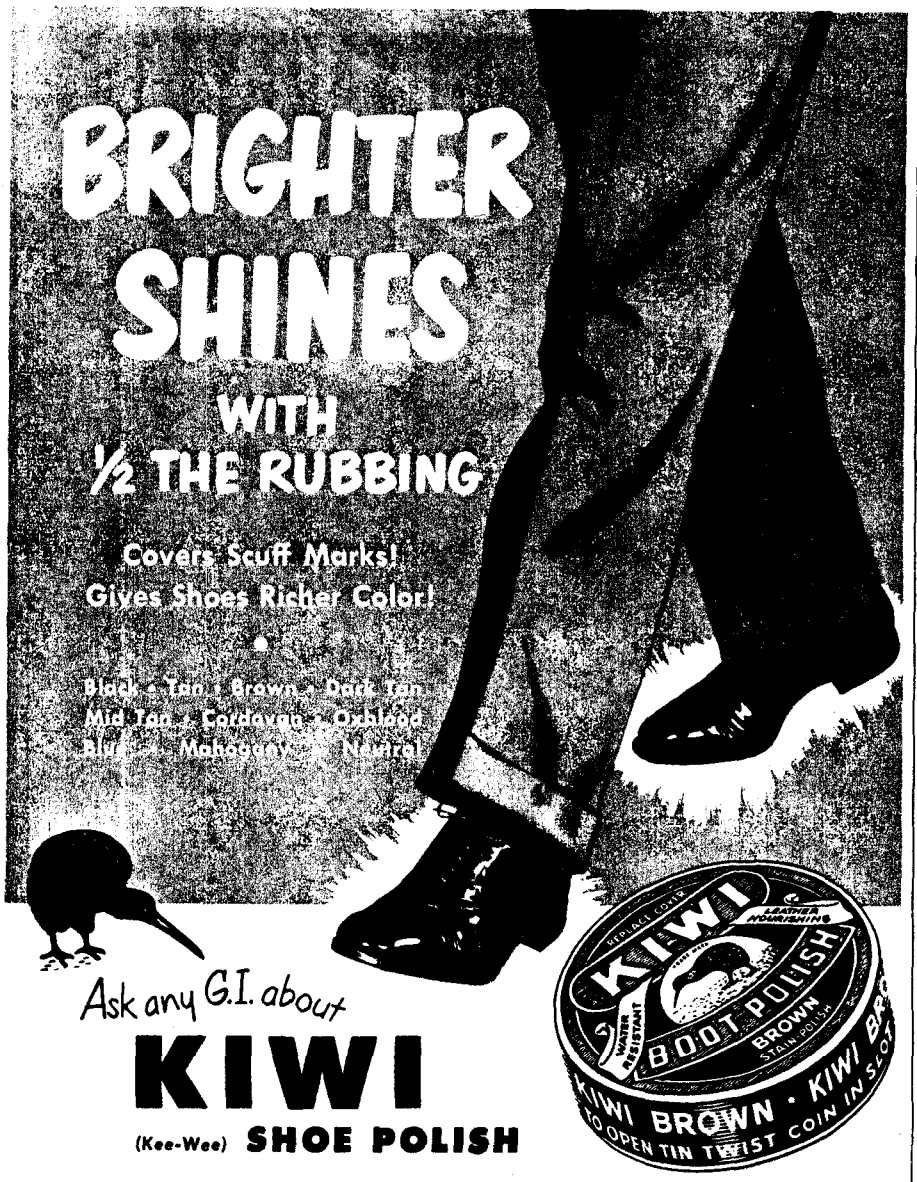

Ask any G.I. about

KIWI

(Kee-Wee) **SHOE POLISH**

The Wonderful Sleep

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

I loved her instantly.

"Certainly you'll have some cough mixture. And strong at that. I'll make it up for you myself."

"Something to warm my chest, Doctor," she suggested, coming out of her shell.

"Aye, aye!" I agreed heartily. I gave her the best—a good stiff chlorodyne concoction, fit, as I assured her, for the queen herself.

"And the dose—it's two teaspoonfuls at night," I announced, licking the label.

"What's that ye say, Doctor?" she inquired; and then, with a comical simplicity: "Ye ken, I've turned that deaf since I broke my spectacles."

I had to laugh, and old Mrs. Todd joined in.

"Ye've a joke in ye, Doctor," she complimented me archly, as I showed her to the door. "Fine! I aye liked a doctor with a joke in him."

NEXT morning, which was Saturday, the Todds sat down to breakfast in the kitchen. Porridge was supped in silence by Dougal, his wife and Jessica. Old Mrs. Todd had not appeared. Next, tea was poured, and Dougal's egg, shelled and in a cup, produced from the oven. And then, with a sour look at the wag-at-the-wall clock, Jessie remarked to her husband:

"Can that mother of yours not get up in time for her breakfast? I've put up with plenty from her, and for long enough. Things are coming to a bonny pass. She'll like to have me runnin' up with trays to her, no doubt."

"I don't think she's even out of her bed yet," said Jessica, taking her cue from her mother, and tossing her head. "Auld lazybones!"

Dougal steered a spoonful of egg past his lugubriously drooping mustache.

"It's a waste of gas—" He masticated glumly with an eye on the meter. "—To keep things warm for her."

"Here, dearie!" cried Jessie to young Jessica, in an access of spite. "Run upstairs and shake her out of bed this very minute."

Jessica slid from her chair and, clutching her buttered scone, went bouncing upstairs.

Silence—silence above and below. Then a sudden wail, a wild scampering, and Jessica bounded back into the kitchen.

"Aw, Maw!" she blubbered. "Grannie's dead!"

Dougal exploded a mouthful of tea back into his saucer; Jessie drew bolt upright in her chair.

"Dead, hinny," she whispered gently. "Did you say—"

"Aye," Jessica whined, "that's what I did say. She's streiket out stiff as a poker."

A long sigh came slowly from Jessie's bosom. At the same moment, Dougal thrust back his chair.

"Come on."

He made a masterful gesture to his wife. They hurried up to the top floor. They burst into the attic. Then, suddenly, they paused.

The old woman lay on her back with her mouth fallen open and her cheeks fallen in. Her eyes were gummed, her nostrils pinched.

"Mother!" exclaimed Dougal, lifting her hand. But it slipped out of his grasp and fell stiffly on the bed.

There was a pregnant pause while Dougal and his wife stared at the rigid figure on the bed. Then, from over his shoulder, Jessie whispered reverently:

"It's all over, Dougal! Aye, aye, she's by with it all now." And, taking the end of the sheet, she solemnly covered old Mrs. Todd's pallid face.

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"Our visit must have been just what the doctor ordered. Did you notice how grouchy they were when we arrived, and how cheerful when we left?"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF

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Dougal looked at his wife, sniffed, and whined, "Oh, dear, oh, dear! My poor mother's deid."

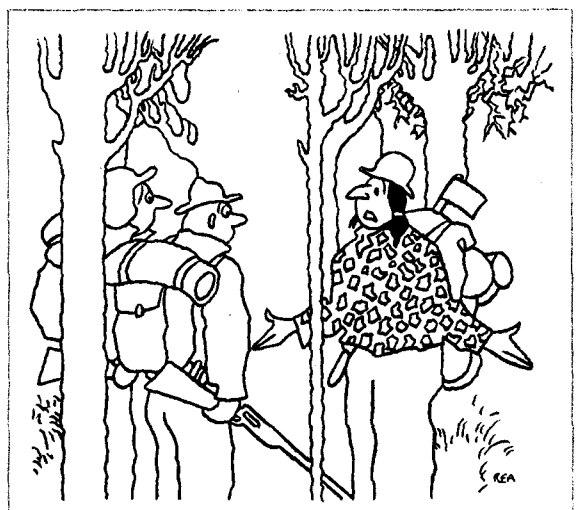
"She's with her Maker, Dougal," said Jessie, turning the whites of her eyes. "We mustna' question His holy will." And, taking him by the arm, she led him gently downstairs. But in the kitchen Dougal sank into a chair.

"Pity me!" he groaned. "My poor mother's deid at last."

"Ye canna' reproach yourself, Dougal," said Jessie firmly. "Ye were aye a good son to her. And aye I did my best for her myself. A decent old body she was. She had to go sooner or later. And what a peaceful end. Will ye have a drop of spirits to steady you up?"

Dougal groaned again, and shook his head. But it was no time for economy. Jessica fetched the bottle from the parlor dresser, and, with a show of repugnance, Dougal took off a good four fingers.

"That's better," said Jessie. "Ye maun draw yourself together, man. There's plenty for ye to do. There's the doctor's certificate to get, and the undertaker to see, and the insurance—"



"Gentlemen, if I weren't an Indian, I'd say we're lost!"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

Dougal lifted his head. "Aye, there's the insurance." He sighed deeply. "Ah, weel, I'll better get on with it—though it's bitter, bitter work to do." He got up, took his cap, and went. He went first to Dr. Cameron's office, where Janet, the elderly housekeeper, answered the door.

"Janet! I want the doctor," Dougal blubbered, for the whisky had intensified his grief. "My dear old mother—she's passed away in her sleep."

"Poor body," Janet exclaimed involuntarily; then, inspecting him sternly: "Ye canna' have the doctor the now. They're both of the two of them out. I'll send up the assistant when he comes in." And she slammed the door in his face.

No sympathy, thought Dougal; oh, dear, oh, dear—no sympathy in the woman at all. My poor old mother! I'm crying like a bairn. On the way to the undertaker's, in neighboring Knoxhill, he stopped folks in the street to tell them, weeping, of his loss.

AT GIBSON the undertaker's, he ordered the coffin—a nice coffin, a beautiful coffin, fine value for the money, and not too dear. Sam Gibson was a good lad with a kind word, and a fair promise of five per cent discount for cash. He promised to send round to lay out the old woman that evening.

It was dinnertime when Dougal got home. Jessie had been busy; she had made a beautiful steak-and-kidney pie. That and a baked custard stood on the table. The whisky was there, too.

Jessie exclaimed sensibly, "At a time like this we've got to have our food. What with the shock and one thing and another."

They sat in.

"I don't feel like it," Dougal protested, as he accepted his plate. Then, as he put a large, tender piece of steak below his mustache: "But I suppose we must keep up our strength."

Jessie said, "Come to think on it—what was the insurance—up to date?"

"Near enough five hundred pound," Dougal answered solemnly, and forked a promising potato.

"Dear, oh, dear, It's a heap of money."

"Aye, it's a heap of money. Wheesht! There's the doorbell. It'll be the doctor."

On my return, Janet had given me the message and I had come on directly, worried and upset that the old woman should have died so soon after consulting me.

Jessie met me in the lobby. "Ye don't mind if I don't come with ye, Doctor. The shock of it has fair upset us all. The very idea of entering the poor old body's room's enough to make me grue. It's the left-hand door on the top landing."

I went up and into the room alone. I drew up the blind. Then, on the table by the window, the first thing I saw was my chlorodyne mixture. I stared at the bottle. One third of it was gone.

Quickly I went over to the bed and lifted the old woman's eyelids. Pinpoint pupils. I took her wrist, and held it. Then I began to smile. From my bag I took a vial of spirits of ammonia and held it under her nose. For a moment nothing happened. Then, with great enthusiasm, the dead woman sneezed.

Drowsily, she opened her eyes, stared at me, and yawned while I shook her.

"Doctor, Doctor—what are ye doin' here in all the world? But, oh, I've had the most wonderful sleep."

Bending over her, I bawled in her ear, "How much of that medicine did ye take?"

"Eh, what? Two tablespoonfuls—like ye telled me."

I shouted, "No wonder ye slept. But now I'm thinkin' it's high time ye were up."

I corked the chlorodyne, put it in my pocket, and went downstairs.

"Will ye have a drop whisky, Doctor?" Dougal asked me mournfully in the kitchen.

"I think I will," I said, heartily. "Though it's the first time I've heard you offering anyone a drink, Dougal."

The bereaved son shook his head pathetically. "It's the occasion, Doctor. My poor old mother! I'm heartbroken she should be taken from us!"

"We're all heartbroken," Jessie echoed piously.

"Well! Here's health, Dougal," I said.

"Your good health, Doctor," said Dougal sadly. "We'll want four certificates. I had her in four insurance societies, the poor old body!"

There was a loud noise upstairs, followed by the banging of a door.

"Goodsakes!" cried Jessie, turning pale. "What's that?"

"Grand whisky this, Dougal," I said.

There was the sound of someone coming downstairs.

"Do ye hear it?" Jessie cried again. "There's something coming down the stairs."

The door opened, and old Mrs. Todd walked into the room. Jessie shrieked.

"God Almighty!" said Dougal, and he spilled the good whisky all over his dickey.

Paralyzed, they watched the old woman draw up her chair to the table, and help herself to pie. First she yawned, then she tittered; then, with a look at the pie, the custard, and the whisky, she exclaimed, "It's a grand dinner the day. And I'm fair famished with hunger!"

She began to eat with a rare appetite. And at that I left her to it. THE END

Another of A. J. Cronin's adventures will appear soon in Collier's

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Slide Rule Romance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

doorbell and remembered standing there nights at twenty-nine minutes past twelve and kissing a girl good night. The door opened, and I stood there with a sad and sappy look on my kisser, staring at a beautiful girl in the doorway. She was tall and slim with black hair and wide gray eyes and an easy, friendly smile.

"Hello," she said. Not sir, just hello.

"Sorry to bother you," I said. "I'm looking for a Mr. Dobson and I heard—"

"Come on in," she said, and I went inside and turned by memory toward the living room on the right. A dark-haired, good-looking, intense young man sat on the davenport.

"This is no time to interrupt," I said. "My name's Farrell, Hastings Oil. I'd like to interview you at your convenience, Dobson. If you want to set a time I'll make myself scarce."

"I was just leaving," Dobson said. "I've got a lab this afternoon. I just came over for a minute. Suppose we say five o'clock this afternoon. Is it about a job with Hastings, Mr. Farrell?"

"That's right," I said.

"Well," he said, "I've just about made up my mind. But I'll be glad to talk to you."

The girl went out in the hall with him. I heard the door shut and I wondered what the hell was I doing standing there instead of walking Dobson back to the fraternity, getting in a quick sales talk.

I didn't want to leave; that was it. The girl came back and smiled at me.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I spent a lot of time here. You still have tea dancing after football games in the fall?"

"Every Saturday," she said.

I still didn't want to leave. "You a senior, too?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "I'm a dietitian. Hastings Oil couldn't use a dietitian, I suppose."

"Look," I said, smitten with a sudden brilliant thought, "I'm an old grad and I feel like the last rose of summer. Could you possibly have lunch with me at the Parrot?"

"Where?" she said.

"The Parrot," I said. "It's where everybody hangs out."

"Oh," she said, "I think I did hear the name once. I think it burned down ages ago."

That did it. I picked up my brief case. I put my hat on. "Sorry," I whispered, and slunk out the front door.

I WAS halfway down the walk when she came running after me. "We'll go to the Bluebird," she said. "Everybody goes to the Bluebird now."

My big idea was that it seemed obvious that this was Dobson's girl and for that I considered him smarter than most engineers I had met. And since nobody had definitely hired Dobson yet, maybe working through the girl was a new angle. Maybe if I could sell the girl on Hastings Oil she could sell Dobson.

We found the Bluebird just off the campus. It could have been the Parrot. They had the same rows of booths. The only thing that was different was the television set.

We ordered lunch and I had learned the girl's name on the way downtown. She was Ellen Fairchild and I sat across from her in the booth and we ordered. It was exciting; it was like the first date I'd ever taken to the Parrot.

"Don't offer Frank too much money," she said.

"That's a new twist," I said.

"Frank's nice," she said. "But he's so sure of himself. Everything's always come so easy for him. I don't think it's good. It's just the times, really."

"Jeepers," I said, "he not only picked a girl with looks, he picked one with brains."

She blushed and she was lovely. Somehow it made me like Dobson less and less but I had a job to do.

"I can help you on that angle," I said. "We want him at Hastings but we won't go crazy handing out money. He has to come up through the ranks with us, and we're not a company that wants to hire a good man now at any price and then dump him if business goes the other way. That's one thing I plan to tell him. But there's another angle you might use on him. Our eastern refinery is ten miles out of Westville. That's where most of our people live. Twenty thousand population. Nice clean town. Tree-shaded streets. Good schools."

She laughed. "That's looking pretty far ahead."

"That's the woman's viewpoint," I said. "You sell him on that angle. You can do it. You're a lot prettier than I am."

SHE grinned at me and we were friends. And every time I thought of Dobson I hated him. We walked around the campus after lunch. We went down to the football stadium and looked into the empty vastness of the bowl, and Ellen said, "Tell me about the ninety-yard touchdown run, Pete."

It was the first time she'd dropped the Mr. Farrell routine. I felt good about that.

"No touchdown run," I said. "I got thrown off the squad the second day."

"You're a nice guy, Pete," she said, and it was like the Old Man had given me a bonus.

I took her back to her sorority, then went and looked up my professors, including Michaelson, who had recommended Dobson.

Michaelson remembered me or else he was a skillful liar. "About Dobson," he said, "he's very good. He knows it but he'll trip a few times. Most of us do before we're thirty, and he should be fine."

I got some other names from Michaelson, looked up two slide-rule boys that afternoon and got no place, and met Dobson back at his fraternity at five.

"I happen to know quite a bit about Hastings," he said. He did, too. He started talking about our pension system, and he knew more about it than I did.

"I don't think it's too good a setup," he said.

"Well, after all, Dobson," I said, "you're about twenty-two, aren't you? They might change that system before you're sixty-five. There's a fair chance of it."

"How much money?" he said.

"Three thousand," I said.

He grinned at me. "You've been topped."

"I don't doubt it," I said, "but some of these fly-by-night outfits won't keep you around at a big salary very long."

"I think I can land on my feet," he said. "If I get fired, I think I can catch on somewhere else. Maybe even Hastings. My generation has the draft board boys breathing down our necks. Maybe it's ruthless and not very idealistic but can you blame me for taking all I can get when I don't know what's coming?"

I had to go along with him on that. "I was in the last war," I said. "I understand. Are you definitely turning me down?"

"I'm afraid so," he said. "Unless you could raise the ante."

I could, but that could wait. I told him I wanted to see him again before I left. "Doing anything tonight?" I said.

"Exam tomorrow," he said. "I have to hit the books."

I LEFT him then and went back to the fraternity, carefully avoiding table tennis. I ate with the boys and they were polite to the old gaffer. Afterward I went up to Butch Dorgan's old room and brooded.

Finally, against all my better judgment, I got up and walked over to the Kappa Delta house. A girl answered the door.

COLLIER'S

"And all these years I've been discouraging Henry from bringing a friend home to dinner!"

HANK KETCHAM

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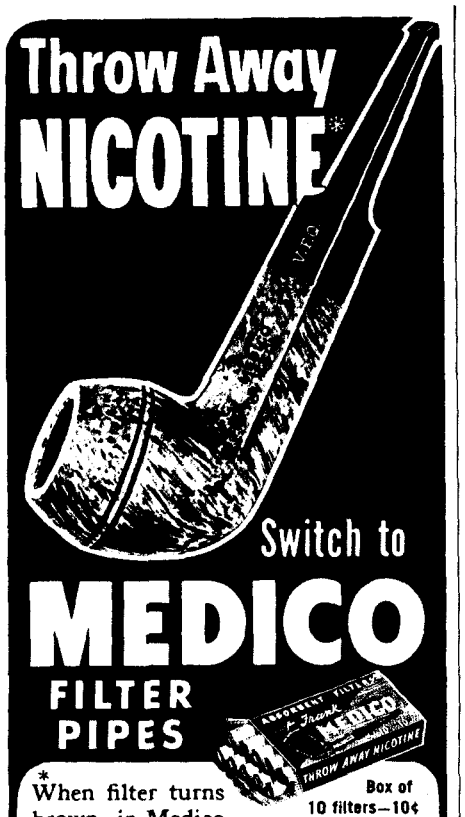

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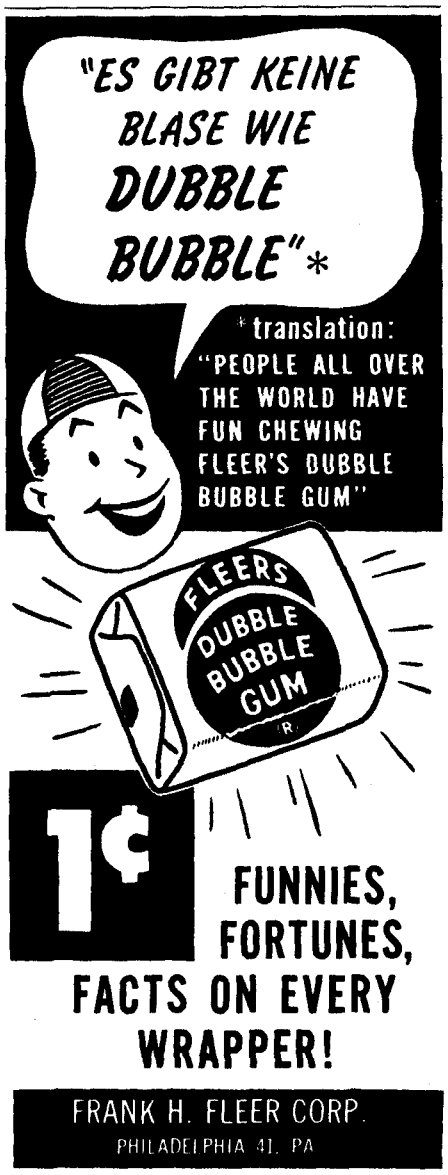
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FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!
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"Miss Fairchild in?" I said, and gave my name.

I waited thirty minutes, fidgeting on the davenport. Other guys came in and sat in the room and we stared at one another. They probably thought I was some girl's father. That made me feel low and I was about ready to sneak out when Ellen came down the stairs.

"Your own fault," she said. "When you don't give a girl warning that you're coming, you have to wait."

"I've waited here a lot of times," I said. "This time it was worth it. I wondered if Dobson has been in touch with you."

"I told him I heard that Westville was a nice town," she said. "I told him they had good schools. He wasn't too impressed. I don't think he's fond of kids. He can handle everything else but I guess he's not too sure he can control his fate with a couple of children. Would you like to sit outside?"

WE SAT on the front-porch swing. It creaked like the swing I had once sat on and I mentioned that reminiscently.

"All the girls you necked out here," Ellen said. "And you went off and left them. Shame on you."

"I guess there never was the right one," I said. We sat there and talked and I never once mentioned Dobson or Hastings Oil. If the Old Man could have seen me rocking there beside a coed, and on an expense account to boot, he would have blown a fuse.

I got up to go, finally, and I fumbled and stumbled around and then I said, "Just for sentimental old times' sake, would you mind terribly if I kissed you good night?"

She stood there looking solemnly at me. "When you were here," she said, "did you ask permission, Pete?"

I kissed her. I put my arms around her and kissed her and pulled away, feeling rocky, and said good night, and turned and walked back to the fraternity house and I figured I could clean up any six Midwestern guys who might come after me.

I went to the fraternity, and five fellows were sitting around the card table. They looked up, preoccupied, and nodded, and one of them said, "Good evening, sir."

"Poker wasn't legal in fraternities when I was here," I said sternly. "Not for money."

"It isn't now, sir," one of them said. "Would you like to take a hand?"

"Deal me in," I said, and pulled up a chair. We played a round of stud and it was my deal. I shuffled the cards and thought of the year I had spent in the oil fields in west Texas.

"You guys ever hear of a game called paralysis?" I said. "I'll explain it to you."

I won two dollars in a penny ante game and by then they were calling me Pete and one of them clapped a hand to his forehead and said, "Holy smoke, Pete, you had a long-distance call. Some guy named Travis. Wanted you to call him back. I left a note in your room and forgot all about it until this minute."

"The Old Man," I said. "Deal me out."

I went over to the telephone and called his home number in Westville, and after a minute he came growling on the wire.

"No dice as yet," I said, "but I have a brilliant new angle I'm pushing. I may have to stay here awhile."

"I didn't send you back there to get a master's degree," he growled. "The papers are piling up on your desk. Have you got anybody?"

"Nobody," I confessed. "I'm working on it. The other bird dogs have mostly been and gone. I'm laboring under a tremendous handicap."

"Stop building yourself up," the Old Man said. "And don't go acting like a college kid: It's been a long time."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Thank you, sir. And how did you enjoy your twenty-fifth class reunion, sir?"

He hung up on me. I went back to the game. The boys were playing paralysis five out of six deals. We finished up the game and two of the boys hit the hay. The three engineers dug up four beers and we talked about business, including the oil business. They were sharp guys, right on the trigger, and I had a notion they were smarter than I had been in my slip-stick apprenticeship years at Midwestern. I didn't hoke them any, and if I pointed out that the oil business is a solid business come peace, come war, that much was true.

We ended the bull session finally and I went up to my room. It had been a pretty good evening so long as I played poker but now it was over and I felt miserable. I should never have kissed Ellen. I knew suddenly it was no mere sentimental gesture and the one thing I didn't want to do was to hire Dobson and see him living with Ellen in Westville.

If I hired him, he would be my boy. Likely he would be in a car pool with me. I'd sit out in front of his house and honk my horn in the morning and see the so-and-so kiss Ellen good-by every morning. I knew I couldn't take it.

The very thought of it made me so mad I went out into the hall and sat on the table and put in a long-distance call. The telephone rang and rang and I could picture the Old Man getting out of bed and cursing and going down the hall to his telephone.

"Hello," he finally growled.

"This is Pete Farrell," I said. "I may get your boy for you but I want to put in for foreign service for myself," and I hung up the phone and went back to bed and lay there suffering and hoping the Old Man would have as much trouble going to sleep as I was having.

I GOT up in the morning and had breakfast. I went around the campus and interviewed a few students, and I should have stood in bed. You are supposed to be enthusiastic when you sell anything and I couldn't get up any more enthusiasm than a man looking at a burial plot.

I swore to myself that I would not go near the Kappa Delta sorority and I didn't. Not the front door, at least. I went along the side street and peered wistfully over the hedge but I didn't see anything. There was a baseball game and I finally went down in the afternoon and sat out in the sun in the bleachers along third base and looked glumly at the game.

"Have a peanut," somebody said.

It was Ellen. I looked carefully past her but Dobson wasn't there.

"In the lab," she said.

I took a peanut and didn't say anything as I watched the game.

"Tell me about the time you hit a home run," she said.

"I got thrown off the squad the second day," I said, and ate another peanut. "I was just another foul ball," I said.

We watched the ball game. When it was over I walked her back toward her sorority. In college when I walked a girl back from a ball game we held hands. Once my hand brushed Ellen's and I moved over to the far side of the sidewalk so she would know it was strictly unintentional. I felt a hundred and ten. We passed a place and I said, "In my day they made strawberry sundaes in there, the biggest sundaes you ever saw. Served 'em in a soup bowl. They cost a quarter."

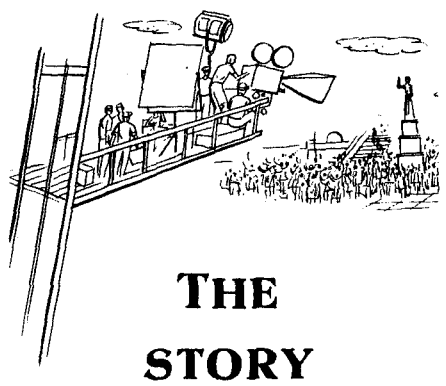
"They still make them," she said, "but they're fifty cents now."

I bought her a strawberry sundae. It was as big as ever but my capacity was not. We went on to the sorority and she said, "I have a date with Frank tonight. Do you want me to try and sell him on Hastings?"

It wasn't what I wanted. "It's what I came for," I said carefully.

We reached the sorority and there was a whole raft of fellows and girls overflowing the porch, drinking iced tea. They insisted I have some. Maybe they wanted a chaperon, I thought, and that was why they were all so nice to me. I had some iced tea I didn't want and then I said good-by to Ellen.

"I'll do my best for you tonight," she said, and I thanked her and walked back to the



THE STORY BEHIND

QUO VADIS

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

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fraternity and went up to my room and one of the engineers was there.

"You know," he said, "I've been thinking about what you said last night. I haven't made a definite commitment and it sounded pretty good to me. I'd like to talk to you about it. Wait a minute."

I had me an engineer. He ran out of the room and came back with a beer. If there was anything I didn't want it was a beer but he was trying so hard to be hospitable I didn't dare refuse him. I poured the beer down on top of the peanuts and the strawberry sundae and the iced tea and got up feeling green and staggered down to dinner. I felt nervous at the table. The boys were talking about paralysis and they kept urging me to have more fried chicken.

I thought about Ellen going out with Frank Dobson. I began to feel strange and my collar was wet with perspiration and I staggered up to my room and went to bed. I tortured myself wondering where Frank Dobson would take Ellen on a nice night like this. There were no dances so far as I knew, which made me unhappy. I would have preferred them being at a dance where there would be lots of other people.

I felt a twinge in my stomach and forgot about Ellen for a minute. The twinge let up and I thought that what Dobson would probably do would be to take Ellen out in a canoe on a night like this. I hoped the bugs would be bad; I hoped he got one of those tippy canoes where you made one false move and you were dunked. I felt better thinking about that, but then I thought that Dobson was not the kind of kid who made mistakes like that and the so-and-so would probably hire a rowboat.

Then my stomach began bothering me again.

The boys were very good. They stood around me and made suggestions, everything from castor oil to more beer. They tried to be very helpful.

Finally I heard a guy talking on the telephone. I heard him say: "Oh, hello, Ellen. Yes, he's here but I'm afraid he can't come to the phone. Most of the guys think it's just a bellyache but I had a year of premed and personally I think it's appendicitis. I been arguing we should take him to the hospital. Suppose it ruptured?"

I got off my bed of pain and staggered out into the hall and clutched the telephone. "I'll be all right," I said.

"I felt queer myself," Ellen said, "out on the river," and I groaned. "I wanted to call and tell you," she went on, "that I think I sold Frank. I tried my darnedest for you."

"In a canoe?" I said hoarsely.

"The canoes were all rented when we got there. A rowboat."

"Hell," I said, and hung up.

I WENT back to bed. A little later one of the boys came in. "Ellen sent over some medicine," he said. "Open wide."

I was recovered in the morning. In the abdominal region, that is: up a little higher, I was bleeding. I called Dobson.

"Well," he said, "I was talking to Ellen last night and she's a pretty smart girl. I wouldn't let a girl's opinions sway me but I'd like to talk to you again."

"I'll be right over," I said.

"I'm going to see Ellen," he said. "There was some unfinished business last night—"

"Did you tip over?" I said.

"Of course not," he said. "I was starting to discuss something and we ran into a gang of people and—well, never mind, this is personal. I'll call you when I get back."

So that was that. I went down the stairs and after a little while I ventured out into the sunshine. I started up toward Dobson's fraternity and then bumped into him hurrying down the street. He was muttering to himself.

"Well, Dobson," I said, "if you could get away and would like to take a trip to Westville to look over the layout—"

"Westville," he said. He stared at me. "Listen," he said, "how about foreign service? What's the pay in foreign service? A guy in foreign service shouldn't be encumbered by some dame, should he?"

"We like 'em single," I said. "We can raise the ante considerably for foreign service. Right now we want a man in Nigeria. The pay is better, longer vacations, and even the pension system is better. It's complicated but the way it works roughly—"

"Skip the details," he said. "I'll take it."

He walked on past me. I went over to the Kappa Delta sorority and buzzed the doorbell. A girl came to the door.

"Miss Fairchild, please," I said.

"Just a minute," she said. She went upstairs and came down and said, "I'm afraid she can't see you."

"I'm leaving town," I said. "I'll wait."

I WAITED for forty-five minutes. She came downstairs finally and stood on the bottom step and looked at me.

"Thanks for the medicine," I said.

"That was nothing," she said.

"And thanks for getting me Dobson," I said.

"That wasn't so much, either," she said.

I looked at her, thinking something that scared me. "Pardon me," I said, "but did you just tie a can on Dobson, by any chance?"

"He may get to own the Hastings Oil Company some day," she said. "He doesn't own me and I wouldn't live with him in Westville if they gave me the place."

"He isn't going to be in Westville," I said. "He's going to Nigeria, I think."

"That's about far enough," she said.

"I thought you were in love with him," I said.

"I know you did," she said. "So did Frank. You men take a lot for granted. Just because he got me out in a rowboat that didn't mean—never mind what it didn't mean."

"Ellen," I said, smitten with a magnificent, stupendous inspiration, "have you a job yet? Has any bird dog signed you up?"

"I'll get a job," she said. "Don't worry about me."

"Pardon me," I said and picked up the telephone. I dialed long distance, and waited until I heard the Old Man's growl.

"I hired somebody," I said. "I just hired the finest dietitian I've ever met."

"What?" he spluttered. "There's something wrong with the connection. I thought you said dietitian."

"I did say dietitian," I said. "The cafeteria food has been terrible lately."

For a moment he was stunned. Then he began to roar and froth at the mouth. I held up the telephone so Ellen could hear.

"The Old Man," I said. "A great character. You'll love him."

I turned back to the telephone. "I hired a dietitian," I said, "but I also hired Dobson, who wants foreign service, and I think I lined up three engineers from my fraternity, and I may say they are true chips off the old block. I don't think they'll come, though, unless I get a raise. See you tomorrow."

I hung up and looked at Ellen. She was twenty-three, she had told me. Eight years younger than I was, although there had been moments when it seemed like twenty-eight. I still wasn't sure. I didn't have the courage to come right out and tell her I loved her. I tried to sneak in by way of third base.

"You'd like Westville, I think," I said humbly. "Tree-shaded streets. I could find you a room. I could take you to work in the morning and bring you home at night. Please say you'll come."

"Is this an interview?" she said. "You think I could help in the company cafeteria?"

"I don't know," I said. "I never eat there myself." I laid it on the line. "I'm the one that wants you, Ellen," I said.

I held my breath while she looked at me.

"How are the schools?" she said, and took a step down and toward me.

"Come out on the porch swing," I said "and I'll tell you all about them." I took her arm and we walked through the door I had done it many times before but I had never felt younger. THE END

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Groucho Is My Pop

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

after his introductory lines he literally dropped his script and started bombarding Hope with his panzerlike ad libs. Hope, a pretty fair ad-libber himself, quickly entered into the spirit of the thing, and before producer Manheim could figure out how to stop them, they had made an absolute shambles of his carefully prepared show. The spot ran 25 minutes overlength, and much of it would never have passed the censors.

Fortunately, it was a transcribed show and the censorable material could be cut out before it actually went on the air. "But it was practically an impossibility to edit that program and make it sound like anything," Mannie Manheim confessed to me weeks later.

Manheim still has nightmares when he thinks of what my father did to him that evening. But he'll also tell you that in 20 years of radio he had never before heard such a hilarious routine.

Ad-Libbing Appeals to Producer

Neither had John Guedel, who was in the audience that night. An enterprising young producer who makes a specialty of devising new types of audience-participation radio programs, Guedel was smart enough to realize that all my father needed in order to be a success in radio was a show that would permit him to take advantage of his extraordinary ad-libbing talents. The way Guedel saw it, the conventional "script" show was just too confining for a man who could think up better jokes on the spur of the moment than the average radio writer could devise sitting at his typewriter all week. (If anyone from the Radio Writers' Guild reads this, I'm only fooling.)

So after a hurried conference with my father, who agreed wholeheartedly with him, Guedel went home and dreamed up You Bet Your Life. Neither of them has ever regretted it.

The show was an overnight sensation, probably because it was a fresh idea in quiz programs. The average quiz show relies mostly on questions and answers, but the quiz part of You Bet Your Life is just an excuse to get the contestants up in front of the mike so my father can interview them at length and bounce laughs off the information they supply.

Though it's undoubtedly responsible for his success, an ad-lib show could also have been disastrous for a comedian like my father, whose tongue is frequently way ahead of his better judgment. Fortunately, everyone connected with it (including my father who knows himself pretty well) had the foresight to insist that the program be tape-recorded, and later, when it went on TV, filmed. That way, any censorable material can be removed in the prebroadcast editing.

But keeping himself in line is only a small part of my father's problems. What worries him most are the contestants. Since they are picked at random from the studio audience prior to the start of the show, there's no telling beforehand what they'll be like, or what they'll say or do once they get to the mike.

Actually, the average contestant is pretty co-operative. But every now and then my father runs up against a show-off who'll let some remark slip that kills an otherwise hilarious spot.

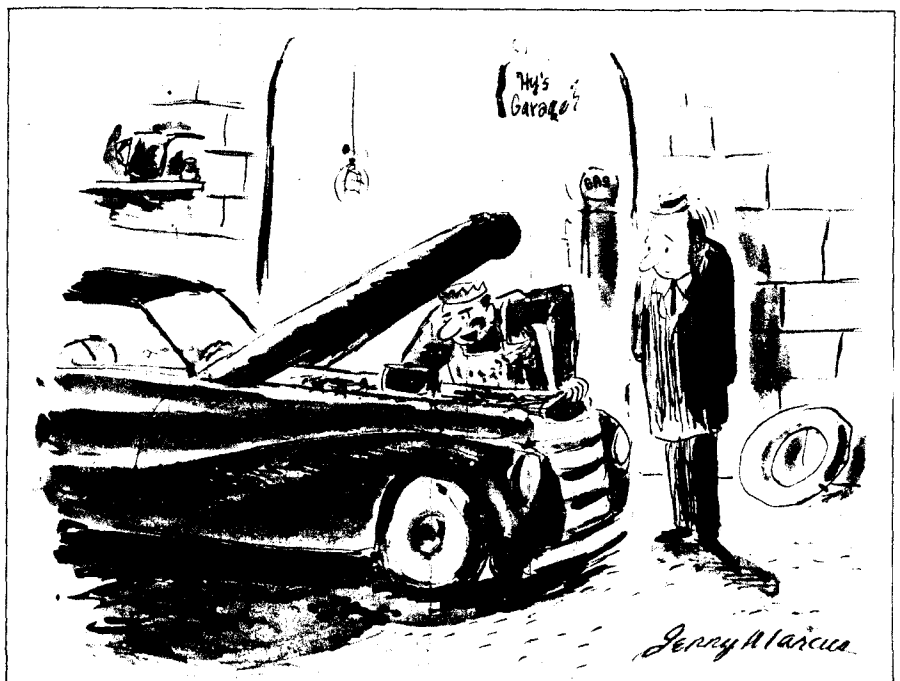
"Thank Heaven for tape," my father declares enthusiastically. "A few rough lines on a live show, and I'd have to look for another business. But with tape, I don't have to worry—I can relax in front of the mike."

That's his story. Actually, he's so tense as broadcast time draws near every week that he can't eat or sleep the night before. An outward display of bravado belies all this, but I've joined him at dinnertime before many a broadcast and I know how nervous he really feels. Not only won't he eat anything, but halfway through the meal he generally bolts away from the table and retreats to his dressing room at NBC. There, he sits in gloomy silence until it's time to go on. If anyone tries to talk to him he's irascible and jumpy—a sure sign that he's worried.

Even he can't justify this behavior. Not only has You Bet Your Life reached the top in radio, winning the 1949 Peabody Award, but when television came into its own, it was one of the few shows that could be successfully transferred to the new medium without undergoing drastic changes in format. All they had to do was set up movie cameras in the broadcasting studio, and photograph the radio show as it was being recorded.

So now, to my father's great delight—and surprise—he's a success on two equally important mediums.

"I guess we were just lucky," says my father with no false modesty. "You have to



COLLIER'S

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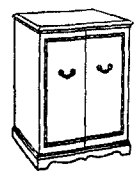

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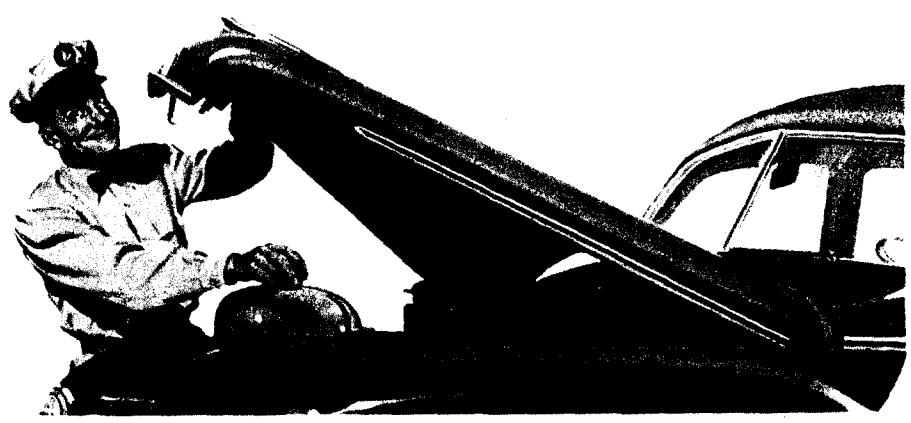

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be lucky in show business, in addition to having talent."

There's no luck, however, in the expert way he handles the contestants on his program. He's unsurpassed when it comes to drawing people out and making even the inhibited ones talk about themselves before an audience of millions. He carries this over into his personal life too. Whether he's talking with a child, or the postman on the block, or a complete stranger, he soon has that person's whole story. (When he wants to, that is, and isn't in one of his grumpy moods; in which case he'll barely say hello.)

I first realized just how expert he is at drawing people out when I went along with him once during the war on a tour of some of the GI hospitals around San Francisco.

Instead of doing a vaudeville routine, as you'd expect of him, he'd go through the wards, stopping to talk with each soldier.

"Where are you from?" he would ask.

"Racine, Wisconsin."

"I played the Orpheum Theater there before you were born," my father would say. "Tell me—does Ed Hofheimer's restaurant near the theater still have such wonderful potato pancakes?"

No matter what home town a GI might mention, my father had been there in his vaudeville days and could recall some landmark of the place that you'd think only a native would know about. Naturally, this approach struck a responsive note in the servicemen he met, and soon each one would be rambling on about his home, his job, his girl friend, or practically anything else except his immediate troubles.

My father would throw in a few funny anecdotes now and then, or maybe a couple of jokes; but I think what the men enjoyed most was the chance to reminisce.

Not Inclined to Recall Past

Oddly enough, my father does very little reminiscing normally. He's a fellow who believes in looking ahead, and unless you catch him in a rare mood, he prefers to forget the "good old days" entirely. To begin with, he claims reminiscing is the first sign of old age, and secondly, despite all the hoopla, he can't see anything good about the "good old days." So far as he's concerned, it was a pretty rugged period—a period of very little money, dreary hotel rooms, and constant travel, usually in an upper berth.

"No, I'll settle for 1951 and what I've got now—inflation and high taxes notwithstanding," he confided to me recently.

And I can't say that I blame him.

Today he lives alone in a 16-room house in Beverly Hills, drives a flashy car, and can boast of having the most extensive collection of sport shirts this side of Bing Crosby.

His present home is the largest one he's ever owned, and it seems a little bit ironic that he should be rumbling around in such an imposing establishment at a time when he's without a wife, and his children have grown up and flown the coop. (Melinda, a daughter by his second wife, is still only five years old, but she lives with her mother in West Los Angeles and as a rule just visits him on week ends.)

House Becomes Too Large

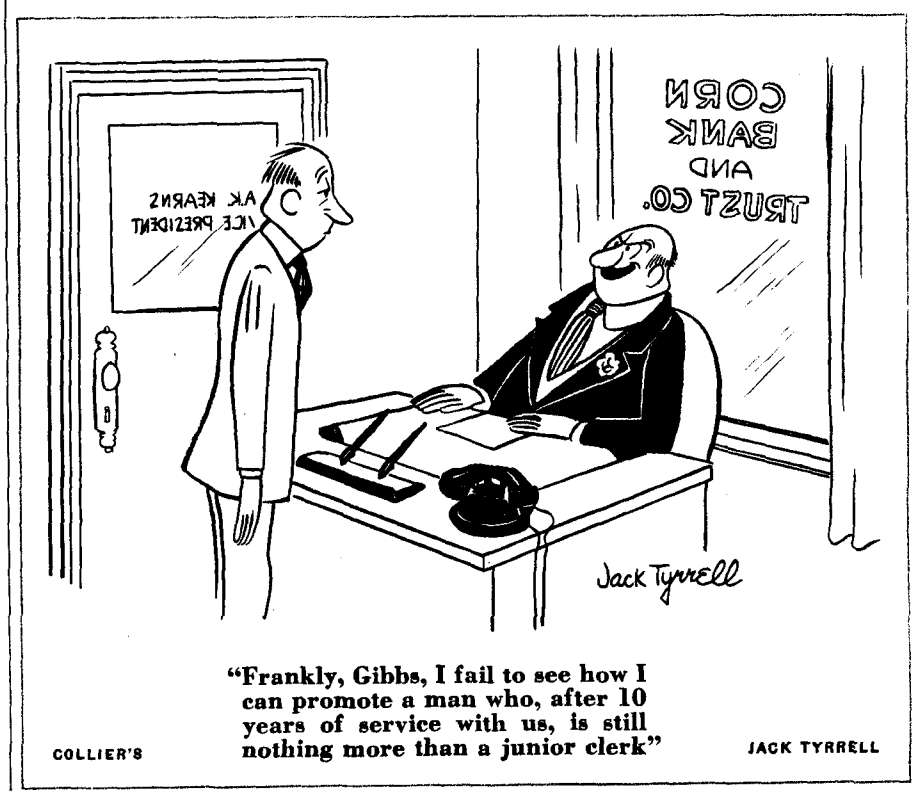
In a way, my father was trapped into this situation. Ten years ago, when the original Groucho Marx family was still operating as a unit, we lived in a 12-room house in another part of Beverly Hills. The exodus began when my mother and father separated before their divorce. Shortly after that, I married and went into the Coast Guard, and Miriam took off for four years at Bennington College in Vermont.

"There I was," explains my father in mock melodramatic tones, "left alone in the wilds of Beverly Hills, in the midst of a war, with only an 'A' gas ration card, my guitar, a mangy police dog and my memories. I was beginning to feel like the surviving member of one of those 'decadent Southern families.' So I decided to get out and buy a smaller place."

Since he had always dreamed of spending what he referred to as his declining years in a one-story house—he hates walking up and down stairs—he bought a tiny bungalow in Westwood. The house suited him perfectly for about six months. Then he married an attractive young lady named Kay Gorcey, and discovered that a bungalow, with paper-thin walls, was no place in which to be living with a wife who played the piano. "It wasn't so much the way she played," my father says now. "What bothered me was the fact that she liked to do her practicing between the hours of midnight and dawn."

An extremely light sleeper, my father promptly put the bungalow on the market, and bought a substantial two-story place on a hillside just off the Sunset Strip. He was happy there and vowed nothing would ever make him move again. But after Melinda was born, there was a new complication. Melinda had no place to play. She'd have had to be a mountain goat to use the back yard, and there was no sidewalk in front. Since a toddler couldn't very well play in the street, my father had to start house hunting again.

The home the real-estate agent showed him a few weeks later wasn't exactly what



"Frankly, Gibbs, I fail to see how I can promote a man who, after 10 years of service with us, is still nothing more than a junior clerk"

COLLIER'S JACK TYRRELL

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he was looking for. It had four more bedrooms than he needed, and the stairs were steeper and longer than any he had had to negotiate in previous houses. But he just couldn't resist buying a place that had nearly an acre of ground, 24 fruit trees, and a regulation-size pool table that the owners offered to throw in along with the carpets and drapes.

A year and a half later, Kay divorced him and moved out with Melinda.

"I suppose now you'll be buying another bungalow," I said to him shortly after they parted.

"I will not," he protested in a loud voice. "I'm not going through *that* routine again! I'm going to stay right here, where it's nice and comfortable."

"But what about the stairs?"

"I've taken care of that," he said, leading me to the back staircase. "I've bought an Inclinator."

Contraption Delights Groucho

For the information of all you old-fashioned people who still walk up and down stairs, an Inclinator is an electrically powered, chairlike contraption that functions as an elevator. Inclinators are found chiefly in the homes of wealthy invalids and octogenarians. My father is neither an invalid nor an octogenarian, but he was so proud of his new possession he could hardly contain himself.

"It's the greatest thing I've ever owned," he explained enthusiastically, "All you have to do is press a button, and you get a free ride upstairs. No home should be without one—not even a bungalow!"

You'd think a man would have to be pretty lazy to spend $1,200 to avoid walking up and down a few stairs. But it isn't laziness at all. He merely likes to conserve his energy for what he considers more enjoyable activities. Puttering around the house, for example. I've never met anyone who enjoys puttering around his home as much as my father does.

When he isn't shooting a picture, he rises at eight thirty or a quarter to nine in the morning, full of complaints about how badly he slept, breakfasts on one piece of toast and coffee, and then repairs to his study to shave and do some reading.

You may think it strange that he shaves in his study, but he's been doing it for years now—ever since he bought his first electric razor and discovered that he could read and shave at the same time. "I find the process rather soothing," says my father, "and look how well-informed it keeps me."

Reading and shaving simultaneously is a feat very few men can pull off, but because my father has so much reading to do, he forced himself to master it. Otherwise he would never be able to devour the deluge of newspapers, books and magazines (including Collier's) that arrives at his home through the mails every week.

When he reads something he considers particularly worth while, he either gives you a complete verbal summary of it, or else he hounds you for days until you read it yourself. He's very dogmatic in his views, and Heaven help you if you don't agree with him about the merits of a book, a movie, a certain restaurant, or even a joke. He takes it as a personal affront, and doesn't get over it until the next time he wants to tout you onto his latest find.

After reading and shaving for perhaps an hour, chances are he'll then go downstairs (via Inclinator, of course) and begin attending to any number of menial household chores that the average well-heeled bachelor would gladly leave for someone else to do. On nice mornings he might be seen repainting the garden furniture, carrying in firewood, pruning and chopping down trees, making minor repairs, and even toting the garbage can out to the alley for his two servants. For the most part, his painting and repair work isn't very professional—the paint has a tendency to peel and blister after a few days, and whatever he fixes is destined to break down by the time he puts his tools away—but nobody can tote firewood and garbage better than he can.

If there are no chores that need his attention, he may dig in the garden, or perhaps just stroll through his orchard, offering his advice to the gardener on how to prune and fertilize his fruit trees. Of all his possessions, I think he prizes his fruit trees the most highly. He nurses them along, watching their progress from day to day, and if one isn't doing well, he's apt to become as concerned as he would if a close friend were dying.

"I got in the wrong business," he likes to say. "I'm really a frustrated farmer."

Until recently, my father also used to do the marketing for the household. Almost any morning you could see him in Ralphs—a typical southern California supermarket—pushing a shopping cart up and down the aisles of canned goods, fruits and vegetables, or perhaps haggling with the butcher or filching a few samples of whatever fruit happened to be in season.

But now he usually phones his orders in, because too many of the housewives recognize him from seeing him every week on television and swamp him with requests for broadcast tickets. Besides, his radio show takes up a lot of his time these days, even though there is no script to get out or rehearse. There are always a number of other matters to attend to, like interviews, answering fan mail, and conferences on how the shows should be edited.

In the afternoons he'll go to Hillcrest Country Club, a short drive from his home. There he'll have lunch at the big round table in the corner of the men's grill reserved exclusively for the show business crowd—Jack Benny, Lou Holtz, George Jessel, Danny Kaye, George Burns and any stray Marx brothers who happen to be around. When so many comedians are together, all fighting to top one another's jokes, a layman at the table is lucky if he can get someone to pass the butter when he wants it.

No Longer Golf-Minded

Following lunch, most of the group will disperse to the golf course, but only on rare occasions can my father be induced to play. He frankly admits that he joined the club primarily to eat lunch with his fellow comedians. If he's asked to join someone in a round of golf, a horrified expression darkens his face and he mumbles, "I'd better not get overheated today. I think I'm catching a cold."

At one time he used to hack and curse his way around the golf course seven days a week. But the only high light in his golfing career was the day he made a hole in one. However, he has a hunch it might have been an accident. "Why else," he asks, "would I get a 14 on the same hole the next day?"

After 30 years, he finally decided that his time was too valuable to waste torturing himself on the links. When he isn't working, he'd rather spend his afternoons watching a ball game or taking Melinda and his four-year-old grandson Steve to the zoo in Griffith Park.

Actually, he's always preferred his children's company to that of most grownups. A few weeks ago, for example, he showed up at the ball park with Melinda on one arm and a pretty blonde on the other. The blonde didn't see much of him that afternoon. He spent the entire nine innings running after Cokes and hot dogs for Melinda.

After an outing like that, he's sure to complain, "I'm too old to be a parent. That's for young people."

But the next time one of the kids wants to go someplace, my father will be the first to volunteer.

Though he loves children, his theories on raising them are still as bizarre as they were when I was a boy. One minute he'll be saying, "I hate parents who force their children to eat. Kids are like animals; they'll eat when they're hungry." But at the dinner table a short while later, it'll be, "Melinda, if

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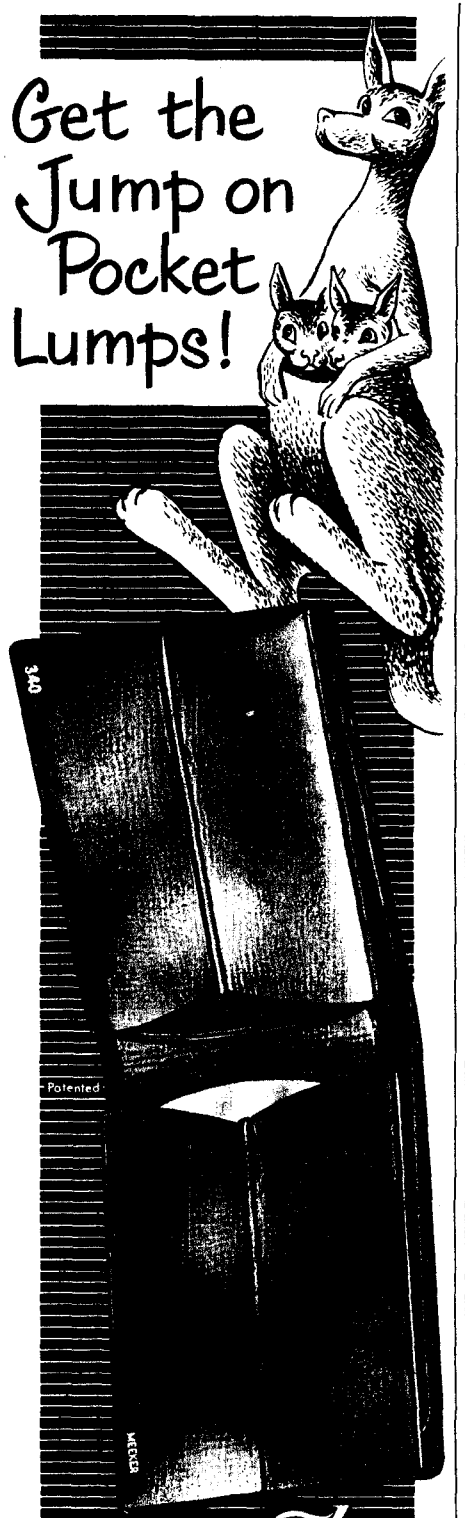

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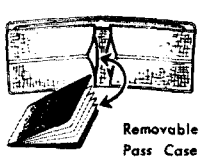

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you don't drink every drop of that milk, I'll bat you over the head."

Equally baffling are his dealings with me today. On his birthday a couple of years ago I showed up at his house with a present to commemorate the occasion. Since he has practically every earthly belonging a man could want, it had naturally taken me quite some time to find a gift that I thought he might be able to use.

"Happy birthday," I said, handing him the package.

"Just what I needed," he replied, giving the package a perfunctory glance and leaving it unopened on his lap.

"Don't you want to see what it is?" I asked.

"Oh, do you want me to open it, too?" he said. "I thought it would be easier to take it back this way."

He feigned enthusiasm as he unwrapped the jacket I had bought him.

"Thanks," he grumbled, carelessly throwing the jacket back in the box. "But what did you have to go and buy that for? I'm too old for birthdays. Next time save your money!"

Monday, he returned the jacket to the store, credited it to my account, and took nothing in exchange.

So on his next birthday I showed up empty-handed.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't I get a present?"

"I took your advice," I said. "I didn't buy you one this year."

"A fine thing!" he complained. "Well, that's the thanks you get for raising children. You feed them, clothe them, and send them through school. And what happens? The one day of the year when they can show their appreciation, they don't even bother to buy you a present. That's children. As soon as they don't need anything more, they desert you!"

Far from us deserting him, we have to book my father days in advance if we want him to come to dinner. He has invitations for every night in the week. And he isn't particularly happy about having to go out so often, either. He much prefers to stay home and dine with a few close friends, among whom are song writer Harry Ruby, producer and playwright Norman Krasna, Goodman Ace (chief scripter of radio's Big Show) and screen writer Arthur Sheekman. Paradoxically, most of his close friends are writers, not actors. As for his brothers, he sees them only occasionally, except for Gummo, who's his business manager.

"It's not that we don't like each other," my father explains. "It's just that we all have different interests. Chico and Zeppo like to play cards after dinner; I like to go to the ball game or a movie after dinner; and Harpo likes to sleep after dinner."

Pool or Movies for Guests

If my father has guests in the evening, he'll either take them to the movies or into his billiard room and clean out the whole gang at a game of pool, whichever they prefer.

They'll usually choose to take a licking at the pool table rather than submit to my father's peculiar movie-going habits. You see, he'd rather go to a theater where the picture is bad and smoking is allowed, than to a movie house where the picture is good and smoking is prohibited.

"If you just want to smoke," his friends all rib him, "why don't you stay home?"

And that's usually what he does.

Sometimes, if he can manage it without insulting anybody, my father likes to duck his friends entirely. On these occasions, he spends the evening practicing the guitar, listening to Gilbert and Sullivan recordings, or lying on the couch while Sarah, his maid, scratches his feet. Or all three simultaneously.

You might gather from this that he's completely self-sufficient. This isn't entirely true. He just can't bear to be by himself on Sunday nights, for instance. I don't know what this is a hang-over from, but on Sunday night, if he's alone, a myriad of fears and neuroses begin to stalk him.

To guard against this in advance, he and Norman Krasna have a standing Sunday-night date which is absolutely unbreakable. Krasna, also a bachelor, feels the same way about Sunday night as my father does.

"The way we look at it," claim the two, "we'd rather waste the evening with each other than take a chance on not getting invited out at all."

Sometimes one will get a Sunday-night invitation and not the other. If it's Krasna who's the lucky one, he will say, before accepting it, "Can I bring a girl?" The answer is almost always an affirmative one. Instead of a girl, Krasna shows up with Groucho.

And vice versa.

In the event neither gets an invitation, they'll probably dine together at Chasen's or Romanoff's. They enjoy being a twosome at these places because both are victims of another peculiar quirk. They rebel against tipping hat-check girls and parking-lot attendants. Only in each other's company are they not ashamed to leave their hats and coats in the car, and park the car, if necessary, as far as four blocks away from the restaurant, to save a couple of quarters.

"It's not the money involved but the principle of the thing," my father insists uncompromisingly. "I feel that when I give my business to a restaurant and pay those fancy prices, the least the proprietor can do is allow me to hang up my hat for nothing and park my car."

"If that's the way you figure," I once said to him, "why tip the waiter either? The proprietor should pay his salary too."

He scrutinized me for a moment from beneath those bushy eyebrows, and then answered:

"Look, my boy, don't try to analyze me. I'm just an elderly eccentric, and you might as well face it!"

And you know he is! THE END

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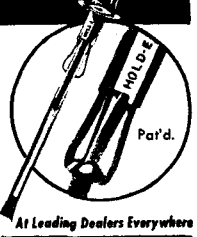

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"Is Got Beeg Antlers, Non?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

in the National Collection of Heads and Horns at the Bronx Zoo in New York City. In 1938, antlers were found in Alaska which measured 77⅝ inches, but these, in the estimation of most hunters, cannot be classed as a trophy.

The antlers, like those of all members of the deer family with the exception of the reindeer and caribou, are found only on the bulls, and are shed each winter. Even without these sharp-pointed weapons, the moose is no pushover for his major enemy, the wolf, for his big hoofs are formidable. The antlers reach their peak during the "rutting" or mating season, and during this period the bull spends a good bit of his time polishing them on brush and small trees.

Romantic Moose Best Quarry

During the rut, which usually begins early in September, the bull is constantly on the prowl in search of a cow, and is spoiling for a good scrap. During this season the hunter with a call seldom has much difficulty in locating his quarry, for any caller who is reasonably adept at imitating the bellow of a cow or the woody grunt of a bull can usually get a reply from any bull within hearing, and their ears are sharp.

There are two schools of thought concerning the use of a call in hunting, with its opponents claiming that this method detracts from the real challenge of the sport as found in still-hunting. Most hunters disagree, and continue to use it.

The call, normally made of birch bark (because this material is handy), is merely a 12- to 18-inch cone, through which the experienced caller can imitate and magnify the lowing note of the cow and the grunt of the bull. Calling can, under certain conditions, have an element of danger, for an angry bull, raging in search of an opponent who has answered his challenge and whom he considers to be poaching on his preserves, can be a mean adversary. Many experienced hunters and guides insist that the bull, under these conditions, is charging not because the hunter is a man, but because he is an intruder, or possibly because the beast somehow mistakes the man for a rival.

Whatever the illusion of the bull may be, I have met a half-dozen hunters who bear the scars of such encounters. In each instance, the injuries were caused by the bull's sharp hoofs, although two of the injured hunters insisted that the bulls made rusty-gate passes at them with their antlers before striking out with their front feet.

Several years ago, I happened to be in the Quebec bush with a friend who was assigned by a picture magazine to get a series of hunting and fishing photographs, among them one of a bull moose. This photographer persuaded a guide to make a birch-bark call and lure a moose to a point within reasonable lens range. Late that day two wet, shaken and weary moose enticers staggered into camp, minus their canoe and my friend's cameras. The photographer's saga, corroborated by the guide, was verified by a trip to the scene the next day.

"We beached the canoe down at the end of the lake," the photographer reported, "then moved about 100 yards up a game trail which brought us to a thicket of birches. The guide stopped and began calling, and a few minutes later a bull answered. The grunting went back and forth for about an hour, with the bull finally only about a quarter mile away.

"Then, without any warning, another bull—a monster—crashed from a thicket about 50 feet from us, snorted, and started our way, shaking his head and grunting. I looked around for the guide, but he'd left, so I figured there was no reason why I should hang around, either. I headed for the lake like a man with his shirt on fire, with cameras flying in all directions (after all, the cameras belonged to the magazine, the skin belonged to me).

"I ran right out into the lake and joined the guide, who was standing in water up to his lower lip. That moose was really mad. He snorted all up and down that shore. Four or five times the canoe happened to be in his way; you ought to see that canoe!

"Well, finally we decided to wade carefully down the lake until we were out of his sight, then head for shore. Here we are, and anyone who wants to go back for those cameras can have them. I've had enough moose to last me the rest of my time, and the next time someone wants moose photographs, they can get 'em at the nearest zoo."

While that particular moose *may* have been under the illusion that he was chasing another bull, that hardly seems logical, for the wind was blowing from the runners to the moose, and normally the beasts can scent a man a half mile distant.

Despite its size, the moose offers quite a challenge to the still-hunter, who depends upon his woodcraft, his eyes, ears and stalking skill to get within range. By reason of his dark brown coloration, a moose that remains quiet seems to blend naturally into the autumn-withered brush. On many occasions, while hunting other game, I have been surprised to find a bull within 20 or 30 feet of me, his location given away only by the slight twitch of an ear or by a gleam of light reflected from an antler.

In most of the popular Eastern hunting areas, the hunter must exercise a greater skill in woodcraft and stalking—and less skill in marksmanship—than in the more open Western areas. The dense cover of the East calls for a knowledge of the moose's habits and habitat, but due to the very thickness of the cover most shots are made at a range of less than 100 yards. In the Northwest, where the country is more open, the hunter is often forced to make a shot at 200 or even 300 yards in order to avoid frightening his quarry through an effort to close the range.

Big, but Silent in the Forest

A hunter trailing a moose through thick cover often is astonished by the ability of so huge an animal, encumbered with a tremendous rack of antlers, to move with such apparent ease and silence through thickets a man would find difficult to penetrate. Last fall, while hunting deer in Maine, I paused on the rim of an alder thicket to rest and eat a sandwich. A few minutes later, I glanced up in time to catch a movement 100 yards distant, inside the snarl of alders. It was a big bull, and it passed within 20 feet of me, yet—although the wind was blowing in my direction, and my hearing is acute—I could detect no audible trace of the animal's movement through that tangle.

During the early part of the season, before the rutting begins, the hunter who locates tracks which indicate the presence of moose, and finds antler-scraped saplings which are the mark of a bull, can be almost certain that cautious hunting thereabouts will be productive. At this period the moose tends to limit his range to a fairly small area, provided food is reasonably plentiful. Later, when the rut begins, he may be on the margin of a pond in the early morning and on a ridge five miles distant by midafternoon.

The experienced guide plays an important part in the successful moose hunt, and usually he can save the hunter, whether novice or veteran, considerable wasted effort. Knowing the country and the habits of its game population, he can direct his client to the likely areas, and avoid the barren spots. Some guides can direct a hunter to success almost at will, but many of them, realizing that the shot marks the end of their employment, are inclined to maneuver situations with a masterly hand. Many a moose hunter with such a guide has failed to glimpse a single bull—until

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COLLIER'S **"Well, for heaven's sakes, stop telling me about it, dear! Call the fire department!"** STAN HUNT

the day before he is due to leave for home.

The novice who throws his weight around with his guide, or demands services which the circumstances do not warrant, seldom gets the trophy he is seeking. I know of one interesting example of this.

The hunter in question arrived at the camp several days in advance of the opening of the season, and, determined to make the best use of this period, he made the guide row him up and down a large lake while he trolled for trout. The boat, an unwieldy barge, was difficult to handle and, unused to such activity, the guide developed two sets of blisters from contact with the wood (one set was on his palms).

That country was almost crawling with moose, and the two other hunters, being selective, looked over several bulls before picking the trophy they wanted. The man who had insisted upon trolling on the lake never saw so much as one cow moose during the entire two weeks of hunting. The guide took care of that.

High-Powered Rifle Desirable

As in other forms of hunting, moose enthusiasts are inclined to indulge in considerable argument concerning the most satisfactory rifle and load for the task. The majority of modern American hunters, fortunately, are inclined to be *over-* rather than *under*gunned when it comes to big-game hunting. For a time, just prior to World War II, the theory was aired that the small-caliber, high-velocity rifle was "more sporting" than the big bore with the heavy bullet. Happily, this movement was short-lived. The most sporting arm, for any hunting, is the one which insures the quickest, and therefore most merciful, kill, and no shooter could defend the use of light "varmint" rifles on game as large and tough as the moose.

Today, even in the East, where the hunting is at short range, the rifle of .30 caliber or larger, throwing a slug weighing from 180 to 250 grains, is favored by the majority of moose hunters; in recent years a few have turned to rifles chambered for the "magnum" or express cartridges. While a few carbines are found in the East, the Western, long-range, hunter is inclined toward the rifle with the longer barrel, and usually he takes advantage of the aid offered by a telescope sight.

Regardless of the area hunted, moose hunting is certain to provide the urban escapee with wilderness adventures he will remember. If he does the hunting on his own, employing the guide merely as the paid companion required by law, he can take some pride in success, for the moose is a wily animal. The success ratio of moose hunters, strangely enough, often proves to be higher than that of deer hunters, possibly because the former hunt in areas where the game is known to exist and the competition is not great. Some outfitters who conduct hunting parties in Canada are willing to "guarantee" the hunter a "reasonable" shot at a moose.

No guarantee of a kill is implied, of course, for more men have suffered from that unhappy ailment, buck fever, when confronted with a moose than they have as a result of seeing any other species of big game. No one seems to understand the real cause of this ailment—whether nervous reaction or overanxiety, or something else—but it evidences itself in strange ways. I know of one novice moose hunter who, when offered an easy shot at a big bull, raised the rifle, pointed it almost straight up into the air, and fired five times as rapidly as he could work the bolt and trigger. He then threw the rifle down and ran.

Moose hunting, while it can be a somewhat expensive sport, is not beyond reach of the average hunter, provided he is willing to put away a few dollars from time to time toward the realization of this goal. Transportation, unless several travel by automobile to the jump-off point, is quite an item, and nonresident big-game licenses in some Canadian provinces range from $25 to $100. Many outfitters, who provide everything in the way of guides, food and equipment, offer a week of moose hunting for as little as $150. When viewed on a purely commercial basis, aside from the recreation involved, the food value of the kill, for the successful moose hunter, more than compensates for the cost of the trip.

There may be other expenses, though. Unless you are going to be happy with just the antlers as a trophy—in which case the cost can be limited to the price of a panel on which they can be fastened—the taxidermy bill may be rather high. Many hunters, having realized their dream, want a head mounted, and though taxidermist fees vary, they usually run from $150 to $300.

Then, after all this, you may run into quite an argument at home over "why that horrible-looking moth-catcher must hang over the fireplace."

The moose will be available to hunters for a long time, since its future seems quite safe. Hunting pressure, soundly regulated (as it is in most states and provinces today), will not reduce the moose population to a serious degree. In many of the more isolated wilderness areas, the animal has reached such numbers that the "harvesting" of a certain proportion each year is necessary for the good of the over-all herd.

Moose hunting, then, is here to stay, and each year finds an increasing number of sportsmen who get their first taste of this sport—and find it good. THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

inmates would come down to the fence and, with flourishing windups and energetic follow-through, begin to pitch imaginary baseballs. He'd continue to strike out the opposition until the businessman drove away. So, one morning a guard asked the businessman how come. "Well, sir," said the latter, "for six months I've been reading directives from the Office of Price Stabilization and trying to find out what in tarnation they're trying to do. It won't be long now before I'm in there catching that pitcher and I want to find out in advance what he's got."

★ ★ ★

Of course it didn't work, but Long Beach, California, tried it anyway. From what our man tells us, they're lucky no blood was spilled. They decided to try women judges in a bathing beauty contest. No two of the lady judges agreed. And none would change her mind. Blondes picked blondes and brunettes, brunettes. By the time it was all over, virtually no woman concerned was speaking to any other woman concerned. There will be future bathing-beauty shows in Long Beach. But the judges will be men. Men do not peer at themselves in compact mirrors while parades of dames mince past.

★ ★ ★

Among the researches most likely to get nowhere in particular is the one which seeks to find what size city is ideal. We're told the University of Pennsylvania has been looking into it, and somebody in the University of Chicago is trying to find out. Municipal Chambers of Commerce were consulted and you know what that got them—a different answer every time and, by an odd coincidence, each chamber's answer was exactly the population of that chamber's city. Individuals were questioned, one of whom came back with the opinion that a city ought to be big enough to get along without taxes. And you, dear readers, can take it from there.

★ ★ ★

He was arrested in St. Louis, Missouri, on charges preferred by his wife. He denied all of them. She also accused him of bigamy. He was particularly vehement in denying that one. "Your Honor," said he, "a guy can have one wife too many without being a bigamist."

★ ★ ★

Mr. A. W. Geist, of Marshall, Missouri, is a public accountant and tax consultant. He was going through his mail the other day, taking it as it came and laying it aside. Came one that stopped him. It's from an old-age pensioner who also draws Social Security benefits. Mr. Geist is still looking for an answer and asks us to ask you. "Dear Mr. Geist: I have no immediate relatives. I have paid for my cemetery lot. I have a friend who will dig my grave. I have a paid-up insurance policy to take care of the undertaker and preacher. So why shouldn't Uncle Sam pay me the lump sum funeral allowance accruing to those who took care of these arrangements? I took care of all these things, so why shouldn't I get one good fling out of what is due me?" Any assistance you can give Mr. Geist will be appreciated.

COLLIER'S

"And to think that the guy I beat out in the elections is back in Arkansas lolling on a river bank, catfishing"

MISCHA RICHTER

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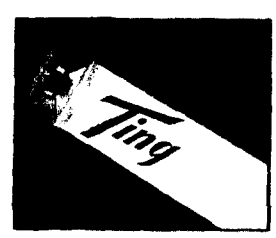

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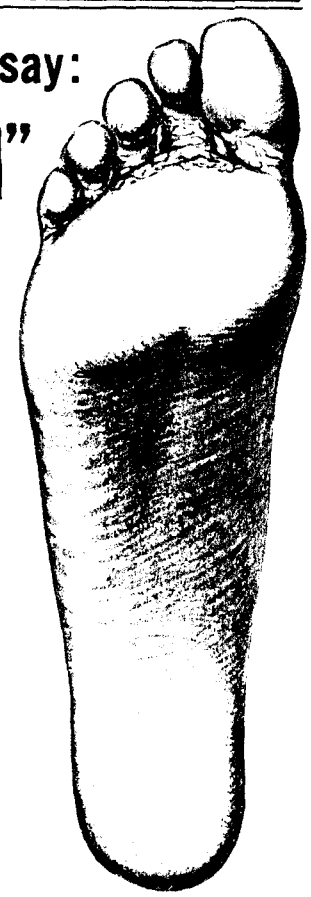

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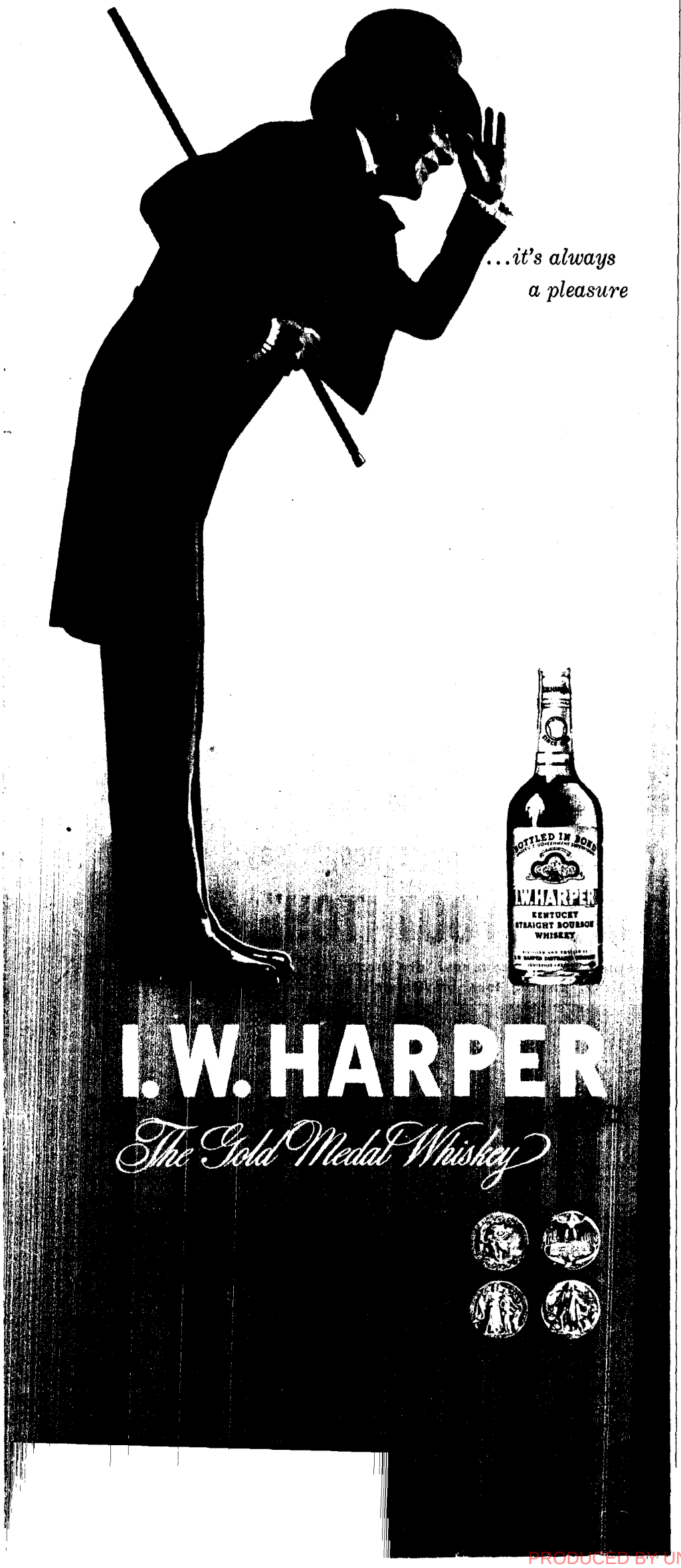

Our First War with the Russians

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Czechs and Estonians. Eventually, the Siberian Allies would grow in strength until the Japanese alone had an estimated 70,000 troops on the ground, plus the Americans and some French, English and Chinese contingents.

The two fronts, some 5,000 miles apart, had no direct communication, and might have been involved in entirely separate wars against the same enemy. And, indeed, they were engaged in different tasks. For the Allies in the north—including the Americans of the North Russian Expeditionary Force—the mission was to deny Murmansk and the railroad south to the Germans, save the stores at Arkhangelsk, and provide a rallying point for the Czechs.

Duties of Forces in Far East

For the forces in Siberia, the job was to guard the Trans-Siberian railroad and the Allied stores at Vladivostok and elsewhere in the area, and collect and evacuate rampaging Czechs who had worked their way east. (It is worth noting that General Graves had specific orders forbidding him to intervene or take sides in Russian politics in this area.)

Of the two fronts, the eastern one—Siberia—was the less active, and, therefore, perhaps the harder to stand. For many months, until April, 1920, homesick Americans remained in the towns and villages, guarding warehouses and German prisoners, patrolling the precious railroad in armored cars and plain flatcars and enduring cold, monotonous duty long after their compatriots in France (and northwestern Russia) had gone home. Bolshevik action in that area took the form of harassment, rather than full-scale battle: in all, 36 American soldiers were killed on that front, compared with 190 in European Russia.

In this latter region, northward across the top of the world, the U.S. troops were deployed over more than 400 miles of arctic front. The Armistice of November, 1918, caught them there, ice-locked, and for nearly a year they fought the Communists of Russia in scores of engagements, large and small.

Pitted against an enemy as brutal and devious then as he is now, they were confronted by equally brutal climatic conditions—long, bitter hours of arctic darkness; clinging, waist-deep snow; and temperatures which often dropped as low as 20 degrees below zero. They lived for day after dreary day on canned and dried rations in their lonely outposts. Untried troops with mostly green officers, they learned as they went along, griping and swearing, but completing their mission with the respect of Allies and enemies alike.

Since this is the part of our first war against Communist Russia that I saw and felt, and know, the rest of this story will be about the Murmansk and Arkhangelsk sectors and about the men there who campaigned under the most difficult conditions against the Red armies.

It was a tough and surprisingly well-equipped enemy that our soldiers faced in this region: the 6th Bolshevik army, which—although it varied in strength from month to month (and almost from week to week)—never fell below 16,000 men, or slightly more than the Allies could muster at their peak strength. The Communists operated in small companies of about 80 men, most of them draftees (it was join or be shot, Red prisoners told us).

Not only was their equipment as good as ours, but frequently their artillery was better, numerically, anyhow. It was manned by well-trained Germans, either forced into service or serving voluntarily. On the whole, the Red morale appeared to be good. Their troops at the front were relieved every two days when the Bolsheviks could afford it; if not, whenever it was possible. Their daily ration, we learned, was a pound of black bread, two lumps of sugar,

COLLIER'S

"Dear, is it all right for me to escape with the boys tonight?"

LEONARD DOVE

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PAT ROONEY

Grounds For Se-pa-ra-tion

I set the margins on my sheet,
See?
And type my letters very neat-
Ly
Then suffer pangs of inner strife,
When
I don't know where to put the hyph-
En.

—BETTY ISLER

oatmeal or rice, soup and sometimes meat.

Even in those early days, the Commies revealed a pattern of operation which has since become a familiar part of their tactics. They distributed about the countryside, and dropped from airplanes, leaflets vilifying the Americans as capitalistic warmongers, and proclaiming the Bolshevik aim of "land for the peasant, bread for the worker and peace for all." Also, during the earliest part of the fighting, it was the Reds' policy to kill all prisoners, and there was evidence indicating that some of the hapless Allied captives may have been tortured at the hands of former Cossacks who were fighting on the Bolshevik side.

Later, however, apparently for propaganda purposes, the Reds switched their policy regarding prisoners and began treating our men well. We exchanged some prisoners and learned that the Americans had been given the same medical treatment as the Red soldiers, and if uninjured had been lodged with private families, permitted to roam in whatever town they were in, and even allowed to work if they wished, for wages of from 600 to 1,000 rubles ($60 to $100) a month. Naturally, they were inundated with propaganda.

But we never knew what to expect from the Bolsheviks. I recall, for example, an event that occurred in front-line Toulgas on November 11, 1918, the day the Armistice was signed by Germany and the Allies. The Reds suddenly attacked a hospital—against no opposition but that of an orderly who, seeing them coming, had picked up a rifle and fired through a window. Storming the doors, the Bolshevik soldiers poured into the building and began to murder the patients.

Suddenly, a young Russian woman in enemy uniform entered, took command, and halted the slaughter. She posted a sentry at each door and remained during the day. Later, when the Communists withdrew, she refused to accompany them; instead, she surrendered as an Allied prisoner. She revealed that she was twenty-two and the friend of a former czarist officer. She was well educated and gave the Allies considerable information about the location and supply situation of the Red troops. I regret that I don't know her name or what became of her, for she saved many lives that day.

There were, however, tragic incidents that resulted from the actions of "friendly" Russians. On October 1st, two American platoons, plus 50 Russian volunteers and 18 Cossacks who had just joined the Allied command, moved in to attack a force of Reds, estimated at between 500 and 700 men, on the front just south of the White Sea. When the attack began, the Cossacks promptly effected a retreat—in good order, but without orders. The Russian volunteers fled. The two U.S. platoons, now heavily outnumbered, dug in; by the time they were able to pull back under cover of darkness, they had lost six killed and three wounded (and had inflicted casualties on the enemy reckoned at 30 killed and 50 wounded).

Besides the unit mentioned above, a number of other small Cossack groups attached themselves to the Allied forces, as did some Bolshevik deserters and Russian peasant volunteers. Serving under both Russian and Allied officers, many of these men were molded into good, well-trained soldiers. By and large, however, they were extremely unreliable. Some, of course, had joined us just for the clothing and food—and pay—they got.

In three cases, these units mutinied. In Arkhangelsk on December 11th, for instance, two companies of Russians refused to go to the front, and barricaded themselves in their barracks, refusing to surrender to other Russian and Allied troops. Firing broke out, but ended when a mortar shell was dropped into the Red barracks. The mutineers gave up then, and named 11 of their number as the leaders. These men were shot by a detachment of their own mutineers, and this outfit later became one of the finest Russian units serving with the Allies.

Our relations with the Russian civilians in Arkhangelsk, on the other hand, were almost universally good. As in many other parts of Russia, both the local government and the citizenry were violently out of sympathy with the Bolsheviks and the Moscow government, and they looked on the Americans and their Allies as friends. As has always happened when U.S. soldiers have been billeted on foreign soil, the kids immediately attached themselves to the Americans—and became the chief beneficiaries of the traditional American generosity. Innumerable orphaned youngsters were fed and clothed for weeks and months by U.S. units, while inspecting officers looked the other way. (It's interesting to speculate what has happened to those children since, and what they must feel toward Americans.)

The Americans were frequent visitors in the Russian homes, too, and made it a practice to share their meager candy and tobacco rations with their hosts. And, as might be expected, when they left they took many of the Russian girls with them as brides.

At the time I was there, Arkhangelsk had a population of about 100,000, including—besides the usual peacetime residents—hundreds of White Russian refugees, military officers and minor royalty. I remember, too, an inordinate number of "princes and princesses" of mysterious origin but tremendous glamor, who seemed principally interested in information.

It was strange country for all of us, and not only because of the people we

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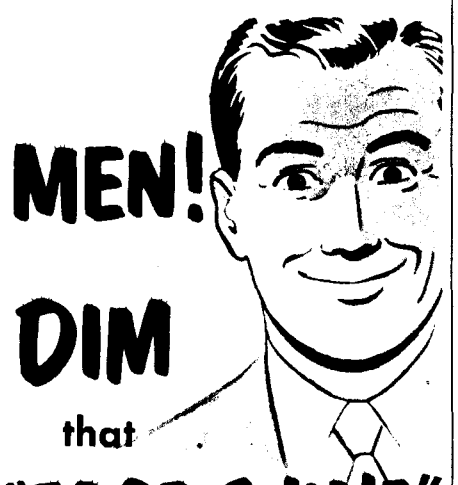

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met. During our stay there, Sergeant Major David L. Van Deusen, of Detroit, wrote a letter to his parents which was printed in the Detroit Free Press. It's worth reprinting here in part, because it sums up what all the Americans in Arkhangelsk must have thought of that city.

"There is nothing here," Van Deusen wrote in some wonder, "that could properly be called a skyscraper, the highest things being the gilded domes and spires on the many churches—and the prices. The houses are all made of wood, most of them logs, unpainted on the outside but papered and warm inside. The main street is paved with cobblestones and would limber up a stiff set of auto springs in no time at all. Other streets are covered with slabs or planks . . . Open sewers run under the wooden sidewalks and flow into large cesspools . . ."

For most of the soldiers, those not in reserve or on duty at headquarters, even these refinements were lacking. The men were quartered in village huts, boxcars or log blockhouses—heated with wood stoves and lighted with candles—much like those built by the early American settlers as protection against Indians. Like the American version, the Russian blockhouses were strongly fortified, with firing ports and barricades.

The weather was a problem at all times. The Americans first arrived during the brief warm season and found themselves restricted by necessity to the villages, except for travel by rail or river. A few hundred feet from the towns and rail bed we would sink up to our knees in a wet, stinking morass, and everywhere mosquitoes hung over the ground in clouds. Even the Reds, who knew the country and its few trails, seldom attempted to move troops overland during the short summer.

Winter in northern Russia began in late October and lasted until June. By December, the rivers were solid with hard, rough ice, topped by a spotty layer of snow, sometimes waist-deep. It was at about the same time that the White Sea froze over each year. By spring, we were thoroughly fed up with the cold, harsh weather and wished for warm weather again—until we remembered the steaming swamps and swarming insects that would bedevil us when the cold left.

For a time during the winter of 1918, the Americans suffered considerably from the cold. Finally, we were issued heavy British winter clothing—fur cap, leather jerkin, long fur coat and arctic boots with thick leather soles and loosely fastened canvas tops. This was good clothing, warm and effective against the Russian winter—except that the men found the soles too slippery on ice and snow. This was remedied by studding the boots with football cleats.

Rations Inadequate

Our rations did little to alleviate the hardship of life in Russia. We got tinned pork and beans, a tinned meat and vegetable ration, margarine or lard, dried beans, oatmeal, hardtack or bread, jam, tea or coffee, dried vegetables and eggs. A terribly monotonous fare, it came to only 4,620 calories daily, which our doctors felt was too little for the physical exertion the men were undergoing in that bad climate.

Despite all they had to endure, the Americans bore up exceedingly well. On January 7, 1919, when our troops had been in the field for four months, Colonel Stewart, the commanding officer, cabled a report to his superiors in London following an inspection tour on which, it is interesting to note, he traveled a mere 180 miles by rail, only 50 by automobile—and 650 by horse and sleigh! The report commented that "General health, discipline and morale of troops are excellent," and added: ". . . Men have rapidly become accustomed to rigors of climate, lack of comforts and conveniences and existing primitive conditions of life and duty and have performed most valiant service."

This service, according to orders from Washington, consisted simply of a holding operation in the Murmansk-Arkhangelsk area. At no time was there any plan to push inland. However, in order to protect the two cities from attack and keep them in communication with each other, the Allied forces herded the Bolshevik troops back, in heavy fighting, some 350 miles from Arkhangelsk, in the general direction of Moscow. The most bitter battles were fought by troops operating out of the White Sea port; they advanced as far south as Toulgas and also cleared an area extending for about 100 miles on either side of the base city.

The Murmansk operation became devoted largely to holding most of the railroad line to Petrozavodsk. This was important because it connected with another line that ultimately tied in with the Trans-Siberian line. It was this front that I was concerned with; although I was an artillery officer, I was named commander of the American contingent in Murmansk (all volunteers), whose job it was to keep the railroad open. Eventually, in carrying out this task, the Allied forces—including, of course, the Americans—beat the Reds back as far as Lake Onega, roughly 400 miles from Murmansk.

Efficiency Amazes Russians

That part of the railroad which ran from Murmansk to the junction with a rough trail which skirted the White Sea from Arkhangelsk was fairly safe from Red attack, and we turned this section over to friendly Russians to operate. We worked south from the junction, and the efficiency of American methods was a constant source of amazement to the Russians.

Captain E. S. Waid was superintendent of the line. He replaced the Russian station crews with half as many Americans and immediately got the road on a regular operating schedule—the first occasion on which it had run on time. He kept empty cars rolling northward so fast that the Russians, controlling the road north of the junction, had to evacuate their own yards in self-defense. As a result, in a very short time the whole line from Murmansk south was operating smoothly.

The equipment we worked with was far from satisfactory. We found 12 locomotives barely running and 35 others decrepit and immobile. Captain C. E. McMillan, in charge of maintenance, swiftly repaired the dozen good locomotives and, by cannibalizing the others, succeeded in putting an additional 10 on the road. All 22 were wood burners, and none had brakes; the engineer stopped by reversing the steam. The engines broke down so often that when one engineer succeeded in operating 6,238 miles without a failure he was cited in official orders for his excellent performance.

In order to keep my headquarters completely mobile, I took over an old second-class dining car, fitted it with four tiny staterooms, an office, kitchen, dining room and sleeping quarters for the cook and orderlies, and moved in, along with my personnel officer and our chaplain. From early May to early June of 1919, I traveled 8,000 miles in that car, never remaining in one place for more than a week.

During a large part of this time, we were under fire. Our men were operating so close to the enemy that we had an armored train on the line, with four steel-sheathed gondolas, each mounting a Vickers three-pounder naval gun; four sand-bagged tenders with places for 22 machine guns; two passenger cars for the personnel; a kitchen car, and two ammunition cars. We had this train in action a few times—but usually just its presence was enough to scare off the enemy.

In April, 1919, the Allies were engaged in clearing the Bolsheviks from the southern part of the Murmansk railroad, and 85 of my men, led by Captain C. G. Jones, went along under the protection of a single flatcar on which was mounted a 75-millimeter gun. Within a couple of weeks,

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Jones's units had built eight bridges, laid a mile of track, repaired numerous junctions and switches and were so far along in their work that 30 men were detached from this force to aid in the attack. Two of these men were killed a couple of days later, and one was injured; about 10 days afterward, another died in action. The records indicate that these were the only battle casualties in the entire U.S. Transportation Corps during World War I.

It was at about this time that we had another demonstration of how valuable and helpful friendly Russians could be. We had found a large bridge destroyed and Jones was getting ready to repair it when a medical officer arrived and ordered me to give the men a week's rest. Certainly they deserved it, for they had been working 16-hour days for a long time and were exhausted. Just when I was wondering how I could replace them, a detachment of some 500 Russians in British uniform straggled up the track and reported to me for railroad duty.

They built the bridge—in only one week. One of our officers, a Lieutenant Kryzanosky, spoke Russian, and whenever the work slackened he could pick up the pace by threatening to take the job away from them! Since it was Captain Jones who was supervising the job, the Russians understood that the orders for speed came from him; they nicknamed him Seytchas (Hurry-up) and admired him greatly.

Jones even helped launch a miniature American naval unit during this southward drive. The attack was aimed at a town called Medvyejya Gora, on the northern edge of Lake Onega, a key strategic spot. But the area was menaced by some armed Red steamboats operating from the lake, so before we reached the town the decision was made to neutralize these vessels. Accordingly, Jones threw a two-mile spur from the main line through the woods to the lake, and American motor patrol boats were carried in and launched.

Medvyejya Gora was taken on May 21st, and the attack pressed on. Some 15 miles beyond this place, a large bridge was out; Jones and his men built a 1,075-foot detour at a lower level in 48 hours. It was early in July when the track men finally reached the town of Kyapeselga, the high-water mark of the Allied advance.

For us, this was the "end of the line." We were ordered out of Russia shortly thereafter. In little more than a month, we had followed the infantry 70 miles, repairing so many miles of track we couldn't count them, and building 75 bridges ranging up to 142 feet in length and 36 feet in height.

There were no major engagements involving Allied troops after this. The order had come to withdraw. The first American contingent embarked at Arkhangelsk on June 3d; the railroaders were the last to leave, on July 28th. When the men of the 85th Division returned to Michigan, they were wearing a distinctive, eye-catching shoulder patch—a lumbering polar bear. (The Polar Bear Association, formed soon afterward, still exists in Detroit, and in a nearby cemetery is the Polar Bear Plot, where lie the bodies of Detroiters who lost their lives fighting Communism.)

On the other side of Asia, Allied troops remained almost a year longer than we did in the west; it wasn't until April 1, 1920, that the last U.S. units moved out of Vladivostok.

The White Russians were the only organized opposition left in the country, and they proved unable to stand up against the well-equipped, battle-tested Bolshevik armies. They were soon defeated, and all Russia was consolidated under the tight control of the Reds. Everyone knows the rest of the story—at least, up to 1951. THE END

Just as Red dictatorship arose out of chaos, so must it perish. In a vital article in next week's Collier's, historian Allan Nevins tells why Soviet totalitarianism is doomed—by bloody upheaval, if not by peaceful means

BUTCH

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LESSONS FOR TODAY
UP IS DOWN.
BLACK IS WHITE. 2+2=7
ANGLO-AMERICAN RACIALISTS ARE FORCING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ON THE WHOLE WORLD!
WESTERN HEMISPHERE

DORMAN H. SMITH

How Wrong Can You Be?

THE WAR OF WORDS is a pretty hot one these days, but we didn't realize quite how hot until we caught up with the opinions of V. N. Yartseva the other day. Mme. Yartseva is a Russian linguist and, we understand, a member of the Soviet Academy of Science. And she has uncovered a dastardly plot by "Anglo-American racialists" to force the English language down the whole world's throat as the price of peace.

She made her startling disclosure in a Romanian publication devoted to languages. Why she tried it out on the satellites instead of running straight to Uncle Joe with the news is something of a mystery. But the wave of fear which the disclosure is bound to inspire will probably spread swiftly throughout the Communist world.

Mme. Yartseva's chief culprits—and they strike us as rather strange conspiratorial bedfellows—are Winston Churchill and Dr. Mario Pei, a professor at Columbia University. Mr. Churchill's part in the plot is a little vague, beyond the fact that he is a notorious and inveterate user of English. But Dr. Pei is the author of a book called The World's Chief Languages, in which the sharp-eyed Comrade Yartseva has discovered the blueprint of linguistic aggression.

Here's how she has doped it out: "The racialist basis of Pei's reasoning is obvious. In his opinion, the Indo-European languages, and the people who speak these languages, are the best in the world, and English is a fair representative of them all. Here we have an openly racialistic point of view, which unites the Anglo-American racialists and their German confreres."

Then Mr. Churchill comes into the picture. He and his friends, says the Soviet expert, are offering the non-English-speaking nations "a sort of ultimatum: recognize our supremacy of your own free will, and everything will be all right; otherwise, war is inevitable."

Well, you can imagine how that news is going to affect every worker, farmer and intellectual in the vast Soviet domain. But before they all embark upon a secret and terrified study of English, we would offer them two rays of hope. They might consult a dictionary and, if possible, read Dr. Pei's book.

The dictionary should inform them that the Indo-European family of languages includes about 200 living and dead languages. Among them are Russian and all the other Slavic languages. And so the people who speak those tongues, according to Mme. Yartseva's interpretation of Dr. Pei, can hold up their heads proudly as being among the best people in the world.

There is one other encouraging error in Mme. Yartseva's dire warning. Dr. Pei, in his book, didn't hurl an English-or-else ultimatum. What he did was to suggest that Esperanto, an artificial language, would be the most logical choice for international use. And Esperanto was devised by Dr. L. Zamenhof, a Russian.

That's one thing the Russians *did* invent.

Show Up the Show-offs

WE HAVE OFTEN STATED on this page that Collier's has a strong faith in the ultimate judgment and good sense of the American people. That faith now leads us to question the judgment of some leading senators who express a high degree of horror at the suggestion that the Senate's proceedings be broadcast and televised to the country at large.

Senator Benton of Connecticut recently said that such a thing would "completely ruin the Senate." Mr. McFarland, the majority leader, predicted that "every senator would want to broadcast himself; the programs would play up the showmen and not the workers." Senator Hunt of Wyoming feared that "televising the Senate might cause a big turnover."

We can't agree with Mr. Benton, but we'll buy what the two other gentlemen have to say. Certainly this or any Senate has its ample share of windbags and ham actors. And there is little doubt that radio and television—particularly the latter—would tempt the flowing-tie school of orators to lay it on even thicker, and with gestures.

But the citizen watching television might not be impressed. It would come as a surprise to him, if he wasn't familiar with Senate procedure, to see how much time is wasted in pompous, useless speechifying, very often while urgent legislation waits and urgent situations do not. So he and millions like him might conclude that the empty orators should be replaced by others who would stick to the issue. The time might come when a Senate candidate's campaign promises would include a pledge to "keep it brief." And the end result might be that the whole operation on the Senate floor would be improved.

It is true, of course, that the Senate has many able men, and that much of their best work is done at their desks or in closed committee sessions. But the result of their work eventually comes to the floor. There its importance can be recognized. And there, if it were televised, the people could see better which senators recognize its importance, and which ones sound off for the pleasure of hearing their own voices.

The United States Senate has been called the world's most exclusive club, and we're afraid that many members agree with that description. Such an assumption, of course, is far off the beam. Many Senate decisions are vital to all Americans. It is a fundamental of our democracy that citizens should know the issues and know what is being done about them.

The transmission of the Japanese peace treaty meeting in San Francisco was not only an impressive beginning for nation-wide television, but also an impressive preview of what this latest medium of public service can contribute toward keeping the public even better informed.

Some senators may well quake at the idea of TV in the galleries, for Americans are quick to detect hammy showmanship in public life. This magazine consistently tries to help them do so. If television can now assist in showing up the show-offs, then so much the better.

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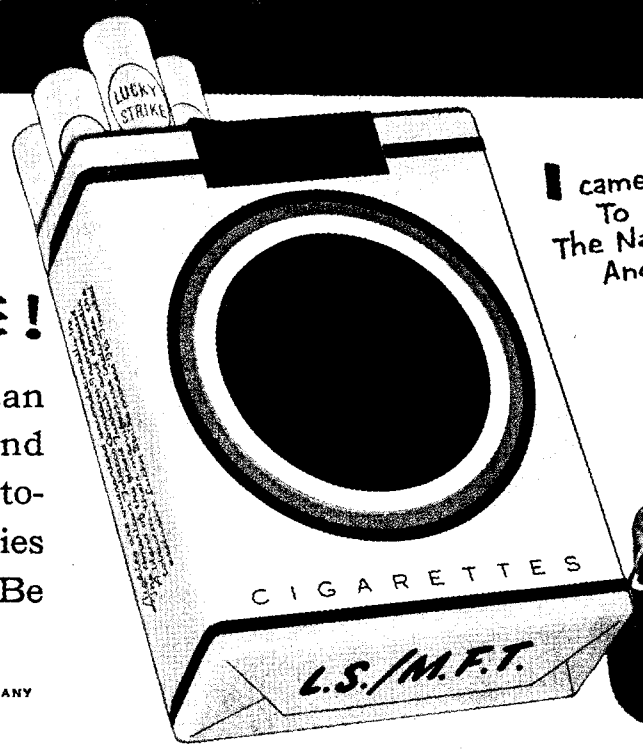

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